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MERRY'S MUSEUM,

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, WOODWORTH'S CABINET,

AND

THE SCHOOLFELLOW.

EDITED BY

ROBERT MERRY AND HIRAM HATCHET.

VOLUMES XXXIX. AND XL.

New York:
J. N. STEARNS & CO., PUBLISHERS,
116 NASSAU STREET.
1860.

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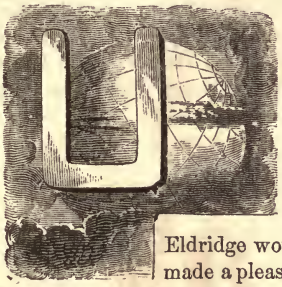
HOLY
BIBLE
Felter

MUSEUM AND CABINET.

A LESSON FOR THE NEW YEAR.



UNDER fit and suitable training and genial example Jonas Eldridge would have made a pleasant, useful boy, and a happy man. He had an active mind, a social disposition, and a great deal of ready wit, which would have made him a popular companion. But, unfortunately for him, his father was one of those weak, opinionated men, who think courage consists in boasting and brawling, and honor in fighting for one side, right or wrong. Jonas, of course, grew up a quarrelsome, mischief-making boy, and became the pest of the neighborhood. Nearly all the other boys were afraid of him. There was one, however, smaller than himself, and one who never quarreled, and never struck a blow in his life, who not only had no fear of Jonas, but could always master and subdue him. He had a power which Jonas knew nothing of, but which he was compelled to acknowledge.

Harry Babcock was several years younger than Jonas, slender, light-built, but active and spry as a cat, full of fun and good humor, open, frank, manly, and afraid of nothing. He never entered into any of the squabbles of his schoolmates, never said or did anything to offend them, or injure their feelings, and never had anything to say which he was afraid to speak out openly and freely. He consequently made friends of all, and never knew what it was to have an enemy.

There was another boy in the school, whom nobody liked, because they knew but little of him. He was cold, selfish, surly—seldom said anything, except in a bitter, snarling way, and had little to do with any one. Jonas had often boasted that he could whip any boy in the school, a boast to which most of the boys gave a silent assent, but to which Tom Cagger always turned up a lip so bitterly scornful, that it was worse than an open challenge. Jonas felt it deeply, and resolved to seek an occasion of putting Tom down.

On his way to school, the day after New Year's, he met Tom playing with a top. Tom did not notice him, but threw his top vigorously on the path, just as Jonas was passing. Jonas gave it a kick, which not only stopped its spinning, but split it in two pieces. Tom said nothing, but sprung upon Jonas with a sudden and powerful blow, that prostrated him at once. He was up in a moment, stripped, and prepared for a fight. Two or three blows had passed each way, when

Harry Babcock came along, singing a merry song. Marching straight up to the combatants, he thrust himself between them, crying out, "For shame, boys! What is all this for?"

"Out of the way, or I'll kill you," screamed Jonas. "He struck me first."

"I have no fear of your killing me," said Harry.

"Let us alone," cried Tom. "He broke my top, and I am going to beat the bully out of him."

"You can't do that while I am here," said Harry. "You can strike me, if you please, but you can't strike at each other, without hitting me."

Both the wranglers were ashamed—but that only made them the more angry, at first. But as Harry stood, calm and manly, between them, and moved as they moved, and warded off every effort to strike each other, they became somewhat more cool. Angry as they were, they did not think of such a thing as doing any violence to Harry. He was in no danger from them. He was so superior to them, in his cool fearlessness, that they were afraid of him. They did not acknowledge in words, but they felt in their hearts, that he was their master—that moral courage, which fears only to do wrong, is infinitely superior to that more criminal courage, which brawls and fights, and submits only to brute force.

"Why, look here!" said Harry, good-naturedly, after a few moments of comparative quiet; "look here! the roosters that were fighting in the barn-yard, have left their sport, and come out to see how boys look when doing the same foolish thing. I move we let the roosters do all the fighting and crowing, while we stick to our study and our play."

"Harry," said Tom, "you are a brave boy, and I like you. But I hate a bully."

Jonas scowled and seemed ready for a new onset; but Harry checked him. "Come, Jonas," said he, "none of that. Meet Tom half-way. You know you do crow and brag a little. If Tom should do so, you wouldn't like it, would you?"

"No!" said Jonas, thoughtfully. "Tom, here's my hand. When I crow again, call me a rooster. And I will wish you 'a Happy New Year' on that."

THE RASH BOY.

I HEARD a simple youth declare,
With anger's burning breath,
"I to the street will straight repair,
To freeze myself to death."

Out in the bitter air he stood,
With spirit firm and brave,
As if his proud and stubborn mood
A hero's valor gave.

Back to the door he shortly came,
And as the tear-drops rolled,
I heard his shivering lips exclaim,
"I could not stand the cold!"

See how resolves in rashness made
Inflict their proper pains!
See how a will by passion swayed
Is vanquished, while it reigns!

THE OLD MAJOR.

MEETING OF THE SEASONS.

One day, in years long gone, 'tis written,
The Seasons had a special meeting,
In part some matters to discuss
They deign not to report to us;
In part with hopes of thereby ending
Disputes 'twixt Spring and Autumn pending,
Which, if not settled, might upset
The harmony of the quartette.

The question, which the twain divided,
To be in conclave now decided,
Was one of fact, o'er which opinion
Claimed, notwithstanding, full dominion—
Proving, with words oft told and strong,
That I am right, and you are wrong;
Or, with assertion tough and tight,
That you are wrong, and I am right.

The question, to most persons' thinking,
Might have been settled in a twinkling;
But Spring and Summer differed wide on't,
Because each saw a different side on't.
'Twas simply this: Is Winter young,
With cheery look, and gait, and tongue,
Or a harsh gray-beard, surly, cold,
As ugly as he's cross and old?

The latter was grave Autumn's view,
He met him every year, and knew;
And, as he passed the golden belt
Into his frozen hand, he felt
That more than just a touch of it
Would put him in an ague fit.

Fair Spring took quite another view;
She every year had met him too,
And taken from his yielding hand,
With many a smile, the golden band;
To her he came, a dashing youth,
With bold, brave mien, and air of truth;
Sometimes in high excited blood,
But often in a melting mood,
So soft, so genial, and so clever,
She did not like to have him leave her.

Now Spring and Autumn had not met,
Nor Summer talked with Winter yet;
But Summer, as she took the ring
From the soft hand of laughing Spring,
Oft asked of Winter, and spoke fair
Of Autumn's grave and manly air;

And, when to Autumn she resigned
The golden chain, was pained to find,
As he inquired for gentle Spring,
And talked of Winter's hoary king,
Such point-blank difference 'twixt the two,
'Twas plain they could not both be true.

And thus, from year to year, it passed
From bad to worse, until at last
Summer proposed, that, by his leave,
Upon the coming New Year's Eve,
They three should meet and make a call
Upon friend Winter in his hall,
And there these matters all decide
On which they differed now so wide:
"Agreed!" said Spring; "Agreed!" said Autumn, ['em;"
Each thinking "now I've surely caught
Summer, as she had never seen him,
Was chosen umpire then between 'em.

Prompt to the hour the trio met;
Winter should make a full quartette:
But lo! a marvel! they arrive,
And find their number grown to five.

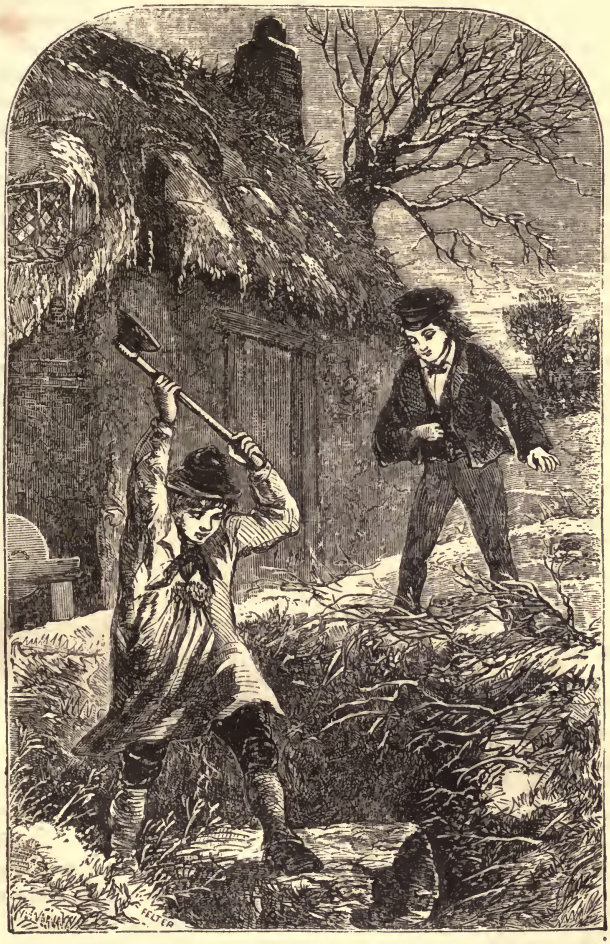
There Autumn the old monarch found,
Not now with storm and tempest crowned,
But calm, serene, sublimely blest,
And shrouded for a peaceful rest;
Laden with all the gifts of age,
A saint, a patriarch, and a sage,
Ready in triumph to lay down
Life's weary burden with its crown;
And Autumn to the sage drew near
With reverent awe and filial fear.

And there the new-born infant lay,
Just entered on his radiant way,
Whom Spring admiring stopped to kiss
A cherub from the upper bliss—
When, sudden as the lightning's flight,
The old man vanished from their sight;
And forth the new-born infant stood,
With all the powers of life endued—
Erect and strong, mature in truth,
A noble, manly, vigorous youth,
Full armed, and bearing bravely forth
The frozen scepter of the North.

"I'm right!" cries Spring, with flashing eye,
"And sure!" cries Autumn, "so am I."
"Hold there!" pleads Summer; "both are right;
We all from hence have gained new light.
If all our differences could be
Thus tried, we should not disagree.
Viewed from opposing sides, the same
Oft passes by another name,
And seems another thing. But here
We've learned the mystery of the year.
Though in perpetual circle spinning,
It hath an ending and beginning;
Its griefs and pleasures, toils and strife,
Must die to know a higher life;
And fainting age and failing youth
Revive in death to endless youth."

H. H.

Erroneous Estimate of Boys.—Douglas Jerrold was considered a dull boy; at nine years of age he could scarcely read. Goldsmith was a very unpromising boy. Dryden, Swift, and Gibbon, in their earliest pieces, did not show any talent. The mother of Sheridan, herself a literary woman, pronounced him to be the dullest and most hopeless of her sons. The father of Barrow, the great preacher and writer, is said to have exclaimed, "If it please God to take away one of my children, I hope it will be Isaac." The injudicious parent regarded the lad as a miracle of stupidity, but he afterward proved the glory of his family.



HARDY JONES' TALISMAN.

"UGH! ugh! how chilly and disagreeable it is this morning," said Charley Vernon to himself, as he buttoned up his jacket and set forth over the hills before sunrise one clear winter's morning. "What can be the reason that father made me take such an early start?" he thought, as he hurried along, the crisp white snow crackling under his feet, and not a sound else to be heard, except now and then, when a snowy avalanche would fall from some heavily laden tree, or some ambitious cock would rouse the echoes by his shrill crow. Suddenly the regular blows of an axe fell on his ear. "What's that?" thought Charley; "I really believe Hardy must be

up and at work;" and he turned his steps toward a low thatched cottage which stood just in the edge of the woods.

"Halloo! Hardy!" he exclaimed, as he turned the corner of the cottage and saw the boy at work; "what are you doing so early in the morning?"

"Early, do you call it?" said Hardy, looking up a moment, and then striking blow after blow with right goodwill in the log before him; "it may be early for you, but I have been at work an hour or more."

"Why do you begin so early?" asked Charley; "I should think you would like to be in bed such cold mornings."

"So I should, I suppose, if I had nothing to do," said Hardy; "but I don't find it cool at all—and you wouldn't either if you had a log like this to chop up into fire-wood before school."

"*Must* you do it all this morning?" asked Charley.

"Oh, no! there's no *must* about that, only mother is nearly out of wood, and I thought the sooner I could demolish this log, the better for her and me too."

"How for you?" asked Charley.

"Oh, it will be out of the way and off my mind; and when I've piled it all up in the shed there, I shall take my ease, and have time in the mornings for something else," said Hardy.

"My father sent me over here now to see if you could come and see him," said Charley.

"Oh, yes, I'll come right away," said Hardy, putting up his axe; "I can come home, then, in time to get some breakfast, and go to Farmer Davis' before school."

"What do you go to Farmer Davis' for?" asked Charley.

"Oh, to do some little things—milk, and draw water, and feed the cattle, etc.," said Hardy.

"And now you are coming to get some work to do for father, are you?" asked Charley, in astonishment.

"Yes," said Hardy; "I have some time to spare in the afternoon, and I hope your father will employ me then."

"But when do you find time to read all those books I lend you?" asked Charley.

"In the evening," said Hardy. "Oh, I do love these long winter evenings. I begin to read the moment my work is done, and have *such* a fine time! That was a splendid book you lent me yesterday, and I had a beautiful dream, too, about it."

"You had a dream!" exclaimed Charley; "I didn't know you thought anything about such things."

"I don't believe in dreams, of course," said Hardy; "but that's no reason why I shouldn't dream, and remember my dream too."

"Do you remember it?" asked Charley eagerly; "then just tell it to me while we are walking home."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Hardy, "for I've been thinking about it ever since I woke up, though perhaps it's more the book than the dream I was thinking about. You know the book is all full of old poetry, and legends, and romantic stories. Well, I was reading about the troubadours and their poetry, and the knights and ladies, with their castles, and minstrels, and pages, till my head was just full of such things, and I fell asleep and dreamed that I was in some sunny land of the south, where such winter snows as these are never known. I was in a beautiful park, with soft velvet grass, and broad open avenues, and

clumps of trees scattered here and there, and sometimes a thick grove where the trees shut out all the sunlight. Away in the distance was a lordly castle, just such as I have seen in pictures, and I was walking toward it. When I came quite near, I heard the sounds of a guitar and singing, and I saw a young man sitting beneath a tree and looking up to the castle while he played and sang. He had a cap with a long drooping plume on his head, and a bright cloak thrown over one shoulder; and here comes the funny part of it all—his face was just like yours, and I thought he was you."

"Well, did you like me very much and speak to me, because we were old playmates?" asked Charley, laughing.

"Oh, no," said Hardy, "you were a grand nobleman, and I was only a poor boy, so, as I came trudging up the path,

I began to envy you your elegant dress and manners, and your riches and accomplishments, and wish I could sit under the tree too, and watch for the lady to look out of her window. Just then, a beautiful lady came and opened the casement 'way up in the highest tower, and she leaned out and looked at me, and not at the minstrel. She beckoned me to come up and take something from her hand, and in a moment I sprung to the wall, and clinging to the ivy that twined itself up the tower, I sprung from point to point till I reached just far enough to receive a little tablet of ivory from the lady, and then I dropped fainting on the ground beneath; but I saw that the young troubadour strove in vain to climb up where I had gone; he was too delicate and weak—he had not been trained to hard work as I had, and he soon had to give up exhausted. Then I looked on my tablet and found written there, 'Patience and Perseverance will accomplish all things.' But when I looked up again to see the lady who had given it to me, the castle, park, and troubadour were all gone."

"What do you make of your dream?" asked Charley, as Hardy finished.

"Not much," said Hardy, "only that I am inclined to take that sentence for my motto, and see what I can make of myself."

"Good," cried Charley, clapping his hands. "It would be a real talisman in your hands, and make you a great man."

"I believe it," said Hardy energetically; "I shall try it faithfully."

Hardy was true to his word. Patiently and perseveringly he worked, and rose from one station of usefulness to another, till he became one of the most prominent men of his time.

COUSIN HANNAH.

I-HAVE AND O-HAD-I.

WE find the following little piece credited both to an English paper and to the German language:

There are two little songsters well known in the land—
Their names are I-Have and O-Had-I;
I-Have will come tamely and perch on your hand,
But O-Had-I will mock you most sadly.

I-Have, at first sight, is less fair to your eye,
But his worth is far more enduring
Than a thousand O-Had-I's that sit far and high
On roots and on trees so alluring.

Full many a golden egg this bird will lay,
And sing on, "Be cheery! be cheery!"
Oh, merrily then will the day glide away,
And sweet will your sleep be when weary.

But let O-Had-I but once take your eye,
And a longing to catch him once seize you,
He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die;
Life-long he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill,
Now laying, now panting, now creeping,
While far overhead this sweet bird, at his will,
With his bright golden plumage is sweeping.

Thus every wise man who attends to my song,
Will count this I-Have a choice treasure,
And whenever an O-Had-I comes flying along,
Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

JAPAN.

UNTIL very recently, but little has been known of Japan, except its place on the map. When I was a boy, I used to think it was too far off to be reached by Americans, and too insignificant to be cared for if it could be reached. But our field of view and of action is constantly widening. Having extended our domain to the Pacific, and planted States on its shores, we begin to look eagerly across it, for whatever may be found there, to satisfy our roving and adventurous commerce. Following the footsteps of England, we have established an open intercourse with China and her hundreds of millions; and now England may, if she chooses, follow us into the door we opened into the hitherto unapproachable wall of Japan.

So wholly unknown, so strange, so curious, Japan seems like a new world, and her inhabitants like a new race of beings. It will be a long time before we shall become fully acquainted with them.

Mr. Harris, who, as United States Consul for Japan, visited Yeddo, the capital of the empire, in December, 1857, has given a very interesting account of his journey from the coast, his reception, and some of the curious things he saw there.

The city of Yeddo is very large and populous. The distance from the gate to the quarters prepared for him was about seven miles, and this was still two miles from the palace. The streets are divided into sections of 120 yards, by gates and palisades of strong timber, which were opened as they approached, and closed when they had passed through. The gates of all the cross streets were also closed, so that no one could enter from either side. The sides of the main street, through which he passed, and the ends of the cross, were filled with crowds of people, estimated at not less than 300,000 persons. Yet, during the whole progress, there was no noise or confusion, and scarcely a loud word spoken, except the constant cry of the harbingers, "*Satu ! satu !*"—clear the way! clear the way!

Mr. Harris' presentation to the Emperor was an affair of great ceremony. He passed through a large hall, in which were some 300 or 400 of the principal nobles of the realm, dressed in high court costume, all kneeling, silent and motionless as statues. From this hall he entered the audience-chamber. The Prince of Sinan, who introduced him, threw himself on the floor and crawled in, while the Consul walked erect, making three bows as he advanced. Halting at the head of

two lines of men who were prostrate on their faces, he made a short address to the Emperor, and presented him the President's letter. The Emperor made a courteous reply, when Mr. Harris "backed out," as the custom is even in more civilized countries, making three bows as he retired.

The Japanese cover their floors with matting—it is made in the shape of a mattress, being invariably six feet three inches long, three feet two inches wide, and four inches thick. They are then fitted closely together upon the floor, and this fitting is so perfect, as to show a surface as smooth as any carpet. When a man wishes a house built, he simply says, "I want a house two stories high, and nine rooms—one room to spread forty mats, four rooms twenty mats each, and four rooms fifteen mats." A mat with them answers the same purpose as a yard with us. The Japanese leave their shoes at the entrance to their houses, to avoid soiling the matting. In the mean time they go in their stocking feet. The stocking is made of wadded and quilted cotton, and reaches nearly to their knees. They fit very snugly and mitten-like; the great toe has an apartment to itself. The thong of the sandal fits in this slit, and assisted by another across the instep, keeps it from slipping off. The shoes are made of straw and are not very durable, so that often one leaves his shoes in the street, and provides himself with a new pair. No wonder in the train that accompanied our Consul, Mr. Harris, to Jeddo, shoe-bearers were necessary.

The houses are of wood, and never more than two stories high; they are covered with thatch or tiles. The fronts and ends are closed by wooden window sashes covered with paper, which gives a pleasant light, and wooden shutters are used at night. The interior of the house is divided into rooms by means of sliding partitions covered with paper; these partitions can be removed in a few minutes and the whole house thrown into one room.

Neither chair, table, couch, nor bedstead are to be seen. The mat serves as a chair and table by day, and as a bed by night. This description of a house will apply to all, from the palace of the Emperor to the cottage of the peasant. There is not a chimney nor a pane of window glass to be found in the empire.

In winter, their houses are warmed by charcoal brasiers. The usual dress of Japanese nobles is of silk, but the court dress is made of a coarse yellow

TRACKING A BOAT.

DUCK BOAT.

grass cloth, and for a coronet they wear a black lackered affair that defies description.

In this part of the world, boats are used for the rearing of all kinds of poultry. In the morning the ducks are turned out to seek their food in the lakes and marshes, and at sunset the owners call them in, as you see in the engraving.

The *top-spinners* would produce a sensation in New York, I am sure. I could by no means understand how the thing was managed. The exhibitor, having spun a top, placed it on a board, where it revolved with great rapidity and steadiness. He then took it up and laid it on its side, where it remained without motion. He then talked *to* the top and *at* the top, and after making sundry flourishes with his fan, he again placed it upright on the board, and lo! it spun away as merrily as ever.

A piece of sewing thread, about five yards long, was held extended by two persons; the exhibitor *put a top on this thread*, and it ran from one end to the other, always upright and constantly revolving. The same feat was performed on the edge of a sword. The top ran from the hilt to the point, and back again to the hilt. In the court where the exhibition took place, there was a pole about thirty feet high, planted in the ground; from the cross bar at the top of the pole, a small house was suspended (like a martin house), and from the door of the house a piece of twine hung down to the ground; the exhibitor placed a spinning top on the palm of his left hand, and seized the twine with his right; then tossing the top in the air, he dextrously cast a turn of the twine around the lower spindle, and the top immediately began to ascend the twine, reached the door, which it forced open, entered the house, and quietly laid down to rest. In all this there was neither trick nor deception—it was a plain exhibition of skill.

One of his tops was declared to be a female; and, having let it spin a while, he took it up and shook it, and down fell seven distinct tops, all of which commenced to whirl merrily around.

WINTER.

I LOVE the snow, the pure, soft snow,
That covers the hills, and the valleys below;
And decks the trees with fringes of light,
As of moonbeams imprisoned and kept over-night.
I love to tramp on the shining floor,
Which the frosts of winter have silvered o'er;
And to feel as I tread it, bold and free,
The unstable water's made firm for me.
I love in cutter, or sledge, or sleigh,
To skim, like swallows, the glittering way;
And to sing in tune, with the merry song,
Of the jingling bells, as we glide along.
I love the trees in their summer dress,
But their winter adorning I love no less;
When sparkling with crystals, or glittering with pearls,
The forest its wealth of jewels unfurls.
I have been to the tropics—I know how fair
The reign of perpetual summer is there;
How blossoms, and fruit, and flowers are found,
In one unbroken, perennial round.
But then, for all that, I could not forego
The glories of winter, of frost-work, ice, snow;
And the beautiful, wonderful, marvelous things
That come of our generous autumns and springs.
And I'm puzzled to know how the boys and girls do,
Without these gay changes, to keep the year through;
And pity the life, as insipid and tame,
Which is always, though lovely, precisely the same.

H. H.

SLEIGH-RIDING.

BLOW, winds, blow!
We are free from care,
As we hurry o'er the snow,
Fleeter than the air.
Up and down!
Gliding o'er the track;
Soon as at our journey's end,
We must hasten back.
Trudge along
O'er the frozen pearls,
While the air is rife with song
Of the boys and girls.
One more race—
Like an arrow dart;
Gleaming smiles upon the face,
Sunshine in the heart.

DAYTON, OHIO. MATTIE BELL.

THE WATER-CURE.

"I DO believe there is nothing like water as a cure for all sorts of mischief. It makes a dirty boy decent, an angry boy cool, a thirsty boy comfortable, and a lazy boy smart. There is no end to the fun we get out of water—swimming, rowing, and sailing in summer; sliding and skating in winter; and all kinds of frolics and gambols at all times and seasons. I do love the water, above all things."

Thus eloquently discoursed George Evans to his companions, as they returned from a pleasant excursion among the green islands of the bay, one bright summer afternoon.

"Just so," said his cousin Charles, with a twinkle of mischief in his eye; "but I remember, Georgie, when you did not like cold water at all. I don't believe I liked it then as well as I do now. But you seemed to hold it in perfect horror."

"I do not know what you mean," replied George. "As well as I can remember, water has always been my delight."

"Probably you do not remember it," said Charles. "But I am a little older than you. And I well remember being sent over to your house very early one cold morning. You had just

jumped out of bed, and was running to the fire, when your mother called you to be washed. And oh! what a pitiful face you made up! and how unmusically you sung to the tune of 'Oh! dear; oh! don't do so!'"

"Well," said George, laughing good-naturedly at the picture his cousin had drawn, "all that may be so. I dare say it was. I have seen little Eddy make the same sort of a touse at being washed; and yet, in half an hour after, he would be playing with the water, and splashing himself all over in it, if it chanced to be left in his way. I would not like, now, to be plunged into the water against my will; though there is nothing more delightful than a cool plunge, when all things are ready. I don't like to be caught in the rain, without an umbrella; though the shower-bath, when I am prepared for it, is a great luxury."

"There is something in that, I admit," said Charles, gravely; "I have felt it myself, often. Everybody likes water. It is a natural taste. But nobody likes to be forced into it. Suppose, now, we form a new society, on the voluntary principle, and get all the mothers and fathers to join it. The first rule shall provide—that no babies shall be washed on compulsion, but all be left to choose the time and manner of washing. The second—that no mother shall be alarmed when her boy 'takes to the water.' The third—that all those shall drink water—*who like it.*"

"Hold there!" cried Henry Marsh. "That will never do. Establish such a rule as that, and ten thousand temperance pledges would be broken at once. I am afraid many of them are not kept now as they should be; and some people are so very fond of 'lager,' and others have such a good opinion of bitters, hot-crop, and whisky, that it would never do to leave it so loosely to every one's taste. I believe in law and example. Stick to your pledge, Charley. I will never abandon mine."

"Here comes Aunt Evans," cried Charley, without noticing what Henry was saying. "I will ask her to join our society. She would make a capital President, wouldn't she?"

Aunt Evans was much amused by Charley's earnestness in setting forth his new platform for a water-cure society; but she did not like his logic. She saw endless disorder in allowing each baby to do his own washing, at his own convenience. But, just for the fun of the thing—for she relished a good joke as well as any one—she took up the plan, and carried it out, to show some of its results. She invited Charles and Henry to come and dine with her the next day, promising that the table should be adorned with the prettiest set of frights they had ever seen. George, perhaps, would be tolerably well washed and brushed; but, if he happened to be just in from a row, or a swim, without a little touch of his mother's care, he would be as blowsy and frizzled as Parson Jones' old wig. Eddie might be expected to appear with a smooch of ginger-bread all round his mouth; hands dingy or black, with finger-streaks on his forehead and cheeks, and clothes like the leopard, only not as clean. Nell would have marks all over her person of whatever Towser had seen during the morning, with hairs enough of his shaggy coat to fill a doll's pillow. Carrie would be sure to expose all the dust and shreds that had been left on the floors, inside and out, and—

"Please stop, auntie," cried Charley. "You certainly draw your pictures too strongly. The children al-

ways wash before they go in to dinner."

"Not exactly so, my dear boy. They are always washed, I admit; but that is my doing, not theirs. They do not object to it, because they know it would do no good. But, if left to themselves, they would as soon eat their dinner with dirty faces, as play in the dirt before dinner."

"Well, auntie, you are right. I guess we will put off our society till the millennium. Till then, we will let mothers administer the water-cure to children, and doctors to—any who need it." H. H.

THE TOUCAN.

THE Toucan family are natives of tropical America. Their feet have two toes in front and two behind. They subsist chiefly upon wild fruits, though they are fond of mice, and small birds, and birds' eggs. They make their nests in hollow trees, and defend themselves, by their enormous bill, from the monkeys, which would destroy them. This great bill seems to be very sensitive (a "great bill" *makes* mankind very sensitive) in itself. The bird has been seen to scratch that organ with its foot, proving sensation.

One writer says that this bird seems to suppose that its beauty can be increased by trimming the tail, using its own beak, which is serrated, in lieu of barber's scissors; it cuts away the web from the shaft of some of the long feathers, for a short distance, which gives these birds a remarkable appearance among other birds.

The plumage of the Toucan is dark, spotted with blue, yellow, and other colors, that produce a very beautiful effect.

The Toucan is easily tamed, and will become very familiar, eating almost anything offered to him. In general, he feeds upon fruits, and is particularly fond of grapes. If this, or any other fruit, is thrown at him, he is very dexterous in catching it. When wild, they go in flocks, and always appoint a sentinel to watch through the night. He keeps awake, and makes a continual noise, from which he is sometimes called "The Preacher."

WHAT is done well enough is done quick enough.

JACK AND THE MUSICIANS.

DANDY JACK.*

BY way of showing up one worthy dandy, who, with all his weaknesses knew the value of liberty, we make an extract from a beautiful book, recently published in Boston, under the title of "Dandy Jack, the celebrated equestrian performer." It is handsomely illustrated, and will be a great favorite with all young readers.

"My little readers must endeavor, with the assistance of the picture, to imagine the excitement occasioned in the Bowery, and on Broadway, by Jack's first appearance as there represented. The Italian family who had adopted Jack to occupy the place of another monkey, fled or deceased, were, as I before remarked, strolling musicians. Their company consisted of the father, who played the organ; the mother, whose instrument was a tambourine, and who sang to accompany it; a little boy and girl; a bear, who was henceforth to bear Jack, and a dog, who stood upon his hind legs. The organ had in front two little chambers, through which, as the man turned the crank, a procession of kings, queens, knights, lords, and ladies passed and re-passed in concert with the music. The bear was muzzled, so

* DANDY JACK—J. E. Tilton & Co., Publishers, Boston. Splendidly illustrated by Billings. Price 50 cents.

that he could not bite, and led by a cord, which the man pulled and twitched to make him hop, or dance as it was called, to accompany the tune.

"Jack's duties were to ride the bear, to dance occasionally on the ground, to pick up coppers, and to climb up to the parlor-windows to receive small amounts from people who wished to gratify their children by permitting them to put the compensation into Jack's own dingy-colored palms. It was while in this profession that he learned to distinguish high and low, rich and poor, proud and humble, saint and sinner, and all the other thousand distinctions which divide man from his fellow-man, and make society a state of never-ending turmoil and strife.

"A less keen observer than Jack would soon have discovered that, for him, the profession into which he was adopted without his own hearty consent yielded but a slender remuneration for the fatigues which he was obliged to undergo, and the punishments and vexations which he was compelled to endure. In the streets he was constantly annoyed, and even tormented, by the boys; at home the young savage who had enticed him from his happy home aboard ship abused him in every possible way, and if he resented it at all, he was instantly set upon by the whole family and punished till he cowered down behind his only true friend, the bear, entirely chapfallen and broken in spirit.

"At night and on Sundays Jack's uniform was taken off, and he was free of limb, and would have been free of heart but for his tormentor; and after some weeks' endurance he determined again to seek his fortune as soon as an opportunity should present for him to escape. He was well aware that the uniform of a general officer is too rarely seen in New York not to attract attention, and thus lead to his detention and return to his present head-quarters; so he decided to watch his opportunity when in undress, that he might more freely mingle with the crowd and get away unnoticed. But how could he live, far away from his native land, in this great city, where were no parrots, no mango-groves, no cocoa-nut trees, no oranges, no bananas? How could he support himself without any regular profession in a place where every one appeared to be busy, and, to Jack's uneducated apprehension, all masters of some trade, or art, or occupation? But, at all events, 'sink or swim, survive or perish,' Jack had made up his mind for a free and active 'Declaration of Independence' from his present slavery.

"One Sunday, just at the edge of evening, Jack had crawled away into a corner far from his tormentor, and was thinking how he might possibly escape from the persecution which had now become intolerable. Monkeys are lovers of mischief, it is true, but they like no pranks played upon themselves, and nothing is so sure to disgust a monkey, and irritate him beyond all forgiveness, as to make him the victim of a practical joke. To this Jack had now been subjected, until forbearance was no longer a virtue; and this was the tone of his reflections.

"All at once the great bell of the City Hall sounded an alarm of fire, and as it appeared from the hubbub around, it was in the very section of the city where Jack was imprisoned."

Jack escaped amid the uproar and confusion; but for his subsequent adventures we must refer you to the book itself, which you will find very entertaining.

NEW YEAR'S.

NOW we cheerfully greet another return of New Year's Day. As new to the mother as to her babe—as new to the "oldest inhabitant," as to the youngster playing upon the carpet. Only think, what a wonderful, whole, immense creation! New sunshine, new clouds, new winds, new breath, for every living thing! How noiselessly it all came! The earth turned upon its axis—were we sleeping or waking, it mattered not—the sun is up, and we are congratulating each other; and gifts, the seal of expressed love, are exchanged, and we are happy. How many eyes will sparkle, and how many hearts beat joyously to-day, both old and young!

The children have only *hilarity*, I was about to say; but I remember that is among the *rich*, where they are gay with their presents and loving friends; and, alas, that many, many innocent children are to-day cold, and hungry, and friendless. My heart goes out to write in their behalf, yet I can not cloud the *Happy New Year's* of those who have good things. I will rejoice with the one, and sympathize with the other. In the mean time, I will tell of the example of one of the best of girls, commending it to the practice of my readers.

Mrs. Raye had a baby daughter, who was just four weeks old, on one New Year's day. She was named Junia; and she was as sweet as her name might signify, a *June ray*. Mrs. Raye was a very tender, thoughtful mother. As she sat with her baby on her lap, on the anniversary of the year, she bent her head in earnest prayer for her dear one; and then her thoughts ran on to the future of its all undeveloped life. What may be her temper—her heart? Will she prove mild and lovable, or selfish and tyrannical? Will intellect and ability beam forth from these eyes, that just begin

to look wonderingly over the room, as if it were the whole world? Of course she is full of hope and trust, for what mother ever believed the baby on her bosom was anything but the best? She resolves (it is the day for resolutions of good) to spare no pains to train her darling in the way she should go, to be good and happy.

O how lovely is such a mother! angels delight to hover over and around such a scene. The room is light with their glittering wings; and perfume, as from a thousand flowers, is cheering even the cold of mid-winter.

But, to the little Junia; she became everybody's favorite. She had a dear little plump face, and bright eyes, and soft brown curls; but it was her unselfish disposition and sweet temper that made everybody love her. When a child, she always would share her Christmas and New Year's gifts with those who had none. She seemed to take the poor right into her heart; and often would say to her mother, that she did not see why Clara Hart should be so destitute, when she herself had so much. Clara was the child of a widow, who did sewing for Mrs. Raye; and Junia saw how hard they worked, and how poorly they lived, so she was too happy to share her gifts with Clara, also with others. Hear what a charming present she made, especially, to a young friend, that was attended with very little money expense. She cultivated a rose-bush in a garden-pot, from a slip; and watched, and watered, and trained it, as her mother had taught her. Right after breakfast, on New Year's morning, with its half-opened buds, she wrapped it up carefully from the cold, and sent it with a cake to Clara. No piece of jewelry, or gilded toy, could have been so valued.

As Junia grew older, even to a young lady, she never lost her habits of generosity and love. From her pocket money she would buy materials, and with her nimble fingers make them into New Year's gifts, for ornament or use, for those who would otherwise have had not any.

We must believe that her mother was happy and blessed; for, judging from this one trait (which is all I have room to write about), all the rest of her character must have been beautiful.

Angel-wings are ever hovering,
When a tender mother prays;
"Shield in peril—watch protecting,
All my darling's earthly ways."

A BABY SONG

BY MRS. R. H. STODDARD.

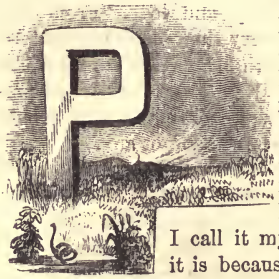
Come, white angels, to baby and me;
Press on his eyelids the picture of sleep,
In his surprise he will cease to weep;
Hush, child! the angels are coming to thee!

Come, white doves, to baby and me;
Softly whirr in the silent air,
Flutter about his golden hair;
Hark, child! the doves are coming to thee!

Come, white lilies, to baby and me;
Drowsily nod before his blue eyes,
So full of wonder, so round, and so wise;
Hist, child! the lily-bells tinkle for thee!

Come, white moon, to baby and me;
Gently glide o'er the ocean of sleep,
Silver the waves of its shadowy deep;
Sleep, child! and the sweetest of dreams to thee!

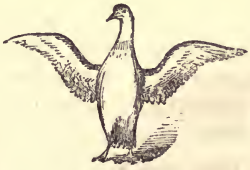
MY AVIARY.



PLEASE don't be laughing, now. Everything a beginning must have. If I call it my aviary, it is because I mean it shall be one by-and-by. Here is a very fair specimen, to begin with. A black swan. Is he not a beautiful

fellow? Call him a goose, do you? Out on you. Little do you know about birds.

Here is a young eagle, whom I am teaching to walk upright, as every true American ought to do. You say he



is only a turkey-buzzard. Impudent fellow! You shall see when he is full grown.

Here is an eider-duck, from Iceland.

I don't know what is the matter with him. He looks as if he was frightened out of his wits, his hair standing on an end, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," as Shakspeare says. You have nothing to say against him, have you?

Here we have a quail, a fine, fat,

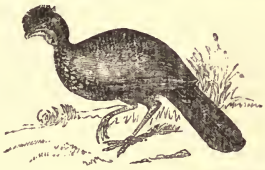
comfortable-looking bird, one of the same family that visited the camp of the Israelites in such large numbers, when they were in the wilderness. The very sight of him makes some men feel hungry.

This, now, is the pet of my aviary—a perfect beauty; as the girls would say, "a love of a bird." He is called an awk. Some say that is only English for hawk; others think it is an abbreviation of awkward, and refers to his great overgrown bill, which

makes him look as if a dove had thrust his head into the beak of an eagle or a vulture. Please admire him, remembering that a large nose is a sign of a large intellect.

Now, if you are hungry, or think-

ing of Thanksgiving, take off your hat to this specimen—the bird of all others



for the family and the feast, a genuine turkey-gobbler not so handsome to look at in the barn-yard, but decidedly handsome and tasteful on the table.

Here is something entirely different, too spirituelle to be put up in a cage or an aviary — the little sprite we call the humming-bird, that seems like a winged rainbow, or an embodied fancy—a something too aerial to be handled, or to alight on anything of earth, but yet too beautiful not to be courted and admired.

You shall have another peep at my aviary, by-and-by, and shall see how it grows. But you must not make fun of my treasures. I mean to have

a famous collection, one of these days, the beginning, perhaps, of a Museum of Natural History. There is one feature of my collection, which mothers and housekeepers will be sure to approve: I mingle the useful with the beautiful, ducks, quails, and turkeys with eagles, humming-birds, and hawks—so that none need be afraid of starving their stomachs, while feasting their eyes.

H. H.

THE SKEIN OF THREAD.

Oh, yes, dear mother, I love to stand
With the skein stretched over from hand to hand;
And see, as my reel is growing small,
How 'tis rolling up on your growing ball.

And then, though it seems to be only play
To watch the sly threads as they're slipping away,
I feel, as I'm holding the skein for you,
As if it was something useful, too.

You wind and wind, and winding, tell
The beautiful stories I love so well;
And I, as I listen and help, may say,
My play is work, and my work is play.

H. H.

THE PILGRIMS IN THE MAYFLOWER.

THE Puritans, being unable, in England, to worship God "in accordance with the dictates of their own conscience," determined to leave their homes and friends and seek a country where they could be entirely free. They first went to Holland, where they were kindly received; after staying there some time, some of them concluded to make themselves a new home among the wilds of America. They engaged a ship, the Speedwell, and set sail in her for England; there they met another party of Puritans, who were also coming to America in the Mayflower.

The captain of the Speedwell seemed determined to annoy, if he could not entirely prevent, the expedition; for after putting back once or twice, and delaying them very much, he declared that his ship was not strong enough to cross the ocean, and that he would not go at all. As many of the passengers as could be accommodated in the Mayflower continued their voyage in her, the rest were obliged to return to England, and wait for another opportunity.

After many trials and dangers, the passengers of the Mayflower were rejoiced by the sight of land. But here another disappointment awaited them; they saw not the green, sunny shores of Virginia, but the cold, barren rocks of New England. For six weeks the ship was in Cape Cod harbor, while some brave men, in a boat, explored the coast for a good place to begin their new settlement. At last they decided upon the spot afterward called Plymouth. There they immediately began to build their houses, and prepare for the winter's cold.

There are many interesting stories told of their first acquaintance with the savages, and of their courage and sufferings too.

One day, as the men were all busy at their work, they saw an Indian descending a hill opposite; he passed along by the side of the houses they had begun to build, and would have entered that in which the women and children were sheltered, if he had not been prevented. When he saw the men who came toward him, he ex-

claimed! "Welcome, Englishmen! welcome, Englishmen!" and then sat down and talked with them. It was quite a cold afternoon, and he had no clothing, so the Pilgrims, in their compassion, gave him an old coat. They wished to treat him kindly, but did not like to keep him all night; so they tried to let him know it was growing late, but he would take no hints, and at last they were compelled to form some plan for the night. To prevent his doing any harm, they proposed that he should sleep on board the ship, which was still at anchor in the bay. He was quite willing, but the tide was low and the wind contrary, their little boat could not leave the shore, and they were obliged to keep their troublesome guest where he was. They put him in one of the houses, keeping strict watch over every movement; in the morning, they gladly let him depart. A few days after, he came again to announce the approach of Massasoit, the great Indian sachem, with sixty of his warriors. It was not without feelings of dread that the little band of white men watched the red warriors as they drew near; doubting whether treachery was not hidden beneath their friendly manner.

PILGRIMS TRANSPORTING THEIR GOODS.

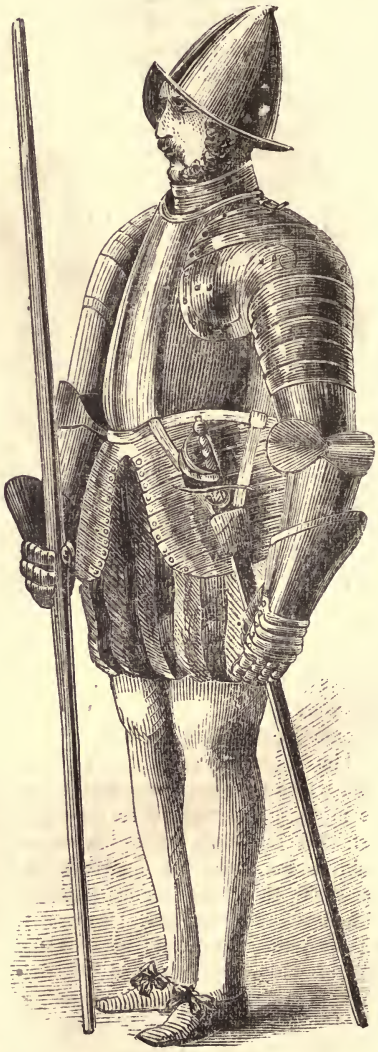
Samoset was accompanied by Squanto, an Indian, who had been made captive and taken to England, by some Englishmen who had visited the place previously; he could, therefore, act as interpreter. The Indians waited on the brow of the hill, unwilling to come down among the white men, while they were unwilling to send their Governor to the Indians. At length a messenger, Edward Winslow, was sent with a pair of knives, and a copper chain with a jewel, as a present to the chief; the messenger made a long speech to the chief, telling him that King James saluted him, and wished to make him his friend and ally. Massasoit listened attentively, ate and drank the biscuit and strong water which had been sent them, and then wished to buy the messenger's sword and armor, but this he could not give up. Massasoit then left Winslow as a hostage with his brother Quadequina, and came over the brook to meet the white men; twenty men

followed him, leaving all their bows and arrows behind them. The chief was conducted with ceremony to a house, where a rug and cushions were placed for him; here the Governor came to meet him, with drum and trumpet and a few musketeers.

The chief was dressed in skins, like his followers, only with a great chain of white bone beads about his neck; his face painted a sad red, and head and face oiled. He ate and drank with the Governor, and then made a peace with him which was kept for fifty years; for he was always a firm friend of the white men.

Samoset went back to his own home in Maine, after this interview, and was never after heard of by the white men.

KNIGHT OF THE OLDEN TIME.



IN the Mercantile Library, at St. Louis, there is a knight in the full armor of the fifteenth century. His head is protected by a steel cap, his face by a vizor, and his entire body by plates of steel, curiously jointed, so as to make it possible, though not very easy, to move about and use his limbs. The knight inside is no doubt a man of *straw*, but the armor is true as steel. It is strange that men could accomplish such wonderful things as are related of the knights of that period, encumbered with such clothing. What could they not have done if they had our modern weapons of warfare? They were not larger than men are now. The armor I speak of is that of a short, and not very stout man. But they must have been very strong and very brave—strong to carry such heavy burdens, and brave to meet each other face to face and hand to hand, in single combat. Until the invention of gunpowder, all wars were but a series of single combats, each man engaging with his fellow, and fighting till one of them fell. Wars were much more destructive to human life then than now.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

JUST as you like about it, my dear young friends. If you please to have a happy new year, you will have one. You will look out about it beforehand. You will put everything to rights. You will attend to every duty in its time and place. You will be patient, contented, cheerful, kind—and if that is not being happy, I don't know what happiness is. If, however, you please to spoil it all, you can and will. But—I see it in your eyes—you are resolved to be happy. You have begun already, and begun right. I am right glad of it. God help you, and a Happy New Year to you all.

And now, what shall we do this year for each other? Uncle Merry, for his part, is resolved to make the MUSEUM better and richer than ever; to put forth his utmost efforts to amuse, instruct, and benefit his young friends, all over the land. Will they not, each and every one, resolve to do their part too? And not only resolve, but do it. Do it now, and do it all the time. But, methinks I hear some one asking, "What can *I* do? I read the MUSEUM every month as it comes along, and I always pay for it in advance. What can I do more?" A very fair question that, my dear, and well put. You do well, very well. Most heartily we wish all the family would do the same. But there is something more to be done. You can do much to entertain others, and improve yourself, by being always present at the "Chat," and having something to say. And then, too, you can speak a good word for us to your neighbors. You can invite your friends to come in, and do as you have done. We have room and to spare for many thousands more; and you don't know how glad we are to see our room filling up—to see new faces and hear new names among the Merry group. We never like to lose an old one; and every new one is a new star in our firmament, and makes our world just so much brighter and more cheerful.

Since Uncle Hiram came home from the Great West, where he saw scores of our great family, and scores more who only want to be invited to become members of it, he is full of the idea of a great family meeting. He proposes a kind of squatter sovereignty meeting on one of the Western prairies, where there is room enough, and corn enough for a long session. We will think of it.

MASSACHUSETTS, *Oct.* 25, 1859.

I have come to claim relationship with you, Uncle Hiram. What will you say to that? Shake hands with me—don't be bashful because I am a stranger to you. I know you have never met your niece *Mag* before, but do not turn her away until you have become acquainted with her. I have the pleasure of knowing some of the "cousins," and like them much; but before you introduce me to Fleta Forrester, I would like to know a little about her. Is'nt she rather a wild creature? I hope her cousin *Caltie*, of whom she seemed so fond, is not like her. I think she must be younger. Please tell me, dear Uncle, about these *cousins*.

Now perhaps you will not own me for a niece. Very well—I know you can not get along very well without me.

Respectfully yours, MAGAWISCA.

No, Mag, we have no "wild creatures" in our family. They are all as gentle as doves, and exceedingly well behaved. You need not fear; the more you see of them, the more you will like

them. Let me pass you along to Fleta, and you may tell me next month what you think of her.

BROOKLYN, *Oct.* 28, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I hope you will add my name to the 20,000 Merry children, which I suppose you will do with great pleasure. I have taken the CABINET three years, now, and I like it very much. I would have answered some questions before, but I did not know how to direct my letter. I think, after this, that I shall answer a great many questions. Give my love to Uncle Merry, Aunt Sue, and all the cousins, and accept much from your affectionate nephew, BIG-EYED ARTHUR.

There you are, Arthur, enrolled on the list and introduced to the whole family. Make yourself perfectly at home.

SUNNY-SIDE, *Nov.* 14, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Is there room for just *one* more cousin? I have long wished to write to you, but I never had courage enough; but when I saw all those nice little letters in the MUSEUM, I resolved to delay it no longer. I like your magazine very much—especially those *nice stories*. I will have quite a laugh if this letter *should* really appear in the "Chat." From MYRA.

Which side of "Sunny-Side" are you on, Myra? I thought I passed all around it, in my late jaunt, and saw all its phases. But I did not see you, unless you went by the name of "Martha," just to puzzle me. Was it you I spoke to in the cars, near Jacksonville, mistaking you for Susie? H. H.

DAYTON, OHIO, *Nov.* 14, 1859.

MY DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—We have lately removed from West Union, Ohio, to this city, and you will therefore please change the address of the MUSEUM.

If Nellie Hamilton wishes me to grant her a favor, she will please let me know what the favor is—either through the "Chat," or, if she prefers it, by writing a letter to me, addressed to the care of S. Wilson, Jr. Yours truly,

MATTIE BELL.

I tried hard to touch at West Union, and make a call on Mattie. It seems I should have missed *her*, if I had. Well, I will try to take Dayton in my way, next time. H. H.

OUT-OF-WAY-PLACE.

UNCLE HIRAM:—Why happens it you have never been to see me at my "Out-of-way-Place?" or do you think it is too far out the way? I am sure if you come you will be welcome.

Tell Ella S. B——, I think *penwomanship* is proper for the ladies, and penmanship for the gentleman. I should advise all the nieces to use it.

Tell Carrie I will come up and see her in the clouds, if she don't object.

And to Fleta, I would like to get acquainted with her.

I will conclude by saying—Love to all.

From your nephew. YOUNG JOE.

I saw a good many out-of-the-way places, during my absence, and some "Young Joes;" did you see me? H. H.

WEST CONCORD, VT., *Nov.* 13, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE:—Is there heart and room enough to admit another cousin to the Merry band? I have taken the MUSEUM four years, and like it very much. My little sisters are very fond of it too. This is my first, and perhaps my last letter. I close in haste for fear of the *hatchet*. Love to all the cousins.

Your affectionate niece,

MARY WILSON MORSE.

Now, Mary, we've let you in,
We think you'll be glad to come again.

DECATUR, GEO., *Nov.* 7, 1859.

UNCLE HIRAM:—It has been a long time since I wrote to the "Chat;" but I would ask to become a more frequent contributor to that part of our MUSEUM which is "last, but not least." Well, we have found out who Aunt Sue is, and we Yankees (for I am half-Yankee) must now puzzle our brains to find out who Hiram Hatchet, Esq., is. Willie Coleman, I expect, is fully initiated into the mysteries of our editorial Uncles—as to who and what they are, etc.

You don't have many letters from Georgia. I notice C. M. Gibbs sometimes writes from his residence, some forty or fifty miles from here.

I tried at the Prize Puzzle, but could not make it all out. Bring on a few

$x \times y + z$ Puzzles. I want to rub up my algebra. Don't make them too hard, though. Yours truly, GEORGIAN, *alias*, JOSIAH JOKER, JR.

If Georgia boys don't wake up and send their share of letters, we shall send Uncle Hiram to look after them. He has just been out West, stirring up the young folks, and we expect to hear from them all round.

NEW YORK, *Nov.* 7, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Would you consider me an intruder if I begged leave to join your band of Merry friends, or rather if I asked you to introduce me within your cheerful circle? It was a hard task for me to overcome my natural timidity to so great an extent as to address you; but catching glimpse in one of the MUSEUMS (we have long been friends) of mention of a sweet little cousin of mine (Rose-Bud), I gathered courage therefrom, and "did the deed;" although my fancy painted Old Hatchet in the distance smiling grimly, and Black-Eyes, with consternation depicted in her glorious orbs, at such presumption.

But, Uncle Merry, I have no pangs of remorse, for I've so often read your pleasant letters, that I feel as though I had *always* known you; and if you would answer my letter, I think there never would be as happy a little body as

Your . BLUE-BELL.

Right welcome, Blue-Bell. The more so, as few other gardens can boast of such a flower "coming out" of its own accord at this season of the year.

H. H., "*smiling grimly.*"

MR. HATCHET:—"Blessed be the man who invented" holidays! Not for children only, but for the old folks too. We all need these heart-expanders, love-promoters, cherishers of all good feelings—holidays. And blessed be Christmas above the rest. Fourth of July is well, Thanksgiving is excellent, but best of all is dear old Christmas—true holiday of Christendom. Rich in memories of Bethlehem, the lowly manger, the watching shepherds, and the angel-throng; of old times in merry England, when the carols broke upon the still night air, when the mistletoe favored the wishes of young men and maidens, when the great wassail-bowl went round the joyous circle, and the boar's head was brought in with stately ceremony. Rich, too, in memories of the Christmas-tree and its attendant Christ-child; and of the long stockings by the chimney, under the care of St. Nicholas, Santa-Claus, Kriss Kringle, or whatever his name may be. Dear old Christmas! What day is like unto thee?

I am not ashamed to confess my firm belief in the good Santa-Claus, for though I no longer hang my stocking in the chimney, I still place a chair at the bed-side, for the gifts the good Saint may bring, which he has never failed to do. Nor am I unwilling to own that on waking *early* in the morning, I am as happy as a child, when I peep over the coverlet, or stretch out my hand toward the gifts, scarce visible in the faint light, and then shrink back, unwilling to break the charm by discovering what they are. Have not the Merrys had this feeling? And pray, Mr. Prim, what if I do, in the course of the day, perform divers strange capers and antics, more befitting a child? What are you and I, after all, but "children of a larger growth?" I pray you lay aside your dignity, and frolic with me on the floor a moment. I warrant you will be the better for it.

But really, I hope nobody thinks me an octogenarian by the way I speak. Though not a babe, I have not reached the "years of discretion"—if, indeed, I ever shall. But to whatever age I may attain, I trust I may never forget that I was once a boy; and therefore do I love this holiday, when once a year we can be young again.

It is too late to wish you a Merry Christmas, Uncle Hiram, but time enough to wish you and all the Merrys a Happy New Year, which I do with all my heart. WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

Amen! says Uncle Hiram. Amen! says Uncle Merry. Amen! says Aunt Sue. Amen! say all the 20,000.

LIBERTY CORNERS, O., *Oct.* 8, 1859.

MY DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I was admitted into the "Chat," but didn't say anything, being crowded out to give room to those "popular" cousins, those "particular stars," W. H. C., Oliver Onley, etc.

Uncle Hiram's away out West, and

took his *hatchet* along. Too bad—but I'd suggest that Uncle Merry buy an ax.

Now, Uncle Hiram, I don't believe you can take all this note with one stroke of your *hatchet*, nor with five or six, because it is so knotty. But don't try the experiment.

Favor me with an introduction to all the 20,000, especially to Lucy, Daisy Wildwood, Black-Eyes, Adrian, and Lizzie G., if you please, my dear Uncle; and always rest assured you have a faithful nephew in Ohio, who subscribes himself, affectionately, RINE.

I was in Ohio the other day, Rine, and at liberty, but I did not see you there. Why did you not hang out your sign? I said I was at liberty, but it was not exactly so. I was pent up in the cars, and the cars took the liberty of shooting straight on, without waiting for cousin, nephew, or niece. H. H.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *Nov.* 23, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—I should like to make the Puzzle department a little more spicy for 1860; answers credited, competition encouraged, prizes given, picture rebuses, etc., etc. If you agree with me, suppose you tell the dear *chatterers* to write on general subjects to the *Uncles;* and anything in the Puzzle line, to Aunt Sue; and see if we don't have a good time. Yours truly,

AUNT SUE.

Bravo! dear Auntie. Your suggestion is like an apple of gold in a picture of silver, a good word spoken at the right time and place. We accept it with all thankfulness, and call upon the household, far and near, to *take particular notice.* N. B. *Not a bean*, but a bushel of beans; send spices of all sorts—sharp, *pungent*, witty, puzzling, tough, tender, whatever they may be, to Aunt Sue (care of MERRY'S MUSEUM); and, if we don't "have a good time of it," it won't be your fault.

FAIRY DREAMS; *or, Wanderings in Elf-Land. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.*

Here is a treat for all young folks, who like to take an occasional stroll outside the regions of history and fact, into the bright realms of fancy. It is written in a pleasing style, profusely illustrated with original engravings, printed on tinted paper, and will be found exceedingly interesting.

AUNT SUE'S COMPLETE PUZZLER.—A collection of Riddles, Enigmas, Charades, Rebuses, Labyrinths, Hieroglyphics, etc., by Aunt Sue. A perfect fund of amusement for the holidays, and should be in the hands of every one of the Merrys—Price only 25 cents. Send the amount to us in stamps, and we will forward it immediately, post-paid.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.—This beautiful work of art is just opened in Temple Hall, Ninth Street, this city. It is a minature model of the great Temple, made of wood, consisting of some three hundred thousand pieces, representing every department of Solomon's Temple, so beautifully shaped and matched together as to make it one of the most magnificent works of art and beauty in the known world. There are about six hundred little figures represented; the whole cost of the entire structure was $20,000.

We have no room for a full description this month—and can only say, go and see it if you possibly can. Rev. Israel S. Diehl delivers a lecture at each exhibition full of entertainment and instruction; no better selection could have been made.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

Answers to Questions in Nov. No.

43. Spear—pear—ear.

44. You will begin again.

45 When he is a crow king (croaking).

46. Nightingale.

47. Trouble.

48. They introduce all grades and colors to the same fashionable circles.

49. 1611.

50. Find it out yourself.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

1. Where in time is *Now?*
John Quincy Adams.

2. Why are the figures in arithmetic called digits? *Simon.*

3. I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 18, 3, 4, 17 a heathen goddess.
My 5, 2, 11, 10, 6 a town in Scotland.
My 16, 12, 8, 9, 13 a town in Europe.
My 15, 14, 7, 19 a town in Europe.
My whole the name of a philanthropist. *Adelbert Older.*

4. Why is the letter *V* like a chant?
Mary C. B.

5. What kind of a mechanic will most amuse Cupid? *Bessie Johnston.*

6. What is the difference between a cabinet-maker and a lion?
Susie.

7. I am composed of letters, four,
Yet still you will find none;
Now take a letter from my store,
And what is left? Why, one.
S. Wilson.

8. Seven letters constitute my whole—
My 1, 7, 3 requires control;
2, 6, 5, 4 denotes a year,
My 1 and 7 a term quite dear.
My 2, 5, 6, 7 is a name,
My 3, 4, 6 from Europe came;
My whole, in print shops may be seen,
And oft is taken for a queen.
X. T. C.

9. Complete through endless space I roam, ["home;"
And countless millions call me
But when transposed, it is confessed,
I dwell in every human breast.
One letter drop, and through the grove
A free and happy beast I rove;
Another gone, and you'll decide
I am to science near allied.
If now transposed, by all 'tis said,
I guide the ship, and heave the lead;
Again—I am a quadruped. [lo!
Curtail my whole, transpose, and
I flow for sorrow, joy, and woe;
Behead me now—I truly claim
To be a portion of man's frame.
Curtail—and then replace my head,
And I'm a fragrant herb instead;
Transposed—I'm known to saint and sage
As goddess of an ancient age.
Buckeye Boy.

10. If water could see,
What would it be? *Samuel.*

11. Was there ever a good preacher who never learned to read?
Samuel.

12. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—Find a number whose square multiplied by 2 and added to thrice the original number, shall equal 65.

13. THE SAD HISTORY OF ISAIAH BEEBE.

IIAR BB loved a maid,
He loved her to XS,
And XSIId his NRGG
2 C her, and confS.

Said he, "A meeting I'll proQR,
B4 the day is past;
In spite of all my NMEE,
She shall B mine at last."

Now UUULE MLE,
Was 10der and B9,
FMN8 and gentle 2,
Some th0 she was Dvine.

But poor IIAR made her X,
She said he was a calf,
SPCLE ODS
0 spoke in his B½.

She said, "Should U go on UR nEE,
And melt away in TRR,
Or WR at10tions 4
The future 50 years.

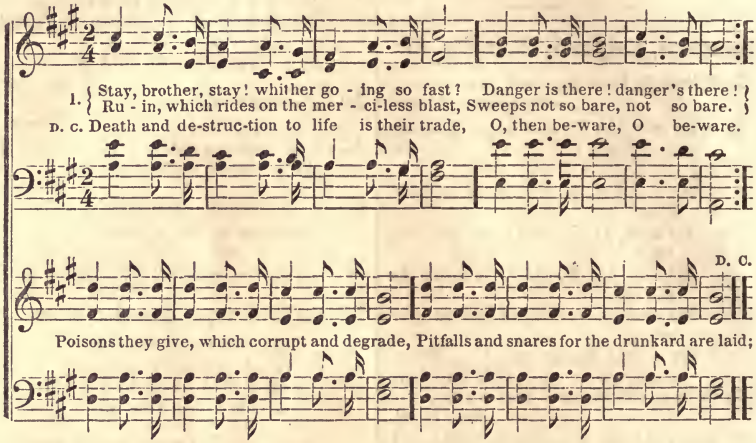
U still would 0 B 2 me,
UR not 2 my mind;
So pray B YYR, sir, and go,
Some better maiden find."

"DR MLE, my love's XS,
Prithee X10U8,
XQQ—4give—and love me, or
I'll take an OP8!"

And so he did. Alas! poor man!
Kind reader shed a TR,
He took the OPM so strong
It laid him on his BR!
AUNT SUE.

STAY, BROTHER, STAY.

Tune—"Homeward Bound."



2.

Thousands you've heard of with once happy homes;
Where are they now? are they now?
Millions you've heard of who rushed to the tombs;
Weep, thinking how, thinking how.
Think of the fathers the foe has beguiled,
Think of the heart-broken mother and child,
Think of the homes made distracted and wild;
Then take the vow, take the vow.

3.

Touch not the cup, then, as long as you live;
Safety is there! safety's there!
Pleasures you sigh for, sweet Temp'rance can give;
Make her your care, her your care.
Come to her pledge, and enrolling your name,
Hail it the passport from ruin and shame,
To happiness, pure friendship, and fame.
Come, Brother dear, Brother dear.

HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS. BY AUNT SUE.

JOHN COSTAR, OF HARLEM,

AND THE INCREDULOUS PRINCE.

FOUR hundred years ago, there was scarcely such a thing as a printed book in the world. The greatest and most important of all human arts was then in its infancy. Metallic types had just begun to be used, and the Bible was the only book which would pay for printing. What mighty changes have taken place in the world, in the compass of those four hundred years! What amazing advances have been made in all the sciences, and in all the arts of life! What gigantic strides toward the universal prevalence of human freedom, and the evangelization of the world! In the accomplishment of all this, no human agency has had half as much influence as the art of printing.

It was in 1438 that John Costar exhibited the result of his first conceptions of printing. He had his letters cut in blocks of wood. The letters were large and coarse; but they seemed to the astonished few who were permitted to see them but little less than miracles. If those few persons who thus witnessed the first beginnings

of the art, could have known what great results would flow from them, they would no doubt have stood in awe before them, much as an ancient Jew stood before the ark of God.

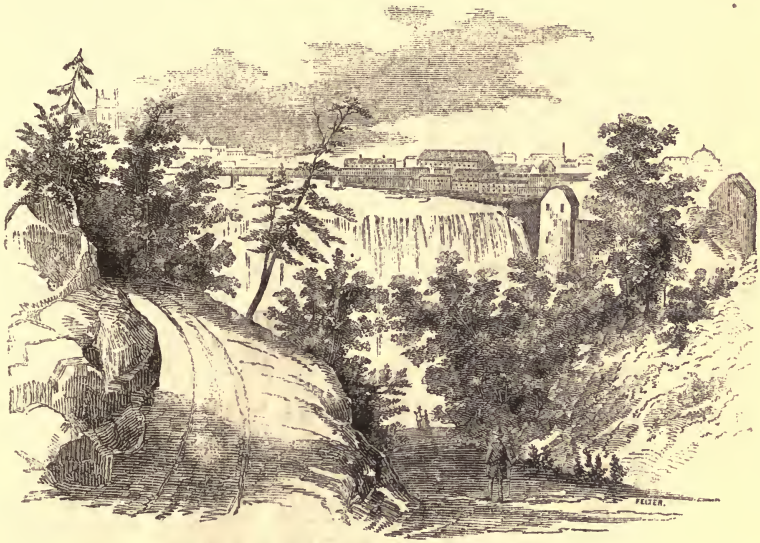
John Costar was a man, every inch of him. He was not only ingenious and witty, but ingenuous, brave, and full of high hope in the future. Among his acquaintances in the city was a great, pompous, conceited nobleman, who had no faith in anything but money and high birth. Costar had often talked with him of his plans, and had even gone so far as to promise that by such a day of the year 1438, he would show him twenty copies of any paper he might write, all so exactly alike, that no one could tell one from the other, and all produced in less than two hours. The prince ridiculed the idea as preposterous and impossible, and became quite excited in the argument. But Costar persisted, being every day more and more sure of complete success.

A PRINTER'S BOY OF OUR TIMES.

At length the work was done. The wooden blocks, which he had been secretly preparing, were now finished in sufficient quantities to execute a single sheet of work. The ink, till then unknown, because till then not called for, was prepared. The types were arranged in order, the ink spread upon them, and the first proof taken. What would you not give to see that first sheet that was ever laid upon a form of type? What a rare accession to any museum of curiosities would be those same wooden types of John Costar, of Harlem!

When Costar, the same evening, took a proof-sheet of his work to the incredulous prince, he was still as stubbornly unbelieving as ever; and it was not until he had visited John in his own office, and seen the sheet laid upon the type, and the impression taken before his eyes, that he would admit even the possibility of printing.

What a wonderful change has taken place in the world since that day! Now there is scarcely a country in the world where printing is not done. Boys and girls learn the art easily. Thousands and tens of thousands of men are employed in it; and the world is full of books of every sort.



THE WATERFALL.

BY ADELBERT OLDER.

WHERE the queenly lilies look
Downward on the foaming brook;
Where the clover, as we pass,
Sprinkles redly all the grass;
Oh, how pleasant 'tis to lie
Where the waves go hurrying by,
And to hear the thunder-call
Of the sounding waterfall!

See the glittering bubbles float
Onward, like a fairy boat;
See the darkening shadows lie
On the water rushing by,
Where the willows on the banks,
Drooping low in graceful ranks,
Shut the sunshine's pleasant glow
From the darkened wave below.

Ever hurrying thick and fast,
Wave on wave comes rushing past,
But one moment seems to shrink
Close upon the dizzy brink,
Then adown the rocky steep
Takes its wild and fearful leap;
Never ceasing, down they flow—
Downward to the deep below.

Ah, how beautiful the scene
All around the forest green!
And we hear the gentle breeze
Sighing through the leafy trees,
Answering mournfully the call
Of the sounding waterfall;
Everything around, above,
Tells us of a God of love.

LE ROY, *August 30th*, 1859.

GOD BLESS YOU!

How simple fall these simple words
Upon the human heart,
When friends long bound in strongest ties
Are doomed by fate to part!
You sadly press the hand of those
Who thus in love caress you,
And soul responsive beats to soul,
In breathing out "God bless you!"

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.

IT was somewhere in this neighborhood that I met a young man, in whose history I became greatly interested. He was then about sixteen years of age, but sorrow and trouble made him look much older. He was a cripple, having had one of his legs broken, and so badly set that it was of but little use to him.

When I first saw him, he was sitting on a small box on the sidewalk, close against the iron rail of one of the houses which then occupied this part of the street. At his side was a bench, covered with small articles for sale—songs, papers of pins, matches, essences, and various other things of little value, but nevertheless his whole stock in trade, and that on which his living depended. His crutches, a sort of dumb testimony that he had other pains than those of poverty, and that he did not sit there all day from any unwillingness to work, were leaning against the railing behind him.

My attention was first drawn to him by the effort which a very benevolent-looking lady was making, to rouse him from a deep pit of melancholy, or sullenness (it was difficult to guess which), and draw him back to his business. At first, I thought he was ill-natured and surly, but was soon satisfied that it was not so. After several times touching him gently with her parasol, and addressing him in very kind tones, the lady succeeded in arousing him. He started up as from a dream, and

exclaimed, in a tone that seemed half apology and half complaint—

"Oh! excuse me, madam—you have called me away from——," stopping suddenly, as if unable to say more.

The lady was very kind to him; purchased several articles from his stock, and paid him liberally; attempting, at the same time, to draw him into conversation, but without success.

When she left, I approached him, and, after a few words of commonplace conversation, said to him—

"That lady was very kind to you, my lad. She saw that you were unhappy, that you had some great trouble in your heart, and she wished to know if she could in any way do you a service. I am afraid you did not notice what a motherly look she had, and how much interest she felt in you."

"No, sir," he replied, the tears glistening in his eyes, "I did not see it, for I was too unhappy to look up. I was afraid I should cry if I did."

"Why? What was there," I asked, "in the very kind tones of that voice to make you cry?"

"Oh, sir! that was just it," he answered, with deep emotion. "The voice was so kind, so gentle, so like my own dear mother, that I did not dare to look up, or to speak. I knew I could not do it, without crying. And I was ashamed to do that among strangers."

"Where is your mother?" I asked, after a little pause.

"In heaven, sir!" he replied, with an expression so made up of reverence, of assurance, of joy, and of deep, unutterable grief, that I was awed in his presence. I did not know what to say next. I turned, for a moment, as if to examine some of the articles on his bench. When I looked at him again, he had that same fixed, absent, sad look, which attracted the interest of the good, motherly lady, before I came up. He was away, perhaps, in some distant land, among the scenes of his early home. To divert him from this, and open conversation in another direction, I took up one of his crutches, and asked how it happened that he needed to use them, at so early an age. But here, again, I touched the tender spot. He burst into tears, and said—"Indeed, sir, I would not mind by broken leg. If both had been broken, it would have been nothing, but my poor dear mother was killed by the same accident. It was on the railroad, sir. And I am left alone, with three little sisters, for my father was dead before."

He paused to brush away tears; but his heart was open, and he went on.

"I do not mind the care of the children, sir. I would gladly die for them, they are so good and loving. But oh! sir, without my mother, it is not living. I die a hundred deaths every day, thinking of that terrible scene. I don't know why such things happen."

There was something in the eloquence of that boy's sadness and love, that far surpassed all the funeral orations I ever heard. There was a depth and pathos in his filial affection, which was the highest possible eulogy of a faithful, affectionate mother. I could not do much to soothe him at that moment, for his emotions were too deep and excited. I became better acquainted with him afterwards, and with his sisters, who clung to him with all the fondness and confidence of infantile affection. I had his limb properly attended to, so that he was, after a while, able to dispense with his crutches. He has been prospered in business, and has educated his sisters to be, like himself, ornaments to society, and a joy to each other.

GOVERN YOUR TEMPER.

BY AUNT SUE.

"YOU little wretch! how *dare* you touch my flowers?" said John Cameron, fiercely, catching his little sister violently by the shoulder and shaking her.

Poor Nellie, terrified, tried to excuse herself, and sobbed out, "Oh! Johnnie, mamma told me, mamma—"

But he wouldn't listen to her; and there is no telling what might have been the consequences, if Mrs. Cameron, hearing the disturbance, had not rushed out into the garden and seized *him* by the shoulder.

"John! John! how can you treat your little sister in that way? I told her to go out in the garden and pick me some flowers."

"Well, what did she want to pick mine for?"

"How should she know they were yours, or that you would have objected to her picking them?"

"Well, here, Nell, you can have them," said John, looking sorry; but poor Nellie was too much frightened to take any notice of the flowers, and sobbing, she clung to her mother.

Now perhaps the reader thinks that John Cameron was a very dreadful boy; if so, the reader is very much mistaken. He was loving, affectionate, generous, and kind-hearted until his temper was roused, and then he was like a wild animal. Often and often had his poor mother wept over him, talked to him, punished him, reasoned with him, and as often had he promised amendment.

Mr. Cameron was a farmer. He was returning one evening in a buggy, from a neighboring village, when he overtook a man driving an ox-team. The road was rather narrow, and the teamster seemed to be mischievously inclined to prevent Mr. Cameron from passing. The latter began to chafe at the delay, and rather peremptorily ordered the man to make way for him. The man paid him no attention; when, irritated beyond endurance, Mr. Cameron leaped from his vehicle, and ran to the heads of the oxen with the intention of turning them out of the road; at the same

time the teamster jumped off the cart exclaiming, savagely, "If you touch them oxen, I'll hammer you!"

Mr. Cameron, now in a violent passion, seized the man by the throat; at the same time the teamster aimed a violent blow, with a heavy stick, at the other's head; the cudgel descended on Mr. Cameron's temple, and felled him to the earth. All this was the work of a minute, but the blow was fatal.

Let us leave this painful scene.

Our story opens two years subsequently. Mrs. Cameron was a widow, with very slender means, and three children—John, the eldest, was ten years old; Edward, seven; and Ellen, four.

John tried everything in his power to comfort poor little Nellie. He was already very sorry that he had been so violent, but it was of no use; she could not trust any one who had just treated her so unkindly.

Mrs. Cameron led him into the house, and again pleaded with him to restrain his temper.

Things went on in this way for about four years; many and many an article had he in his passion destroyed that he would have given much to replace. Earnestly had he prayed for grace to subdue his temper, but his exertions were not equal to his petitions.

When he was about fourteen, as he and his brother were spinning tops in the street, a dispute arose between them. Edward insisted that he had won a top, and John declared he had not. Edward picked it up out of the ring; John ordered him to put it down; but the former playfully ran off with it, looking back and laughing.

Without a moment's thought, John picked up a stone and threw it at him.

A piercing shriek from Edward seemed to stop the life-blood in John's heart.

The stone had struck his brother in the eye! John groaned with an agony of remorse, more intense than he had ever before experienced.

For months and months Edward was confined to a dark room, and at the end of that time he was pronounced BLIND!

Oh! the bitter, bitter tears poor John shed. Hours and hours he would sit in mute agony watching his brother; he tried to anticipate all his wants; walked with him, read to him, and did all in his power to amuse him.

One day Edward was making little baskets, out of beads strung on wire which his mother had taught him to make by the sense of feeling.

John had stolen softly into the room. He couldn't bear to be away from him for fear he might want something, yet he didn't want his brother to know that he was so constantly watching him, lest it might annoy him; so he was almost startled when Edward said, softly, "Come here, Johnnie."

John went to him, and sat on a little bench at his feet.

"Johnnie, you mustn't sigh—I know it's for me, but I am very happy, much happier than I was before I was blind; every one is so kind to me, and you're such a good old Johnnie;" and he stole his arms lovingly around his brother's neck.

"Oh! Eddy, Eddy, don't! you'll break my heart! If you'd only hate me, or say something bad about me, I could bear it much better."

"Now, John, stop talking that way, will you? And please get me some more of these red beads out of Nellie's drawer."

"How do you know they are red, Eddy?"

"Oh! I am a great deal smarter than you think I am; I can see with my fingers; this is a blue bead, this is a red one, and this is a black," taking up one after the other; "it would take you, Mr. John, a month to learn the color by the touch; but I'll let you into the secret, if you won't tell any of the neighbors. The blue beads are smooth all over, the red are rough on the edges, and the black are cut all over," and he laughed heartily, thus trying to cheer his brother.

"Well, but, Eddy, all blue beads are not smooth, are they?"

"No; but when Nellie gave me the bunch and said, "These are blue," I felt them all over to learn them, and the same with the other colors; so you see, old fellow, eyes are not so very important after all."

The village doctor was a rough old diamond, and often dropped in, as he said, "to see how things were going on." He always placed the palm of his broad hand gently on Eddy's head, and inquired, in a loud cheery tone, "Well, sonny, see daylight yet?" and always looked disappointed when he was answered "No."

Only one eye had been struck with the stone, and the other was diseased from sympathy. The good doctor hoped he might recover, in time, the sight of one eye, but said nothing on the subject for fear of raising false hopes in others; until one day, in answer to the usual question, Eddy replied, "Yes, sir; when the sun shone brightly this morning, I could see where the window was."

"That's good news," said the doctor; and going up to Mrs. Cameron, he led her into an adjoining room, where they could converse without being overheard.

"Mrs. Cameron, there's hope for that boy; by God's help, he'll see with that left eye yet; you must take him to New York and place him under the care of Doctor M——."

"Oh! doctor, do you really think there is hope? I rejoice almost more for John's sake than Edward's; Johnnie has fretted himself to a mere skeleton, and—"

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, interrupting her; "John's a fine fellow, and we must get Edward away from him; it won't do, it won't do. When can you go to New York?"

Mrs. Cameron hesitated.

"What's the matter? What's to keep you? You can get some one to take care of your house here, can't you?"

"Oh! yes, sir, but—"

"But what?"

"What will it cost?"

"Oh! is that the trouble? I wish I could help you, but I can't; the folks won't get ill for me, somehow or other, except the poorest kind of folks, and I don't like to take their money when they are sick, and can't earn any more. What does John do? Does he earn anything?"

"He helps the neighbors occasionally on their farms; but he always goes reluctantly, he can't bear to leave Edward."

"Farmer Manly wants a boy; he's a good man—I'll speak to him about John. Good-morning, good-morning, Mrs. Cameron," and with a friendly shake of the hand he left the room.

In the entry he encountered John, and patting him on the shoulder, said, "John, your mother's got good news for you; but you must go to work and make some money; run in there,"

pointing to the door; "she'll tell you all about it."

John and his mother had a long talk. 'Twas difficult for her to convince him that she and Nellie were quite able to take care of Edward, and it seemed at first as if it would be impossible for him to leave his brother; but the idea of working for him and earning money for his benefit buoyed him up.

The doctor called the next day, and said, "It's all arranged; Farmer Manly says John's to go there next Monday. I am going that way myself, and I'll call and pick him up, if you'll have him ready. The farmer says he pays his 'hands' according to what they earn; so you'll have to stir yourself, Johnnie; we'll soon raise money enough—hey! boy?"

John's heart and eyes were too full to allow him to speak, but he silently pressed the good doctor's hand.

John had been some time at Mr. Manly's. His heart was in his work, and many a word and nod of approbation had he received from both the farmer and his wife.

It was a comfortable home; the large old-fashioned kitchen, with its high-backed chairs and tall, old bureau, was the chief sitting room. They had only one child, a little boy about five years old. John soon made friends with him, and nothing pleased the little fellow so well as to be allowed to go out into the fields and help John at his work, with his much-treasured hoe and rake that John had made for him.

Mrs. Manly was a stirring little lady, always busy at something, and generally the first one up in the house; but since John came to live there, she was sometimes up second, and many a cold morning she had found the kitchen fire lighted, the kettle filled, and sundry other little matters attended to, that saved her a good deal of trouble.

One day she said to her husband, "Benjamin, there's something queer about that boy, John Cameron; I don't believe he's stingy, yet he saves every cent of his money. He don't seem to play with other boys; and the other night when he pretended to be reading, I saw the big tears falling through his fingers; and there wasn't anything to cry at in the book, for after he went to bed, I looked at it, and it was nothing but an old arithmetic. I wish you'd ask him what's amiss. I can't bear to see the boy fretting. Perhaps he's homesick."

Mr. Manly gave John the privilege of earning money by "odd jobs" as he called them, and John always handed him the money he earned, to take care of for him.

On the day after the foregoing conversation between the farmer and his wife, John came to him with two shillings to put with the rest of his money.

"John," said Mr. Manly, "don't you want to buy anything? You haven't spent a cent since you came here."

"Oh! no, sir, I wouldn't spend a cent for anything!"

"What in the world are you saving it all up for?"

"Don't you know, sir? Didn't Doctor Brown tell you?"

"No, not a word."

John looked very much surprised, but the next moment said, "Oh! I know why he didn't—he didn't want you to know what a wicked boy I was, or you wouldn't let me work for you."

"Well, I don't believe you're so

very much more wicked than the rest of us. But what are you saving your money for?"

"To send my blind brother to a doctor in New York."

"Got a blind brother, hey? How did he get blind?"

"*I* blinded him. I threw a stone at him in a passion, and HE HAS NEVER SEEN ME SINCE!" and laying his arms on the table he buried his head in them, and groaned aloud.

Mr. Manly got up from his chair, and with the tears streaming down his own cheeks, exclaimed, "Bless my soul! child, don't cry, don't cry; why didn't you tell me this before?" John looked up at him, but did not answer. "You say you want money to send him to New York; and can't he go till you have earned money enough to pay his expenses? I wish I'd known it before, I'd have raised your wages every day. I'll tell you what I'll do, John: I'll advance you fifty dollars of your wages; I'm not a bit afraid but what you'll work it out fairly."

John clasped his hands, started up, and exclaimed, "And can I send it to mother, right away?"

"Yes, to-day, if you like; but I'll go and see Doctor Brown about it, and we'll make it all straight."

John, unable to control his emotions, ran to Mr. Manly, threw his arms round his neck, and fairly hugged him; then rushed out of the room.

Mrs. Manly entered the room as John left it, and her husband related to her all that had just passed.

"Well," said she, "that accounts for several things I couldn't understand before. I've seen Tom provoke him, until John got as pale as death, and I thought surely he would strike him, when all at once he just turned and ran away as though he was afraid he should do something bad. And he has talked to our Sammy, when he has been in one of his tantrums, just like any old man, and told him how wicked it was to get in a passion. Poor, dear child! I declare I feel real sorry for him. You'll go to Doctor Brown's right away, won't you, Benjamin, and give him the money for Mrs. Cameron?"

Mr. Manly did not require much urging, and before evening he had managed matters with the doctor, very much to that good gentleman's satisfaction.

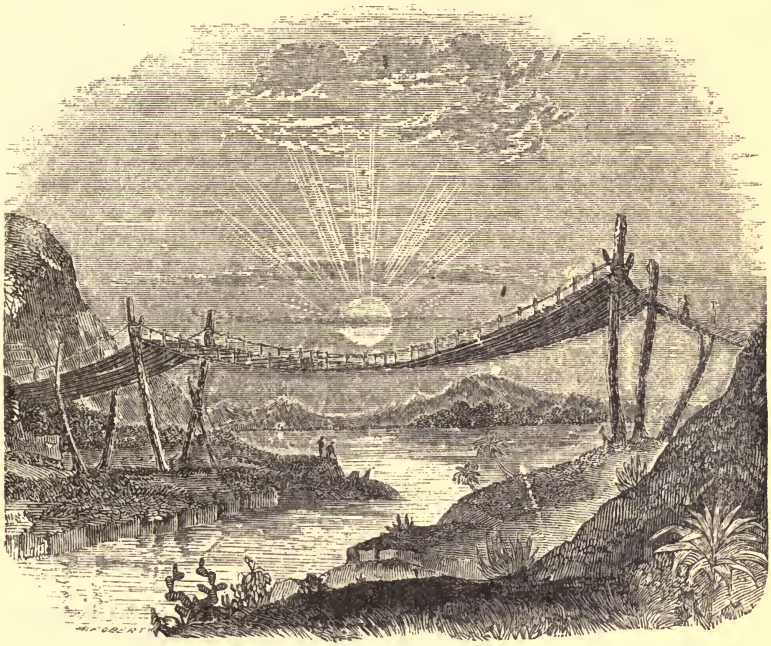
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AGE AND YOUTH.

LEAN on me firmly, Grandpapa,
  And do not be afraid;
I love to feel your trusting hand
  Upon my shoulder laid—
To feel that you rely on me,
  That I'm a staff to you,
It makes me seem almost a man,
  With something great to do.

How cool and fresh and sweet the air!
  I know 'twill do you good;
I'll lead you to the great oak chair,
  Beneath the waving wood.
The little brook runs babbling by,
  With music soft and clear;
Altho' it smile not to your eye,
  'Twill whisper to your ear.

Yes, Grandpa, I will tread with care,
  I'm in no haste to go—
I love to run and jump, but now
  I can not be too slow.
You'll teach me thoughtfulness and care,
  While I your prop shall be,
So I shall share my youth with you,
  And you your age with me.



SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

MANY of our young readers, perhaps, are somewhat puzzled to know what a suspension bridge is. They have not seen that at Niagara, which is the most remarkable one in this country, and have never had a good description of it, so as to realize just how it differs from ordinary bridges. The question is natural, if a bridge is suspended, hung up, instead of being supported from below, what is it hung upon? Without stopping now to answer that question, we wish to say that the great and wonderful works of our day, which excite so much astonishment, and show so strongly the power of human genius in overcoming natural difficulties, are not entirely the work of our own times. They have been brought to perfection within a few years past, but they have been growing, so to speak, from small beginnings away back in past ages. It might be difficult to trace the whole course of the bridge-growth from age to age, but it had, no doubt, a very humble beginning; and some of its earliest and simplest forms may still be found in different parts of the world. They consist of strong stakes driven firmly into the ground on each side of the brook, on which are suspended by strong cords a sort of wicker-work floor, which answers for a bridge. It would not serve for wagons or carriages, but for foot-passengers it serves a good purpose. Perhaps our great suspension bridge may be traced back to something like this, as its original idea.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

IN reading various newspapers I meet with scraps of fun and wisdom, some of which I shall jot down for the benefit of our Merry cousins. If any of you meet with old friends, perhaps it will do no harm to shake hands once more with them.

Here is a paragraph from *Life Illustrated*, expressing my sentiments exactly:

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other, and perhaps less profitable, places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home-nest delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of a home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

EMERSON says, "What a man most needs is a friend to *make* him do what he is *capable* of doing."

AN ARTFUL MISER.—Some time ago, a gentleman called upon a certain nobleman in Paris, a very wealthy and inordinately mean character, and found him at the breakfast-table, quite alone, and doing his utmost to catch a fly which was buzzing about the room.

"What the deuce are you about?" demanded the astonished visitor, to whom the spectacle of an old man amusing himself by catching flies, seemed very singular, to say the least.

"Hush!" exclaimed the other. "I'll tell you presently."

After many efforts, the old fellow at last succeeded in entrapping the fly. Taking the insect carefully between his thumb and forefinger, he put it into the sugar-bowl, and quickly dropped the lid over his prisoner. His visitor, more annoyed than ever, knowing as he did the avaricious character of the man before him, repeated the question.

"I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance as he spoke. "I want to ascertain if the servants steal the sugar."

AGRICULTUAL FAIR.—Farmers' pretty daughters.

HE who plants kindness, gathers love.

WHY is a bed-cover like a blister? Because it's a counterpane (counter-pain).

A QUESTION FOR SURVEYORS.—Is a crazy tenement a madhouse?

A LARGE elk-horn was recently found imbedded in the trunk of a tree twenty inches in diameter, upon a farm near Zanesville, Wis., and as there was no apparent hollow or opening in the tree, it is quite a mystery how it got there.

WHEN a man looks well, can he see any better?

thrashin'." After fighting until they were exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth between, covered with blood and his clothes torn to tatters, and addressed the belligerent parties thus: Weel, I'll tell you what we'll do wi' ye; if ye'll let us alane we'll let you alane." There was no more of it; the war was at an end, and the boys scattered away to their play. I thought at the time, and have often thought since, that that trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general that I have ever seen. Kings and ministers of state are just a set of grown-up children exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that instead of fighting out the needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on; hound on their innocent but servile subjects to battle, and then, after a waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boys' conditions, "if ye'll let us alane we'll let you alane."—*Lay Sermon.*

ORIGIN OF WARS.—The history of every war is very like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys from different schools met one fine day upon the ice. They eyed each other with rather indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow. "What are you glowrin' at, Billy?" "What's that to you? I'll look where I have a mind, an' hinder me if you daur." A hearty blow was the return to this, and then such a battle began! It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general and desperate. I asked one of the party what they were pelting the other for? What they had done to them? "O naething at a', man; we just want to gie them a good

PERSONS who stand upon ceremony have a precarious footing.

THE Ocean of Love is not always a Pacific Ocean.

WHAT is society, after all, but a mixture of Mister-ies and Miss-eries?

EFFECTS OF FEAR.—Most readers have heard of the East-Indian practice (native) of compelling persons suspected of crimes to chew rice as an ordeal. The simple philosophy of the trial is, that fear exerts an intense influence on the salivary glands; if the person is really guilty there is no secretion of saliva, and chewing is impossible. On the contrary, consciousness of innocence allows a proper flow of fluid for softening the rice.

"WHAT church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?"

"Oh, any paradox church, where the Gospel is dispensed with!"

A WELL-BRED woman never hears an impertinent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults.

A HAPPY DESIGNATION.—The Savannahites prettily call one of their charities—an asylum for boys—the "Isle of Hope."

ABOUT BEES.—A swarm of bees, in their natural state, contains from 10,000 to 20,000 of the insects, while in hives they number from 30,000 to 40,000. In a square foot of honeycomb there are about 9,000 cells. A queen bee lays her eggs for fifty or sixty consecutive days, laying about 500 daily. It takes three days to hatch each egg. In one season a single queen bee hatches about 100,000 bees. It takes 5,000 bees to weigh a pound.

A YOUNG lady engaged to be married, and getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied; "it's very easy to untie it now, while it is only a *beau* knot."

WHAT is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison? One can not see to go, and the other can not go to sea.

WHEN A YOUNG MAN SHOULD TAKE HIS HAT.—Young man, a word. We want to tell you when you should take your hat and be off. It is—

When you are asked to take a drink.

When you find out that you are courting an extravagant or slovenly girl.

When you find yourself in doubtful company.

When you discover that your expenses run ahead of your income.

When you are abusing the confidence of your friends.

When you think that you are a great deal wiser than people older and more experienced than yourselves.

When you feel like getting trusted for a suit of clothes, because you haven't the money to pay for them.

When you "wait upon" a lady just for the fun of it.

When you don't perform your duty, your whole duty, and nothing but your duty.

THE INSTINCT OF APPETITE.—Sir James Hall relates that while experimenting on hatching eggs artificially, he on one occasion observed a chick just breaking from its shell as a spider happened to run past it; the chicken darted forward, seized, and swallowed it.

CURIOUS CHANGE OF TASTE.—The leaves of the *Gymnema Sylvestre*—a plant of Northern India—when chewed, take away the power of tasting sugar for twenty-four hours, without otherwise injuring the general sense of taste.

"DOES the razor take hold well?" inquired a barber, who was shaving a gentleman from the country. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes, "it takes hold first rate, but don't let go worth a cent."

COLD-WATER BOYS.

IT is my opinion that Adam, while he remained in the garden of Eden, enjoyed perfect health, and never knew what it was to be tired, or sleepy in the daytime, or restless in the night. He had no headaches, no fevers, no agues, no coughs, no dyspepsia. And one reason for all this was, that he drank only cold water, —no wine, no brandy, no whisky, no tea or coffee, no ale or lager beer, but plain pure water. Very likely he used milk for variety, but his daily beverage was water; and if he ever had any thirst, which water could not quench, it was not until after he had left the garden.

We are all the children of Adam. We have the same animal natures, the same physical organs, the same natural tastes he had; and if cold water was good for him, it is good for us. If he did not find any use for whisky, ale, brandy, lager beer, and all that kind of filthy poison, it can not be of any use to us.

Now-a-days, when Satan tempts a man, a woman, a boy, or a girl to ruin, he offers them liquor. If they take it, he is sure of them. He did not offer that to Adam. If he had, he would have insured his own defeat, and he knew it. Adam would have turned from it in utter disgust.

It is astonishing to see what rivers of strong drink are consumed in this country. But, notwithstanding this, there are a great many cold-water boys among us, after all—a great many who are beginning life with a firm, manly resolve, and a solemn pledge to themselves and the world, that they

will "taste not, touch not, handle not," any kind of intoxicating liquor, as long as they live. These are the boys for me. These are the hope of the country and the world. These are our future ministers, lawyers, and teachers—these are our governors and judges and legislators—these are our statesmen, our Presidents, and our great successful merchants, mechanics, and artists. Depend upon it, the way of success and honor is the way of temperance. One would as soon look for an honest man in a jail or a penitentiary, as a great, successful, happy man in a bar-rooom or a beer saloon. If you want a boy for a servant, will you choose the bar-room boy, or the cold-water boy? If you want a companion for your son, or a husband for your daughter, will you look for him in the tavern, or in the school-room? Oh! sir, don't talk about strong drink doing no harm, when you see the hundreds and thousands around you whom it has ruined, and is ruining, when you would yourself far rather follow your son to his grave, than to the drunkard's resort; when the temperate man always commands your respect and confidence, while the toper is avoided as a nuisance, and distrusted as a man without brains. Look at the cold-water boy. What a fine manly face! What a clear, bright eye! What an open, honest countenance! Would you hesitate a moment about employing him, if you wanted a laborer, or a clerk? Would you suspect him of any low, vulgar ways, or improper language, or dishonest tricks? Would you have any fear that he would cheat you, or waste his time in idleness? Wouldn't you feel sure, at first sight, that he would be always on the spot, prompt, attentive, industrious, studious; the best workman, the best scholar, the most correct accountant, that you ever had? Take my word for it, it would be so; you would not be disappointed. Temperance is a good, healthy tree, and can no more bring forth corrupt fruit, than sin can bring forth good fruit, or poison promote health.

By the way, sir, do you know that, if we didn't raise half as much grain in this country as we now do, we should still have bread enough and to spare? No. Well, it is so, and no mistake—that is, if they would use that half as it ought to be used, and not make it into whisky. What a pity, what a sin and shame, to convert the staff of life into the poison of death! What would be thought of a man, who should use a staff, intended to support him in his pilgrimage, in beating out his own brains? And what less than that is the distiller doing?

What less is the retailer doing? What less is the temperate drinker doing, whose example induces his own children and others to begin the ruinous practice? Ah! they do worse than beat out their own brains. They give poison to their own children, and recommend it as wholesome, or at least as harmless.

The truth is, there is no safety anywhere but in total abstinence. And, oh! if the drinking world only knew what vile stuff they are made to drink—what outrageous shams, mixed up of drugs and chemicals, enough to kill an ostrich or a rhinoceros, but labeled with pretty names—they would neither taste nor handle.

Life may be merry, as well as useful. Every person that owns a mouth has always a good opening for a laugh.

THE CHURCH.

THE CHURCH AND THE PARSONAGE.

THERE was an air of solemn mystery about that old church which I could never account for, and yet could never shake off. I never liked to pass near it in the evening, and strange enough, was more unwilling to find myself there under the clear moonlight than in the dark. There was something in the gleam of the old windows, in the faint glimmer of here and there a bright spot in the dim walls, and in the deep, dark shadows which hung around the angles and niches of the venerable pile, that had an influence on my young fancy like the visions of an uneasy dream. I was not superstitious—I *think* I was not. I never believed in ghosts or hobgoblins of any kind, except those a guilty conscience has power to summon; but I was afraid of that old church. On the Sabbath, with a full congregation of worshipers, the voice of prayer and the anthems of praise made it often seem like "the house of God and the gate of heaven"—a place where one would love to die, and from which the way home was bright and easy. But when the doors were closed, the house deserted, the organ silent, and the still moon looking down upon the graveyard, and peering into the corners and niches of the tower and the porch, or glistening on the mosses which time had planted on the eaves and in the crannies, it was quite another place, and I wondered how I could find anything cheerful or pleasant about it.

But the parsonage, which was near by, that was quite another place. Always beautiful, in summer or winter, spring or autumn; always cosy, cheerful, hospitable, it seemed a second home for all the parish. It was reached from the church by an avenue of trees which seemed like an opening through some vast forest. Everything about it was in such perfect taste and harmony, so simple, so natural, and, however ornamental, so entirely useful, it seemed as if it must have grown there—house, fences, hedges, gates, everything, just as the old trees did.

The arbors did not seem to have been made for arbors artificially, but found ready made, just where they were most convenient and most picturesque. If there was a style, leading from one inclosure to another, it

was sure to be in some sweet nook, or under some great tree; and the gnarled root of the tree would twist itself round, so as to make the step that was needed, or a seat in the side of it; or the log, plank, or board which formed the step, would jut over so naturally on the shadiest side, and rest so necessarily and loving on some old moss-grown stump or stone, that you would see at once the seat was not made—it made itself. If there was a sweet honey-suckle anywhere, or a bright little opening to the water, you would find some kind of seat inviting you to stop and rest, so contrived (if it was contrived) that you would never imagine any hand had been employed in placing it there. It was always a part of the natural growth of the spot, just as much so as the honey-suckle or the water.

THE PARSONAGE.

The house was a very plain, simple cottage, but positively the prettiest, most tasteful, most genial, and home-like spot in the world. There was a charm about it which everybody felt, but I am sure nobody could ever describe. I have seen hundreds of handsome places, but never one so beautiful; hundreds brighter, more showy, more what the French call *ornée*, but never one so sweet, so lovely.

On the side opposite the church there was an avenue leading to the highway at some distance. It was once closed by a broad high gateway, near the house; but the gate becoming useless, was removed, while a portion of the frame-work serving for a trellis, was so bound together by the vines that had crept round it and hugged in close embrace, was suffered to remain. Nothing could be more artistic and yet inartificial. The good pastor had a plain, rustic seat and table just within the outer angle, where he often sat and read, sometimes aloud, for the entertainment of his family and friends, but oftener in quiet study, preparing those lessons of love and wisdom by which, illustrating them, as he did in his daily life—

"He lured his flock to heaven, and
led the way."

On the tombstone of Henry the Holy, at Bamberg, stands a figure of Justice, holding a pair of scales, the index of which leans a little to one side. There is a tradition that when the pose becomes equal, the world will come to an end.

AN IRISH NURSERY SONG.

THE following beautiful ballad has been for many years, perhaps more than a century, a favorite with the children of Ireland. Its author is unknown. William Allingham, an Irish poet of some celebrity, has had it published in a volume of his poems, but he has had the good taste to change it but very little from the original.

MATTIE BELL.

THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting, for fear of little men—
Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together—
Green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore some make their home;
They live on crispy pancakes of yellow tide foam;
Some in the reeds of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs, all night awake.

High on the hill-top the old king sits—
He's now so old and gray he's nigh lost his wits—
With a bridge of white mist Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journey from Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music on cold starry nights,
To sup with the queen of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget for seven years long—
When she came back again her friends were all gone—
They took her lightly back, between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep, but she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since, deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves, watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side, through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees for pleasure here and there;
Is any man so daring as dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set in his bed at night.
Up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting for fear of little men—
Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together—
Green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather.

A KIND reproof, for deeds of ill,
Is like a sugar-coated pill;
But censure, scornfully expressed,
Is but a nauseous draught at best.

MATTIE BELL.

ACROSTIC.

S WIFTLY speed the moments on,
W hile the eve and dewy dawn,
E ver changing, greets our sight,
E 'en oft makes our spirits light—
T hen we think of *home* so bright.

H ow that name we love so dear!
O ur best blessing it is here;
M ay we all e'er realize
E very joy that in it lies.

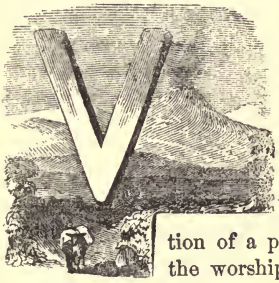
LUCY.

KING COLD ON A FROLIC.

'Way up in the north, all tidy and nice,
Lived old King Cold in a palace of ice;
A jolly old soul, full of frolic and fun,
As ever lived over or under the sun.
His table was loaded with a white-frosted snow,
Which he always could gather without arrow or bow;
In his stable stood Blower, half dead with the colic,
So eager was he to be off on a frolic;
While back of his palace stood a beautiful sleigh, [mer's day;
Made out of a snowball the last sum-
His reins were made out of the rains of the weather,
Which with whip and his sleigh he soon fastened together; [slim,
His whip was an icicle slender and
Looking more like a dagger with its handle so thin. [tiful thing
Hurra! roared the king, what a beau-
To set Blower dancing, and make little folks sing. [the light
Come, Blower, be stirring; be off by
Of the bright evening star when the sun's out of sight.
Be off, Blower, off! cried the king with a crack
Of his whip, and away, far away on his track, [fun,
Went old King Cold, full of frolic and
And much was the mischief so madly begun.
Over hills and the valleys, the mountain, the ocean,
Went the king in a race, setting all in commotion. [chain,
The rivers he bound with a strong icy
And bade them keep still till the spring came again;
Over mountains he spread thick blankets of snow,
Besides some thick comforts for the valleys below.
Ha, ha! roared the king, they will do you no harm,
For I made them on purpose to keep you quite warm.
Over forests he drove when they grew on his track,
And he made those big giants all tremble and crack;
And the beasts of the forests, so fearless and bold, [King Cold.
Ran shrieking and howling before the
Next he came to a garden where the violets throve,
But the careless old fellow right over them drove,
Chased in two sons and a smiling young daughter, [of water;
And stamped his big foot in a bucket
He knocked in one window, peeped under the door;
Through a hole in the roof and a crack in the floor,
He would bite all their fingers and pinch all their toes,
And when they lay down would snap at each nose;
He would strut round the mother, look hard at the sire,
But dare not go near him, for he sat by the fire.
He went down to the meadow, drove on to the pond
For a frolic of skating of which he was fond; [so thin,
But the ice was so tender, so brittle,
That before he got off he had fairly got in,
When he struggled and floundered, but the ice was so rotten
That before he got out he sunk to the bottom. [is told,
So my song is quite over, and my story
'Twas the last of old Blower, as well as King Cold.

Uncle Tim.

IDOL-WORSHIP IN TONQUIN.



VERY few of our little readers have seen a representation of a portion of the worship of that peculiar form of Buddhism which prevails in Tonquin, an extensive province lying north of Cochin-China, of which it was once a constituent part. It is a very rich country, producing rice, cotton, and silk in great abundance, and yielding, from its mountains, liberal supplies of gold, silver, and iron.

About the middle of the fourteenth century, Din, a notable bandit chief, gathering a formidable band of trusty adherents, threw off the yoke of Chinese authority, and established an independent government of his own. He became thus the founder of a new dynasty, his dominion embracing Cochin-China also. Conflicts between these two parts of the empire were frequent and long-continued, until about the beginning of the present century, when Caung-Shung, the prince of Cochin-China, made himself master of the whole country. A French missionary, called Bishop Adran, became his prime minister. Under his administration the country was greatly improved. He appears to have been a wise, judicious, far-seeing man, and to have had a single eye to the welfare of the people whose interests were so strangely intrusted to his care. He established a manufactory of saltpeter, made roads and canals, offered bounties for the cultivation of silk, caused large tracts of land to be cleared for raising sugar-cane, opened and worked iron mines, erected smelting-furnaces and cannon founderies, and established naval arsenals, equipped a large navy of gun-boats and galleys, and translated into the language of the country a code of European military tactics for the use of the army. Under his direction a reform was effected in the system of jurisprudence. He established public schools, and compelled parents to send their children to be instructed, at the age of four years. He also established commercial regulations, built bridges, caused buoys and sea-marks to be laid down on all the dangerous parts of the coast, and surveys to be made of bays and harbors.

What a record of enterprise, energy, and practical wisdom for a missionary! What a lesson in regard to the character and training of the missionary of the Church of Rome! Could this system of public improvement have been continued for any considerable space of time, the character of the nation might have been essentially changed for the better, and its system of senseless idolatry have given place to the more imposing forms of Romish worship. But scarcely had the country begun to feel the effects of Adran's administration, when his sudden death blasted every prospect. Most of the wholesome laws and institutions which he had established expired with him. Had he given them the Bible, and made that the foundation of his system of reform, he would have left behind him a light not easily extinguished, a power, when once admitted, not easily thrown off. But, as Rome was God, and Adran was Rome to Tonquin, when Adran died they had no God

but the old Boodh, who had been dead 2,400 years.

It is a peculiarity of the Buddhism of Tonquin, that it admits of a certain form of idolatry among the common people. Their idols, like the images and pictures in Romish churches, are representatives or memorials of the objects of worship, rather than any form or incarnation of their deity. They have no temples, or other special shelter for their images, but hang them in wicker baskets upon the trees.

Now, in view of these, and thousands of things just like them, which we gather from the history of all nations and all times, is it not manifest that religion, of some kind, is absolutely necessary for man. No people ever existed without some form of religion — something that connected them with a God and an hereafter. Wherever we go, among all the tribes of men, we find them always, if not knowing God as he is, at least "feeling after him," as the Bible says, and showing their need of him and dependence upon him. How thankful we ought to be for the Bible, which teaches us of the true God, and how to find him!

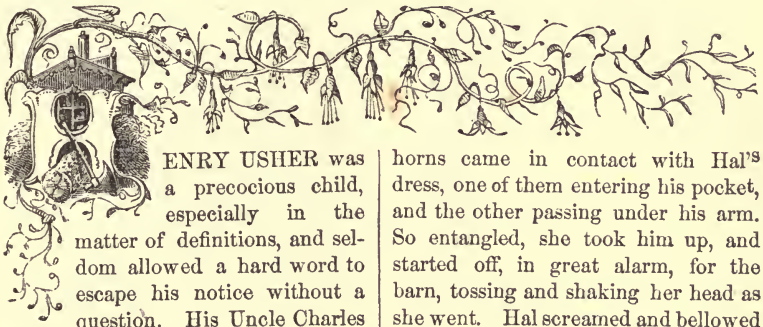
THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

Sweet, gentle, kind, and loving words,
Although but spoke in jest,
God knows are deeply stored within
The glad receiver's breast. [rhymes,
Like children's sweet and gentle
Deep in the heart they lie.
Yes, words of kindness and of love
Are things that never die.

Sweet, gentle fancies never die—
They always leave behind
Some well-beloved legacy,
Stored deep within the mind;
Some happy thought or pleasant dream,
Which, though they may pass by,
Yet leave an impress on the heart,
That they can never die.

DILEMMA.

"What shall I do?
Oh! that I knew
How to choose between the two."



HENRY USHER was a precocious child, especially in the matter of definitions, and seldom allowed a hard word to escape his notice without a question. His Uncle Charles was often amused, and sometimes not a little annoyed, by this inquisitiveness. Coming in one day, in great trouble and perplexity, to consult his brother in relation to some business that had brought him into a vexatious lawsuit, he exclaimed—

"Brother George, I am in a sad dilemma about this affair of the lot."

"Uncle Charles, what is a dilemma?" immediately inquired little Hal, and pertinaciously insisted upon an answer, before anything more was said.

Somewhat impatient, and yet not wishing to cause a disturbance, his uncle said,

"A dilemma is a thing with two horns, Hal."

"Oh, then," said Hal, "our cow is a dilemma," and ran out into the yard to play.

"Get out of the way, old dilemma," said he, driving, his hoop right under her nose.

Brindle was a very quiet cow, generally, but she did not like this unceremonious treatment. Putting down her head, to ward off the hoop, her horns came in contact with Hal's dress, one of them entering his pocket, and the other passing under his arm. So entangled, she took him up, and started off, in great alarm, for the barn, tossing and shaking her head as she went. Hal screamed and bellowed lustily—but the more he screamed, the faster the cow ran, and the more she tossed him about.

His screams brought his father and his uncle to his assistance. Before they could reach him, however, Brindle had shaken him off. He fell upon the soft grass, and was not much injured by the fall; but his clothes were torn, and his arm considerably bruised by the rough usage of the horns.

"How happened this?" asked Mr. Usher, as soon as Hal was sufficiently composed to tell his story.

Hal sobbed and pouted sadly, while he replied, in broken accents,

"I—only—called—the cow a dilemma—and she was mad."

Uncle Charles laughed heartily, which only made Hal cry the more. So they gave him up to his mother, who soon found means to pacify him.

It seemed, from this time, as if that word—*dilemma*—was the leading thread in the woof of poor Hal's destiny. He was always getting into trouble; and was so often in a position where, with two evils before him,

it was almost impossible to decide which to choose, that he at last acquired the nickname, DILEMMA.

Hal once invited a number of his young friends to a party, in honor of his birth-day. They were to have a feast in the garden, under the shade of a large spreading elm. While this was preparing, they were scattered, in all directions, about their various sports. Hal, who was rather impatient for the feast, went several times into the house, to know how soon it would be ready. At length, when everything was prepared, his mother told him to sound the call.

"Ah, yes," said he, running out, "I will ring my bell."

Hal's bell was attached to a shower-bath, in the lower part of a long shed, leading to the barn. The bath was a tall box, two feet square and eight feet high, with a ten-gallon keg over it, hung upon a pivot, so that, by pulling a string, the contents of the keg were discharged upon the person within. Hal did not like shower bathing, at all. Indeed, he was not over-fond of ablution in any way, and many a time were spots to be seen upon his face, to say nothing of his hands, which were by no means complimentary to his complexion. But, though he did not like washing, he liked playing with the string, when the keg was empty, and had often amused himself in this way. To make it more to his taste, he had attached an old cow-bell, which he found in the barn, to one end of the keg, and sometimes was quite pleased with this noisy pastime, when he could not find anything better to do.

"Ah, yes, I will ring my bell," said Hal; and off he went, calling as loud as he could, "all in! all in! all in!"

Getting within the bath, he fastened the door, thinking the boys would wonder where he was. He pulled—and—why, Hal!—what is the matter? Puffing — pouting — struggling for breath—trying to scream—poor Hal hardly knew himself what was the matter. But still it poured—torrents—torrents—he thought it would never stop. His breast heaved—his heart was in his throat—he thought he should die. He had not strength to open the door, or scream.

By-and-by the shower ceased. Hal took a long breath, and screamed—and then another—and then—then he began to think what he should do.

"Am I not in a dilemma?" said he, and he began to cry. But what good would crying do? Nobody could hear him, shut up in that narrow box. Presently, he bethought himself, that he might open the door, and step out. He did so—but, what a fright!—and his best new suit, too!

Here *was* a dilemma, truly; and the horns were neither of them agreeable. If he stayed there, he should lose the feast, besides alarming all the family by his absence, and taking a bad cold. If he ran out, the boys would all laugh at him, and his mother, perhaps, punish him. But there was no time for delay—so he ran to his mother. Here he escaped better than he expected; for none of his companions saw him, and his mother, pitying his sad condition, at once helped him out of his dilemma.

"Why, my dear boy," said she, "you have begun this new year well—you have taken to the water of your own accord, and have had one good washing, at least. Now let me get you some dry clothes, and I will have you all equipped again before your young friends get fairly seated round the table."

One very warm day in summer, Hal went down to the water side, about a mile from his father's house, and was tempted, by the play of waves on the beach, to venture in bathing, though he was alone. He enjoyed the sport finely, and, being quite a brave little swimmer, for one of his age, he thought he would amuse himself with a short visit to a small green island, about fifty rods from the shore. While he was going, farmer Green's great dog, Carlo, who was always prowling about for mischief, happened to pass by. This Carlo was a remarkable dog, and had been taught, by one of farmer Green's men, a variety of very curious, and some rather mischievous tricks. He was a great thief, and had been trained to stealing in such a manner as to avoid detection. His master once took him into a shoemaker's shop, and, while trying a pair of boots, was discussing the sagacity of his dog. The shoemaker doubted his story, and said that, if the dog would steal the boots without being seen by him, he should be welcome to them. The man laid the boots down, with a knowing look at Carlo, and went out. Carlo laid quietly down, and seemed to be going to sleep. The shoemaker kept his eye on him for some time, as he sat at work on his bench. By-and-by, a customer came in, and diverted his attention for a moment. When he turned round, the dog and the boots had both disappeared.

While Hal was buffeting the waves, this same dog Carlo came along, and seeing Hal's clothes on the bank, with nobody near to claim or to watch them, seized them in his mouth, and ran off home.

Hal had a fine time racing about the island, all unseen, and picking the berries that grew in abundance there, and he stayed longer than he intended to. When he came back, what was his surprise and dismay to find that his clothes were gone. He hunted in all directions, but could find nothing but his hat and shoes. There was no place to screen him from the sun. He was a mile from home, and to get there, he must go through the whole length of the village. Besides, it was now past the hour for dinner, and he began to be very hungry. He had half a mind to sit down and cry. But that, he concluded, would not help him. He ran up and down the beach, and cried, "Hallo! hallo!" as loud as he could scream. But nobody answered. "Surely," thought Hal, "I am in a dilemma now, if I never was before." He tried to climb up into a tree, partly to hide himself (though nobody was near), and to get out of the sun, and partly to see if he could not make somebody hear him from there. But the bark was rough, and scratched him, so that he was glad to give that up.

At length, one of his schoolmates came down to the beach for a bath, and Hal sent him home for another suit of clothes. Before he returned, William Green came down, driving Carlo before him, with the stolen clothes in his mouth. Hal was glad enough to see him, and equipping himself in a moment, raced off with William and Carlo, to get his dinner, and tell the story of the wonderful robbery.

Notwithstanding Hal's many misfortunes, as a boy, he became an enterprising, successful man. He seldom got into any difficulty; and he used to say, "I had *my* share of dilemmas when I was a boy, and it is no wonder that I learned to keep out of their way."

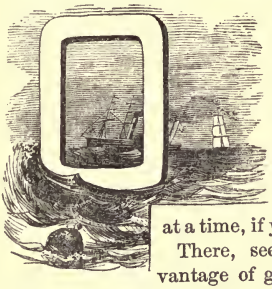
A CRACKED COMMANDMENT.

A VERY little girl was taken by her mother into a shop, where a tempting basket of oranges stood exposed for sale. While the mother was engaged in another part of the room, the little one feasted her eyes on the fruit, and nursed the temptation in her heart, till it grew too strong to be resisted, and so hid one of the oranges under her apron, and walked quickly away. But conscience remonstrated so strongly, that after a little reflection she walked as quickly back, and as slyly replaced the orange in the basket. Again the forbidden fruit out of her possession presented its tempting side, and again she yielded. After a sharper conflict than before, conscience gained a second victory, and the almost stolen orange was again taken and finally restored. With saddened countenance she walked home with her mother, and when they were alone, burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, I cracked one of the commandments! I didn't break it—indeed I didn't break it, mother—quite—but I'm sure I cracked it."

We shall never again see a piece of doubtful conduct, without thinking there's a commandment cracked.

AMONG the deepest shades of night
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes, God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



ORDER! nephews and nieces. Order! gentlemen and ladies. One at a time, if you please. There, see the advantage of good training and good manners! Our congress is organized in a trice, while, at Washington, they have been trying not to do it for more than fifty days, and have done it. If they were sensible enough to take a lesson in good behavior, we would send them a copy of the MUSEUM.

MR. MERRY:—From the "respectful distance" (do you mean the great herring pond?) I tender grateful thanks to Sybil Grey for the *douche* administered to my "vaulting ambition." The "bright particular" needed it. He is well aware that when contrasted with the flashing beams and glowing splendor of the sex divine, he is only a "penny dip." But penny dips are useful in their place—let him shine. I have expressed gratitude. Much sweet is palling without the sour; my cup of fame was sweetened to excess, till Sybil poured therein the needful acid, and now I drain the pleasant cup with avidity. There! shake hands, Sybil Grey, and let us have your "leaves" every month.

I tried to say a word to Pertine in my last, but Uncle Hiram "cut me out." I'll do it *now*—don't touch the hatchet, Uncle, or I may waise a wow. Pertine, I am glad you like me, but I prefer a kiss to the "hearty shake." Of course you couldn't send it by Uncle H., but that does not render the excuse of "hating kisses" (which I know to be a—fib) necessary. There is Aunt Sue, who, doubtless, would undertake to deliver the —er—◯ in "good order and condition." Am I im-Pertine-nt? Certainly, I'll come, when I find out the location of Clinton, and can get Uncle Hiram to take me under his wing, as I feel somewhat timid about going alone.

Having disposed of "Ego," that troublesome but much-loved beast, let me touch on matters of more general interest.

We meet again, in 1860, and I trust another happy twelvemonth is before us all. We have had a pleasant year together; a quiet, social chat, one to be remembered in years to come. We are getting a little older. Some of us can hardly claim to be boys and girls; some of us are married—some are going to be; yet we claim a seat at the board a little longer. And when the time shall come for us to lay aside our pens, and bid each other farewell, may our children, yea, and our children's children, rise up to fill our places; may new Uncle Merrys succeed the present beloved occupant of the great arm-chair; and may the monthly Chat be a perennial fountain of mirth and good-fellowship to Young America, down to the remotest posterity. Amen!

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

AMEN!!! H. H.

MR. MERRY:—Please add my name to the Merry family. I have taken the MUSEUM for a long time, and like it very much. I would have written to you before, but did not have courage enough.

From your affectionate nephew,

WILLIE D. CARNES.

CHICAGO, *Dec.* 12, 1859.

Three—three times three cheers for "Sybil Grey," not only because she has written from the Old World, but *principally* for the excellent advice to our "cousins feminine," in regard to W. H. C., and the "species," which I am glad, Sybil, you understand so well. *I* wanted to give two or three such hints (?) dreadfully, but not being very well known in the Chat, I would have expected to hear the whispered words "sour grapes," etc.

"Hawthorne," I think a good many of your Southern friends are apt to form their opinions as you did. I am a native Illinoisian, and will undertake to say for my *Western* cousins, that we will

not hear "first-formed opinions" very meekly.

Uncle Merry, I am astonished at Oliver Onley and Carolus Piper; the first sends to a "cousin feminine" "my love, and a kiss;" the latter a *genteel* kiss (what other kind does he give?). Sybil, don't you think they need another kind of a "pull" besides a *gentle* one? But if Uncle Merry will stand "proxy," I will trust him, if Uncle *Hiram* will trust my pen. Good-bye.

ANNIE E. DRUMMOND.

I don't think it was kind of you, Annie, not to be at home, when I went a thousand miles to see you. But—I shall try again some other day.

H. H

DAYTON, OHIO, *Dec.* 28, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Whereas—

"Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said, were he ordained to run
His long career of life again,
He would not take the MUSEUM."

And, whereas—

"Breathes there a boy with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I hope Bob Merry's "Mag." has come?
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned
As with delighted hands he turned
The pages of the "MUSEUM."

Therefore resolved—That one dollar be inclosed to the publishers to pay for the MUSEUM for 1860.

SAM'L WILSON, JR.

I must take leave to say, dear Sam, that as "Uncle Sam" is not behaving himself altogether well just now, it is a great satisfaction to have a young nephew Sam, who not only knows how to behave himself, but goes right away and does it.

MARIETTA, GA., *Dec.* 8, 1859.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Please admit one more among your twenty thousand nieces and nephews. I like the MUSEUM better than any book I have ever read—particularly the Chat. I intended to write as soon as I heard of Uncle Frank's death, but I kept putting it off until to-day, when I determined to put it off no longer. It must be very pleasant to sit by the fire, on a cold winter night, with all the Merry family around you. But my letter is too long already, and I must bring it to a close. If you ever come this way, I hope you will condescend to make a visit to LOUISE E. FLETCHER.

Most certainly, Louise; you need not doubt that.

SOCIAL CIRCLE, GA., 1859.

DEAR UNCLES:—Let me come in to welcome Nip, if you please, and give my best respects to all the Merry family. Uncle Hi, haven't we got any cousins in the "Empire State of the South?" If so, why do they never write to the Chat? I don't believe I ever saw a letter in the Chat from Georgia (except from me). Miss Nippinifidget, let's hear all about "the wonders of the Old World." *Au revoir*,

CORNELIUS M. GIBBS.

All the Georgians are not as social as those of "Social Circle," yet we occasionally hear from them. They are always welcome. The MUSEUM and the Merry family are all true to the Union. None but sour, sorry growlers are on the other side. H. H.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, O., *Dec.* 1, 1859.

I find, dear MUSEUM, if I *have* got to be an "old woman," I *can't* do without your visits. Your face has grown too familiar to be easily dispensed with, so come on for another year, and here is the wherewithal to pay your way. And if this don't get to the publishers in time to bring me Uncle Frank's picture, why, do you think it will make much difference? But I must answer some of the letters in the last one or two numbers, and leave you.

Why not say pen-*lady*-ship, Ella?

Just so, Adel. And Louis B. Moore has the impudence to say that *my husband* is a *myth!* A *myth*, indeed! Just call round, Sir Louis, and I'll give you undeniable proof that he is not only a real flesh-and-blood human being, but a very exceedingly *good-looking* specimen of the *genus homo.*

That's right, Hawthorne. Of course you were only ignorant. Stay north a little longer, and ten to one you'd be a volunteer John Brown rescuer, if, alas! it was not too late. There! if you think that "alas!" expressive as it was of *real sorrow*, might offend some *chival-*

rous (?) Virginian, or other Southerner, just leave it out.

Fairy Jane, fie! How could a *nephew*, affectionate or otherwise, have a *husband?*

Uncle Hi! Uncle Hi! is it possible? *Did* you pass over the C. O. R. R? Within five miles? *Of course* I heard the whistle. I'll never ask you to come, again, and if you do I won't own you. Just to think of it! And *were* you in Bellaire? "Just as like as not" I was there just at the same time. I have a brother living there, and was down in November. Well, well, I *reckon* it's all right. But I won't soon forget it.

BLACK-EYES.

Dear Black-Eyes, it was even so. I did pass within five miles; and being rather near-sighted, and the cars being in a hurry, I did not even see you. I would have walked that five miles gladly, just to look into those "eyes"—but I did not know where to stop, and nobody in the car could tell me. Why don't you move your town to the railroad, or switch the road round to your village? Please do it before I go round again. H. H.

E. W. HILL, *Sept.*, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Who would have thought that my visit to your little sanctum would have made me so utterly forget my good manners as to neglect my MUSEUM friends for so long. Yet you seem to have survived my absence remarkably, for which I am duly grateful.

I have been farming this last year, and that, you know, is a pretty busy occupation. Now, Uncle Hiram, when you come to see me, I'll challenge you to a race in chopping wood, and we'll see which will beat.

I have twice climbed Mount Monadnock, which is indeed a beautiful mountain.

Where are you all? Aunt Sue, Willie Coleman, Mrs. Black-Eyes, will you readmit me into the charmed and charming circle? I will only ask the farthest corner.

This is just the time when the trees are throwing on their most gorgeous mantles of crimson and gold, orange, brown, and scarlet, relieved here and there by the dark green of the evergreens. These are bright days, such as I always enjoy, and yet they herald the near approach of Nature's death. I am reading Cicero on Old Age, which I like. But he has lost his old fire and fury, in which he denounced Catiline, and argued for his friends. And now, Uncle Hiram, I have had my "say," and if you don't put the whole of aforesaid "say" in the pages of the MUSEUM, I will be contented if it meets with your private approval. And in conclusion I sign myself,

Ever your affectionate friend,

BLUE-EYED MINNIE.

LE ROY, ILL., *Dec.* 6, 1859.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I have not forgotten the days of "Auld Lang Syne;" and, although a little fearful of those editorial scissors, or that bugbear of a "hatchet" (which I suppose is now at its post), I have ventured to write you a few lines. Have pity on my unfortunate name, and do let me pass without the customary joke.

I have a few messages to send to the cousins, and then I shall be done. Hawthorne, you are the only sufferer from the hatchet, so far as I know, who has been duly grateful for the affliction. After all, the hatchet is very good in its place, for it saves us from a vast amount of epistolary nonsense. I go for it, decidedly, but not too much of it.

Oliver Olney, that "good time" is a long time "coming;" but old Winter is beginning to show his face at last, and the skating will soon be glorious.

What a host of new-comers there are in the Chat every month! By the way, Auntie, how is it that so few of our old friends of the CABINET come into the Chat? I should like to hear from H. A. Danker and from O. L. Bradley again.

No more, this time, from

ADELBERT OLDER.

Not one word will we say, Delly, about that name; we won't say "the older the better," or anything of that kind; not a bit of fun, run, or pun will we indulge in, only right welcome to our ranks, old friend. A. S.

BOSTON, *Dec.*, 1859.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, ETC.:—I wish you all a "Merry Christmas," and a "Happy New Year." When I got up, yesterday, and found the thermometer at 22°, and the ground covered with

snow, and that it was still snowing, I thought that something really *was* coming, *in arnest.*

Oliver Onley, if I have the right answer to the 54th, I think that it might also apply to some boys who go to school—don't you?

Eight-Year-Old, are you any relation of Daniel Boone?

Young Joe, where is your "Out-of-Way Place? Is Uncle Joe your father?

Carolus Piper, Esq., if you style me one of the "new candidates," consider yourself as introduced.

Uncle Merry, where are all the Boston girls? Has O. O. frightened them away? as I see by his letter that one of my cousins is afraid of him. C. F. W.

I had a letter from one of the "Boston girls" the other day, but I shall not publish it.

JOLIET, ILL., *Dec.* 4, 1859.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I live in a thriving little city, full of railroads and men; but the railroads make the most noise. This place took its name after a French missionary—Father Joliet, who came through here long ago. He also discovered what is called Mound Joliet, a beautiful mound, which was once an island in the vast river that filled this valley and rolled on to the Mississippi, now dwindled down to a little river hardly large enough to wash yourself in. This hill has been called by many travelers the largest Indian mound in this country. It is not, however, of artificial formation, but deposited by Nature. I love to compose, but I shall be content with little, this time, that I may not weary your patience, and thus have this thrown in the basket.

Truly yours, FRED. HOWK.

We are glad to hear from you, Fred, and to know about the beautiful place you live in. We may never be able to see it, but it is almost as good as a visit to have a good account of it, and to know that we have a friend there.

THE COURT OF DEATH.—We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Colton, of the Chromo-Lithographic engraving of Rembrandt Peale's famous picture of the Court of Death—a picture which has stood in the front rank of the productions of our American artists, and which has been seen and studied with admiration and profit by thousands in all parts of our land. It has been engraved upon a plate 23 by 31 inches in size, from which Mr. Colton is now issuing copies in the highest style of the art; the coloring of the figures being soft, mellow, and subdued, like those in the original painting, and which seem to be in good keeping with the subject and the scene. It makes a very fine picture, and Mr. Peale says, in a note of the 16th of November last, "that it is an accurate and admirable copy of the original painting." Instead of putting the price at five dollars, the usual price of such engravings, Mr. Colton has placed it at only *one dollar*, with the hope of selling one hundred thousand copies. At such a low price the sales ought to exceed that number. Mr. Colton is a responsible man, and those wishing the picture may feel safe in sending him their money for it.

BIOGRAPHY OF SELF-MADE MEN, *with an Introductory Essay, by B. B. Edwards. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.*

This book will be found to be full of interest and instruction to the mass of our young men, most of whom, if they ever become anything in the world, will be compelled to rely upon themselves and work out their own fortunes. In the histories of such men as Roger Sherman, Count Rumford, Nathaniel Bowditch, and Patrick Henry, there is a great deal of encouragement to such as are now struggling with difficulties, and not know how to rise from a condition in which they are nevertheless resolved not to remain. Study well the characters of these noble men. See what it was in them that secured to them the victory, and then study yourselves. See just where your difficulty lies; discover your weaknesses as well as your wants, and aim more to master and govern yourselves, than to become the leaders

of others. Patient, persevering diligence, with a simple trust in God, and resolute determination to do everything well, is what makes men, whether they come struggling and fighting their way up from the ranks of poverty and ignorance, or have a fair start in the outset from some more favored sphere.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER, *compiled and arranged by the Editor of the "Mother's Magazine." B. J. Relyea, New York.*

It will be commendation enough to the Christian mothers of this country to say that this work is made of the best selections from the "Mother's Magazine," through a period of twenty-five years; the greater part of them from the first seven years of that period, when more attention was given to the subject of maternal influence, and more talent was employed in illustrating and enforcing maternal education, than ever before or since. We commend it heartily to all family libraries.

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.—The beautiful lithograph of Rosa Bonheur's celebrated "Horse Fair," presented by Messrs. Emerson & Co. to each subscriber to the UNITED STATES JOURNAL for 1860, is calling forth expressions of unqualified admiration from all quarters. The picture alone is worth more than the price of subscription, and thousands are availing themselves of the opportunity of securing so rare a work of art on such reasonable terms.

MESSRS. DAYTON & CO., the enterprising publishers of superb works of art, have just issued a spirited engraving of Dallas's Sketch of "Capt. Molly Pitcher" avenging her husband's death at the Battle of Monmouth; an act of heroism for which Washington awarded her a commission and a pension for life.

Read their advertisement of this and other works of art, and the commendations of the press, and judge whether $2 sent to them will not be well invested.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

Answers to Questions in Dec. No.

51. He is a sell-fish-man.
52. He is trifled with by the ladies.
53. Andrew—wander, warden, warned.
54. The more you lick it the faster it goes.
55. They both dig in vain (in vein).
56. Love me little—love me long.—*Charles Reade.*
57. It makes one *celeb*-rated.
58. Acre-care-race.
59. In-dig-nation.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

I propose giving a home-made heart-puzzle to the one who sends me the greatest number of correct answers to this month's (Feb.) puzzles, enigmas, etc. Answer as soon as possible after you receive the magazine, that your answers may be published; but if distance prevents letters from reaching us in time for publication, all answers will be fairly credited in Aunt Sue's private account-book until the first of next month (March).

I want a little more life in this department. So wake up, good folks! I shall look for lots of spicy things from Uncle Joe, Tom, Fred. E. Wright, O. L. Bradley, Cora and Emily E., Geo. W. Muir, G. B. H., John P. Marvin, H G. Day, Lizzie, Henry E. Abbey, S. H. (Detroit), G. B. Tiffany, H. A. Danker, Frank, John Dalzell, and a host of others.

Now let me give you one or two hints:

Write only on one side of your paper.

Let your enigmatical offerings be *original.*

Do not trouble yourselves to make enigmas upon sentences comprising more than 35 letters.

That is all I think of at present; so now for the riddles and good things.

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15. I am composed of 26 letters.
My 14, 7, 1, 10 is a troublesome insect.
My 3, 21, 13 is a numeral adjective.
My 2, 6, 4, 5 is a streamlet.
My 17, 11, 19, 26, 18 is a very useful animal.
My 5, 15, 9, 25 is a name applied to a girl.
My 16, 24, 23, 1, 10, 22 is a vegetable.
My 8, 6, 12 is a liquor.
My 14, 15, 20 is in common use.
My whole is an adage.
G. W. Muir.

16. I am composed of 14 letters.
My 4, 12, 9, 7 is the past tense of an English verb.
My 11, 3, 10, 14 is a toy that philosophers have used.
My 5, 8, 13 goes into my 2, 1, 6 after food.
My whole was a distinguished traveler. *Uncle Joe.*

17. I am composed of 11 letters.
My 3, 8, 5, 6 is an ornament.
My 7, 4, 5, 9 is a quality.
My 1, 10, 4, 2 occasions many a fall.
My 3, 9, 11 is a color.
My whole is a village in one of the Western States.
Edward Cahill.

18. Now what is this, dear reader, say,
Which you would never covet,
Yet being yours, you would not lose,
Although you did not love it?

"A bald head" it is not, and why,
I'll tell you in a minute,
Because it is no longer yours,
The instant that you win it.

ANAGRAMS.

19. 1. A tender life.
2. A nest, Peter.
3. A steel cup.
4. A sure sting.
5. A tender pet.
6. A spider.
Adelbert Older.

20. Why is a toper like a young man studying law? *G. B. D.*

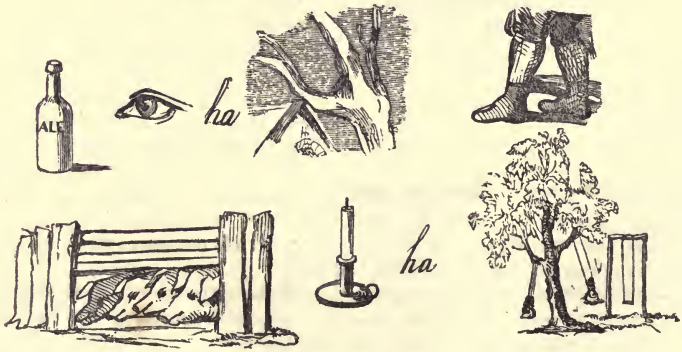
21. If a boy were sent to a well for 4 quarts of water, exactly, and he only had a 3 and a 5 quart measure, how would he manage to get 4 quarts of water in the 5 quart measure? *Fred. E. Wright.*

FLOWERS, SHRUBS, ETC.

22. 1. What all wish their happiness to be.
2. A ruling officer in the church.
3. A falsehood, and a want.
4. A nickname, a negative, and a dangerous person.
C. F. Richardson.

23. Entire I am what we should avoid;
Behead me, and I am a fabric;
Behead me again, and I am a plant,
Behead me once more and I become an animal. *H. C. B.*

24. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS. BY AUNT SUE.



ISAAC JONES, THE FISHERMAN.

Looking down on ocean,
  Close upon its shore,
Feeling all its motion,
  Hearing all its roar,
All exposed and shelterless,
  Weather-beaten, worn,
Stood the humble cottage
  Where old Ike was born.

Isaac was a fisherman,
  Hardy, bold, and brave,
Inured to toil and danger,
  At home upon the wave;
All ignorant of fashion,
  Of city life and strife,
He lived but for his children,
  And his loving wife.

Ike had a frame of iron—
  He had an iron soul,
And a heart so stern and mighty,
  God only could control;
His will unflinching, equal
  To do what mortals can—
Yet a nobler, kinder spirit
  Was never given to man.

His wife, a worthy partner,
  With all a woman's heart,
In hardship, toil, and danger
  Could act a hero's part;
His rough and sturdy children
  Grew up around them there,
With hearts and souls like princes,
  If not as proudly fair.

They feared not blast or tempest,
And when the bark was out,
Scarce realized a danger,
Or felt a shade of doubt,
For God would be his keeper
Through dangers dark and long—
And watching, waiting, hoping,
Their faith was firm and strong.

And oft at midnight coming,
Or just at break of day,
He found the beacons blazing,
To guide his homeward way;
And fearless sons and daughters,
Waiting upon the cliff,
To keep alive the signals,
And hail the coming skiff.

Oh! many a noble spirit
Lives thus remote, alone,
That might command a nation,
Or nobly fill a throne;
And many an unsung hero
Now, as in days of yore,
Enacts his part in silence
Upon some desert shore. H. H.

Languages Spoken in the City of New York.—At a recent meeting of the New York Historical Society, Dr. Bacon read a paper on the languages spoken in that city, giving an interesting account of each, showing its origin and character. Eighty languages, he states, are used in business and social intercourse among the inhabitants, being a greater number than in any other city in the world.

THE CAPTIVE RELEASED.

Ha, ha! how fearlessly he soars!
How beautiful to see
Our little pet, so long confined,
Sailing the heavens so free!

'Twas right, sweet Sis, to let him go;
What right have we to hold
A creature with a strong, free will,
And heart elate and bold?

How patiently he used to sit
Upon his perch and sing,
Though sighing all the while, perhaps,
To be upon the wing.

I've often noticed, as he sat
Before the window there,
How he would flap his wings as birds
Flew by him in the air.

Perhaps the luster of his eye,
When greeting you or me,
Meant, could we have read it right,
A prayer for liberty. H. H.

MY AVIARY.

WILL you take another peep into my aviary? It is not very large, as I told you before. But it is growing, and I think even you will allow that it contains some rare and curious birds. Here, now, is a phenix, a very rare bird — a very rare bird indeed—so very rare, that no person since Adam ever saw one, nor he either.

But here, you see, I have one. The story goes that the phenix lives to a very great age, a thousand years or so, and when he gets so old and worn out, that he can not stand it any longer, he rushes into the fire, and is burned up, while out of the hot ashes, and from the midst of the fire, a new phenix rises, fresh and young, to go through the same long life, to the same death and resurrection. Can any of you explain the meaning of this fable, and state its origin?

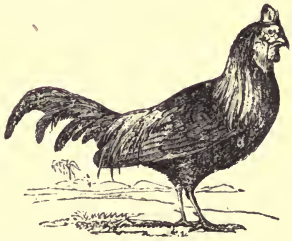
If that is not a stork, what is it? Storks are scarce in these parts, and it is difficult to catch them. This fellow dropped in of his own accord, without an introduction, or a card, and without announcing his name. Perhaps he was driven out of Austria, for speaking his sentiments too plainly, and has come to see how things work here.

Here we have a family scene, a little specimen of true domestic love.

How natural that doves should be amiable, and prefer kissing to quarreling! We have a good many doves in our Merry family.

Be careful now. Here is one of the rare ones—a sort of marvel among birds, fit to be a leader and a king. The ostrich, you know, does not fly. But with the aid of his wings, and his long slender legs, he can run so that the fleetest horse can hardly keep up with him. He is not a handsome bird, but his feathers are beautiful, and are among the proudest and most graceful ornaments of woman.

Don't laugh—for, I assure you, there is no finer or more important bird about than this same rooster. You may call him a fowl, if you please, and crow over him with all your lungs; but you would not like to do without him. He is a very wakeful bird, an early riser, very patriarchal, and very polite to the ladies—a model dandy.



GOVERN YOUR TEMPER.

BY AUNT SUE.

[CONTINUED FROM FEBRUARY NUMBER.]

MRS. CAMERON had been in the habit of writing to John every week since he left home; and a few days after he had had the conversation with Mr. Manly, he received a letter from her, post-marked "New York," telling him that Doctor M—— gave them great encouragement, and concluded by telling John to have faith in believing that everything was ordered for the best.

He handed the letter to Mr. Manly to read, who remarked, as he folded it up and handed it back to John, "Yes, there's nothing like faith."

"I wish I knew what faith was," said John, looking wistfully down on the floor.

"Well, I can feel it, but I can't exactly explain it," replied Mr. Manly. Then holding out his hand to his little boy, who was standing near John, he said, "Come here, Sammy, let us show John what faith is."

Sammy looked considerably mystified as to the process of exemplifying faith; he rather thought it was to consist of some gymnastic performance, and when his father took him to the tall bureau and placed him on

the top of it, and said, "Now jump into my arms," he felt sure of it.

"You won't let me fall?"

"No."

And straightway Sammy jumped.

"There," said Mr. Manly, "he didn't know I could catch him, but he trusted me, he had *faith* in me, hadn't you, Sammy boy?"

"Yes, sir," said Sammy, whose faith went so far as to even respond affirmatively to what he did not at all understand.

That evening, after the young folks were in bed and asleep, Mrs. Manly said to her husband, "Benjamin, I don't understand why you keep that boy, Tom, on the premises; it's my opinion that he's a bad fellow; he has got hold of John's story about his brother, and he keeps hinting at it before John, just out of pure wickedness, because he sees how it worries him."

"Well, dear, I hate to turn him away; 'twould grieve his poor sick mother sadly, if I should, but I am afraid he won't come to any good. John is a noble fellow, and I was in hopes that Tom would profit by his example. Could you ever have believed that John had such a violent temper? Dr. Brown was telling me some things about him."

"Oh! yes; I have seen it working in him, but he has learned to control it wonderfully."

"Poor child! he has learned the lesson at a terrible cost."

One day, John, Tom, and one of the men, James Martin, were at work plowing in the field. Tom was very jealous of John's popularity, and knowing his temper, seemed bent upon provoking him to some act that might disgrace him in the eyes of his employer. It had been a hard trial to John, but manfully had he borne it. This day Tom seemed more than usually provoking, and one time John went so far as to raise the stick he held in his hand, as though he intended to strike Tom with it. The latter was a strong, powerful lad of eighteen, and as he saw the movement, his eyes glistened with malicious pleasure, and he exclaimed, "Aye, strike me! knock out my eyes as you did your brother's." The stick fell from John's hands, and he groaned, "God forgive me! and you too."

"Shame! shame!" said James Martin; "I'll ask the boss if you're to go on this 'ere way; I swan I'm ashamed to be working in the same field with you."

Tom, foiled and disappointed in his plan of involving John in a quarrel, made some grumbling remark, and walked away.

James reported proceedings to Mr. Manly on the first opportunity. The good man was considerably perplexed between his compassion for the mother and indignation at the son, and it ended in his sending his wife to see how the poor old woman was getting along, and how she was likely to bear the news of her son being turned out of employment.

When Mrs. Manly returned from her errand, she told her husband that "dear Dr. Brown had managed to get Tom's mother into the hospital; she was as comfortable as it was possible for her to be, but the doctor didn't think she could live more than a day or two." Then, after a few minutes' silence, she went on, "I wonder that man doesn't get married; he must be very lonely, with no kith or kin belonging to him. I suppose he hasn't been well enough off to support a wife, but since his brother died and

left him that property, I should think he might. Let's see, he's been a widower better than eight years, hasn't he?"

"Yes; I should like to pick him out a good wife, but he can't have mine;" and he leaned down and pressed a kiss on the good little woman's cheek, who was always thinking of everybody's comfort but her own.

Mrs. Cameron had been in New York nearly two months; she had very seldom alluded, in her letters, to the subject of Eddy's eyes, and although everything that had been mentioned by her in relation to them was encouraging, still John scarcely allowed himself to hope.

One day he received a letter in a child's handwriting. Nellie had often written to him, but the doctor generally brought him her letters; she had been left at home under the care of a respectable woman. This letter, however, had come through the post. It is generally the case when one receives a letter in an unknown hand, that the address is read over and over again to unravel the mystery; as though the much better way of opening the letter and looking at the signature never occurred to any one. So it was with John, and not until he gave up trying to guess, did he open the letter. Let us look over his shoulder.

NEW YORK, *June 14th*, 1852.

DEAR JOHN:—It is all got along with; I can see as well as you can. I don't know whether I am most glad or sorry. I shall not always have old Johnnie at my side, to fetch and carry for me, and I shall have to wait on myself, I'm afraid. But I won't grumble. Mother wants you to ask Mr. Manly to let you come home next Thursday; we shall get home the same day. Dr. Brown has written to mother very often, and he says he shall drive you home, if you can get off.

I have a thousand things to say to you, but mother says I must not write any more now. Don't forget next Thursday. Give my love to Dr. Brown and Nellie, if you get home before I do.

I remain yours affectionately,

EDDY.

John was in his own little bedroom, and when he had finished reading the letter he fell on his knees.

"The recording angel dropped another tear," when he wrote down the prayer and thanksgiving that burst from that overcharged heart, and the angels in heaven rejoiced over another victory won.

The sun was low in the west on the following Thursday, as little Nellie sat at the open window, for it was a soft, warm day in early summer, and waited for her mother and brothers. She knew they could not get home before six o'clock, but she had begun her watch at five; she tried to read, but the book fell in her lap; it was no use. The sound of approaching wheels had brought her many a disappointment. Certainly never had so many vehicles passed their house as on that afternoon; but the longest hour has an end, and at last they came, yes, all together, for they had met upon the road the doctor, mother, and brothers.

I will not attempt to describe the meeting, there were so few words to chronicle.

During the evening, John and Edward might have been "Siamese twins" for all the distance there was

between them. They and Nellie were in the garden; the sun had just gone down, and Mrs. Cameron and the doctor were sitting near the window where Nellie had sat so long.

"How can I ever thank you, Dr. Brown, for all your kindness to me and mine?"

"I will tell you how, Mrs. Cameron: by giving me the privilege of taking care of you and yours for life. I love your children as if they were my own; and after you went to New York, my lonely home seemed more desolate than ever. I am a pretty rough subject—"

"You are the kindest man that ever lived," said Mrs. Cameron, interrupting him; "there is not a man in the world whom I respect and esteem more highly than yourself."

"Couldn't you add one more little word?" And the rough old doctor tenderly took her hand.

"Yes, I can, truly and fervently; you have taken me rather by surprise, but I feel grateful to you for giving me an opportunity of proving by the devotion of the rest of my life, my appreciation of your worth."

"God bless you! Come let us go and call in the children; 'tis getting too late for them to be out."

Mr. Manly was saved the trouble of discharging Tom from his employment, as he did not make his appearance again on the farm. It was gen-

erally supposed that he had joined a circus company which had been stationed for some time in the village. Mrs. Manly took great pains to prevent his mother from hearing the tidings, "for," said she, "it can not do any good, and there's no use in worrying the poor soul about what can't be helped."

John returned in good spirits to Mr. Manly's, ready to go to work with renewed zest and vigor. The doctor called there one day, and was closeted a long time with the farmer.

Soon after he left, Mr. Manly strolled out of the house in search of John; he found him hard at work, with hammer and nails, mending the fence.

"I shall lose a good 'hand' when I lose you, John," said the farmer, seating himself on a log near by.

"I hope it will be a long time before that happens, sir," replied John; looking up with a pleasant smile.

"I am sorry to say it will be very soon," said Mr. Manly. John looked up anxiously. "Doctor Brown says he is going to take you home next Wednesday."

"Surely I may work out my debt to you," exclaimed John, "though I never can repay you for all your kindness."

"The doctor has settled all that. The fact is, John, there's to be a wedding at your house next Wednesday."

John's face glowed with pleasure as he exclaimed, "Doctor Brown is going to marry my mother; I thought as much. Oh! I'm so glad! but why must I leave you so soon?"

"The doctor thinks you ought to go to school for a little while, and I suppose it would be best for you. Well, we shall all be sorry when you leave us."

"I shall be just as sorry to go, sir; but I'll often come and see you."

"That's right, boy; that's right; God bless and prosper you."

Mrs. Cameron and Doctor Brown were universal favorites; and the neighbors far and near turned out to celebrate their wedding.

It was a general holiday, and every face wore a smile.

Here let us leave them, with all so bright around, assuring the reader that the future of our good doctor and his adopted family was as happy as it deserved to be.

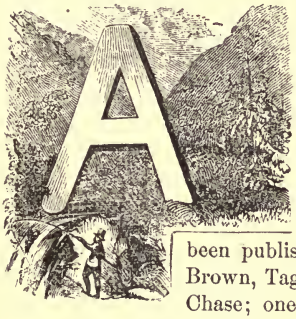
SOWING AND REAPING.

Go and sow beside all waters,
  In the morning of thy youth;
In the evening, scatter broadcast
  Precious seeds of living truth.
For though much may sink and perish
  In the rocky, barren mold,
And the harvest of thy labor
  May be less than thirty-fold—

Let thy hand be not withholden,
  Still besides all waters sow;
For thou know'st not which shall prosper,
  Whether this or that will grow.
While some precious portion scattered,
  Germinating, taking root,
Shall spring up, and grow, and ripen
  Into never-dying fruit.

Therefore sow beside all waters,
  Trusting, hoping, toiling on;
When the fields are white for harvest,
  God will send his angel down.
And thy soul may see the value
  Of its patient morns and eves,
When the everlasting garner
  Shall be filled with precious sheaves.

"OUR SUMMER HOUSE."



A VERY interesting little book having this title, has lately been published, by Brown, Taggard & Chase; one of the most charming things of the kind we have ever seen, and we would introduce it to the notice of all the Merry family. The author understands how to teach the quick imagination of the young, and enlist their ready sympathies, and so to lead them to the enchanted fields, teaching them lessons of life, and truth, and duty, which they will remember to heed. We wish there were more such books for our young readers, and hope they will not be slow to profit by this.

Here you will find a touching description of Bessie's garden—how she loved the flowers, and especially those dear little ones that grew all alone by the brook or on the side of the hill—and how one day she took Aunt Annie's basket, and wandered out among the shady trees on the hillside, to make herself a beautiful wild garden, and to plant ever so many flowering things in one place, and let them run together in their pretty way, until the bright-eyed blossoms should gaze out from the whole tangled mass of beautiful green leaves. But before completing her garden, she was called home, leaving her basket in the field, and found it too late to return that evening to get it. She was seized with a sudden fever, and in a few days shut her eyes, as the flowers shut their leaves together, and awoke in her Father's house in heaven, surrounded with the flowers that never fade, and the music of the angel children, with bright swift wings, and endless gardens in which to rove through endless days, "where every flower, brought safe through death's dark portal, becomes immortal."

Then the summer passed away, but Bessie's basket was not found; winter came and went; and spring came round, but it still remained where she left it, lodged in a grassy hollow, and the seed sprang up and grew, till their leafy boughs all but filled the basket.

One day, as "Aunt Annie" and Bessie's mother were putting the closet in order, they came to a little bundle, carefully done up, which they took to the table, but locked the door first. What could it contain?

"Aunt Annie knew. It was the bags, and work, and spools of thread—all old and yellow now—which she had poured out on that morning in spring, in order to give the basket to her little niece. She had kept them thus carefully for Bessie's sake; now that the child was gone, Aunt Annie loved to remember every little kindness which she had shown her while Bessie lived on earth.

"'Dear child!'" said Aunt Annie; 'why have I never looked for the lost basket? The poor little garden must be swept away, but it would be pleasant to go where her sweet footsteps trod on that happy afternoon.'"

The book then tells you how they went in the same direction which Bessie took—and how the birds seemed to sing, "Bessie, Bessie, Bessie"—

but Bessie never came. We take a short extract from the book.

"You remember the spot into which Bessie's basket fell; all intertwined like a bird's nest, with roots of the great tall trees; all green and soft with the fine grass that grows in the woods. Here it had lain ever since. Here it was.

"But you can not think how changed! The violet-roots, the leaves, dust, rain, frost, seed—you remember how they filled it, and withered to leave room for more, day by day, week by week?

"Now these had mingled together, and made rich earth; and the seeds had grown, the tiny seeds, and were dear little plants and flowers, that hung about the edge, and crept through the open-work sides, with their delicate green leaves, and tendrils, and starry blossoms!

"Violet, chickweed, anemone, spring-beauty; and dyletra, that children call Dutchmen's breeches, with

THE FINDING OF BESSIE'S BASKET.

its pearly, drooping flowers—these had tangled into one lovely mass of leaves and blossoms, just such as would have made our Bessie sing for joy.

"Yet you have not heard the best: Aunt Annie's footsteps on the moss would not have disturbed these. Right in the midst of the flowers in Bessie's basket, a little gray ground-sparrow had built her nest of hair and moss, and there she was hatching her eggs! As they drew nearer, the little bird looked up at the ladies with his bright brown eye, and seemed to say, 'Don't hurt me—don't, for Bessie's sake!"

"No, they wouldn't hurt Bessie's bird for the whole wide world. They went quietly home, and left him there watching for his mate, who had flown up towards the sky to stretch her wings a little.

"Slowly, hand in hand, the sisters passed once more through the wood. They could not bear to leave so sweet a place. And all the while Bessie's bird sang to them his strange song, 'Coming, coming, coming.' They heard it till the wood was out of sight.

"'Yes, there are always good things coming as well as going,' Aunt Annie said, softly, 'if we are patient and wait. The dear child's basket has grown more useful and lovely, because she lost it that bright day.'

"'And our lost darling?' Bessie's mother began to ask, and looked in Aunt Annie's eyes.

"'Our Bessie's flowers do not fade now; there is no cold winter in heaven; she can not lose her treasures there. And hasn't she grown more useful and lovely, living among the angels all this while?'"

"Then from afar, in the woods, they heard the low, sweet voice that thrilled forth, 'Coming, coming!' and Bessie's mother smiled, and said, 'She can not come to us, but we shall soon go to her; and oh, our darling's hand in ours—how gladly shall we walk in the Eternal Garden!'"

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this
  Of wild and careless play, [old,
And persuade myself that I am not
  And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's
  And makes his pulses fly, [veins,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice
  And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked this earth for fourscore
  And they say that I am old; [years,
That my heart is ripe for the reaper,
    Death,
  And my form for his sickle cold.
'Tis very true—'tis very true,
  I am old, and I bide my time;
But my heart will leap at a scene like
  And I half renew my prime. [this,

Play on! play on! I am with you there,
  In the midst of the merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
  And the rush of the breathless
    swing;
I hide with you in the fragrant hay
  And whoop the smothering call;
My feet slip up on the seedy floor,
  And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time
    shall come,
  And I shall be glad to go;
For the world at best is a weary place,
  And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart
    will fail
  In reading its lonely way;
And it wiles my heart of its dreariness,
  To see the young so gay.

HIRAM POWERS;

OR, WHAT AMERICAN BOYS CAN DO.

WE have all read so much about the great artists of Greece and Italy, and wondered so much over the beautiful works they have left behind them, that we are almost ready to allow that art is local and temporary, and has nothing to do with this country, or this age of the world. We are apt to think that any work of art, to be valued and admired, must be old, and that all great painters and sculptors must have Latin, Greek, or Italian names. One of our American painters, not a great one, of course, was weak enough to adopt an Italian name, instead of the one his mother gave him, in the hope that fame would come with it. But, as might have been expected, neither he nor his name were ever much regarded. Perhaps not one in a thousand, or all who read this, will know to whom I refer, so little has that Italian name done to make its wearer known.

It is a great mistake, that art or genius can be confined to time or place. We have great artists in America. If they are not as great as those of other lands and other times, the fault is partly theirs, and partly ours. Ours, because we foolishly give way to the impression that all art belongs to Italy or Greece, and to the past, and so obstinately refuse to see and encourage the genius that is near at home. A prophet has no honor in his own country. How hard it is to believe and admit that your own brother, or your own schoolmate, whom you play with every day, whom you have seen angry, or crying for some trifle, is a genius or a hero, such as we have read of in books.

But I said the fault was partly theirs, as well as ours. We have some American artists, men and women of true genius. Powers, Crawford, Greenough, Miss Hosmer, in sculpture, and West, Alston, Peale, Morse, Weir, and others in painting, seem quite enough for the fame of a nation yet in its infancy. But they, too, or many of them, think too much of foreign and ancient art, and instead of giving free scope to all their original genius, feel that they must go to Italy and copy from the old masters, as they are called. Hiram Powers has never done anything in Italy to compare, in point of genius and power, with what he did at home, with no other inspiration but his own sense of the true and the beautiful. He was a Vermont boy, and went to school in his boyhood in one of those sunny little school-houses that are sprinkled all over that land of thrift and freedom. But he was a genius, and following the bent of that genius he has become a great artist, famous in Europe as well as in America.

Now, if any of my young friends should find in themselves the promptings and aspirations of genius, don't let them feel that it is not American, that it is not a gift of modern times, or that there are no subjects in America for art to illustrate. Speak out, act out, freely and manfully, all your inspirations, and let art beautify and immortalize our American ideas, characters, and scenes, as well as those of the Old World.

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

During one of the college vacations he and his brother returned to their father's, in Salisbury. Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, the father put scythes into their hands and ordered them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps, and then resting his scythe wiped the sweat from his brow. His father said, "What's the matter, Dan?" "My scythe don't hang right, sir," he answered. His father fixed it, and Dan went to work again, but with no better success. Something was the matter with his scythe —and it was not long before it wanted fixing again; and the father said, in a pet, "Well, hang it to suit yourself."

Daniel, with great composure, hung it on the next tree, and putting on a grave countenance said, "It hangs very well now; I'm perfectly satisfied."

Avaricious.—Lorenzo Dow once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world inclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for potatoes.

SUGAR, AND HOW IT IS MADE.

IF there is any one of the Merry family who does not love sugar, I move that he or she be voted out. The Merry family ought to love sugar. The Merry family is sweet. Sugar is sweet. Like loves like. Therefore all the Merry family loves sugar. Is it not logical? Is it not so? Answer, every one.

Well, do you know how sugar is made? Methinks I hear a response from Louisiana—"To be sure I do—it is made from sugar-cane;" and then from Illinois another—"Oh! we make it from sorghum;" and yet a third from Michigan, or Vermont, or New York, shouts—"Ay, ay, it grows in our forests. We tap the maple trees, and out it comes." All that is true; but, after all, how do you make it? The maple gives you its sap, and the cane and the sorghum their juice, when they are pressed, but how does this liquid become sugar?

They make sugar in many parts of the world. Except that which is obtained from the maple tree, all our

sugar has been made, until very recently, in warm climates. The East Indies have furnished a great deal, but the West India Islands have been our chief dependence. The sugar of these countries is all made from cane. Sugar cane grows very much like corn, and looks like it at a little distance. It is of a beautiful rich green color when it is growing, and, planted in large fields, and perhaps, as is often the case, in alternate squares, like a checker-board, it has a very beautiful appearance. When ripe, this cane is cut like corn stalks, and pressed between heavy rollers, by which means the juice is all squeezed out into troughs. From these it is conveyed by pipes or long wooden conductors to the vats in the boiling-house. These vats are so large that they sometimes contain thirty or forty hogsheads. Here the juice is boiled for a considerable time, an active evaporation takes place, which carries off the watery particles, leaving a kind of thick syrup behind. When this is sufficiently reduced, and all impurities removed with the scum which rises to the surface, the syrup is put into hogsheads, or other vessels, with small holes in the bottom. Through these holes, the liquor trickles out in the form of molasses, and is caught in troughs for use. The sugar remains behind. At first, it is very damp and heavy. But after standing and draining awhile, it becomes dry and suitable for use as sugar.

This heavy brown sugar undergoes many different processes of purification and refinement before it takes the shape of pure white crystal loaf or crushed sugar, such as we use on our tables. Will not some one of our numerous Louisiana cousins tell us all about it?

ELOQUENCE.

As a specimen of natural eloquence it would be difficult to find one more finished and perfect than the following. It is the narrative of an African, as furnished by Rev. Mr. Moffat, one of the American missionaries in that country. In what respect is it inferior to the celebrated speech of Logan?

"My years were eighteen. There was war. At this time my mother died. My father died. I buried them. I had none. The Foulahs caught me. They sold me. The House people bought us. They brought us to Tomba. We got up. To a white man they sold us. We had no shirts. We had no trowsers. We were naked. In the midst of the water—into the midst of the ship they put us. Thirst killed somebody. Hunger killed somebody. By night we prayed. At the sun-time we prayed. God heard us. The English are good. God sent them. They came. They took us. Our hunger died. Our thirst died. Our chains went off from our feet. Shirts they gave us. Hats they gave us. Trowsers they gave us. Every one was glad. We all praised the English."

For Hot Weather.—One of the most simple methods, and at the same time cheapest means, of artificially lowering the temperature of a room is to wet a cloth of any size, the larger the better, and suspend it in the place you want cooling; let the room be well ventilated, and the temperature will sink from ten to twenty degrees in less than half an hour.—*Scientific Amer.*

A little man in a passion is sometimes a most dangerous thing!

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.

MOVING quietly along, among the bustling crowds of people, I was deeply interested in everything I saw, especially in all that illustrated the never-ending varieties of city life. At one of the doors, as I went along, there stood a small girl, in earnest conversation with a woman from within. It did not seem like the ordinary talk of a beggar asking for bread, and getting a reluctant morsel, or an angry denial. There was a tone of kindness in it, and a life and earnestness, which immediately drew my attention. As I paused to get a closer look at so uncommon a scene, there was a sudden shriek, and the little girl fell in a swoon upon the sidewalk. The woman, with another shriek, that caused hundreds to stop and look round in wonder, rushed to the fallen child, seized her in her arms, and bore her into the house. My heart prompted me to follow her. She carried her to one of the upper rooms, laid her on a bed near an open window, and then fell back upon a chair, and gave way to a passionate flood of tears. I saw that something must be done, at once, for the poor child, and looked about for water. A pitcher upon a shelf in an open closet supplied this want, and I bathed the child's forehead and temples and rubbed her hands for a few moments, when the woman recovered her self-possession enough to find a bottle of hartshorn, and to assist me in my efforts to restore the child to her senses. Not a word was said, till the little one opened her eyes, and looked wistfully around, as if to discover where she was.

"Marcia, dear, God bless you, darling," exclaimed the poor woman, in an agony of joy, which quite overcame her, and she sat down again to cry. I continued my manipulations, and in a few moments more the little sufferer opened her eyes again, and said, in a faint whisper, "Arnie, are you here?"

"Yes, darling, Arnie is here," sob-

bed the agitated woman, throwing herself upon the child, and sobbing afresh, as if her heart would break. "Arnie is here, and will not leave you—no, never, never."

I stepped aside for a while, feeling that they would be better alone during the first moments of returning to consciousness, for I saw that there was a painful and interesting history involved in this sudden and unexpected recognition; and, much as my feelings were excited and my curiosity awakened, I did not feel at liberty to intrude on the first sacred interview, or to listen to the inquiries and explanations which I knew would follow. I therefore went down to the street again, and amused myself, for half an hour, with what I could see in a fancy book-store.

Returning to the upper room in which I had become so deeply interested, I found the child, Marcia, sitting cosily and affectionately in Arnie's lap, near the window. She had been much excited and exhausted, and was about falling asleep. As I entered, she started up, and looking earnestly at me, exclaimed, "You won't take me away, will you, sir?"

"No! my child," I answered, "I have no wish and no right to take you away. I am most happy to see that you seem to have found an old friend, and I have come to see if there is anything I can do to help you."

With these assurances she was satisfied, and snuggling down close to her old friend's mother heart, began to sob a little, but was soon lost in a sound sleep. I then learned from Arnie, or more properly Mrs. Arnold, that Marcia was the daughter of a wealthy merchant in one of the flourishing villages of Western New York, and Mrs. Arnold had been her nurse. One day, some three years past, while Mrs. Arnold was busily engaged in the upper part of the house, the child, who was left to play with her pet dog and kitten, in the little garden before the door, was most mysteriously spirited away. She could not be found, or traced. No one had seen her carried off. No one had heard her scream. The most diligent search had been made, in all directions, and kept up for a long time, but no trace had been discovered, either of the child or any person or persons who could be suspected of having stolen her, or aided in her capture. Her parents were almost distracted. Her mother was thrown into a violent fever, with long continued delirium, which had nearly terminated her life. Her own life (Mrs. Arnold's) was rendered so miserable, she suffered such constant and severe misgivings and self-reproaches, because the child was lost while under her care, that she could not remain in the neighborhood. She came to the city and hired a room, where, by taking care of the rooms and stores adjoining, and executing a certain kind of net-work, in which she was skillful, she had been able to secure an honest living, and get away from scenes and associations too painful to be borne. "This morning," she said, "as I was sweeping out the lower hall, the little girl accosted me, and begged for bread. There was something in the tones of her voice, and in the peculiar expression of her eyes, which at once attracted my notice. But she was so meanly clad, and spoke with such a timid and downcast air, that it was some minutes before anything like a distinct image of the lost Marcia presented itself. The poor child did not seem to recognize me at all. Indeed, she

scarcely looked at me, so much was her spirit broken. At length I said, almost afraid to trust myself to speak the words, 'Did you ever hear of a little girl named Marcia?'

"'Yes, ma'am—that is my name,' she replied, looking up with something like a smile.

"'And did you ever have a friend named Arnie?'

"In an instant, she comprehended the whole thing. She did not know me, but she knew, by a sort of child's instinct, that none but Arnie could speak so. It was too much for her feeble frame, and she swooned, as you saw, when you came up."

Mrs. Arnold then went on to repeat what Marcia had told her of her own history.

As she was playing in the garden, a dark-looking man came along, and, without saying a word to her, seized her in his arms, put his hand over her mouth, and carried her off. She was terribly afraid and thought she should die. At length, in her agony and despair, she began to cry. The man threatened to kill her instantly, if she made the least noise, or any effort to get away. He carried her to the rail-road station, and brought her to New York. Here she was put under the charge of a very cross old woman, who took away all her clothes, and dressed her in rags, and compelled her to go out and beg. For a long time, the old woman would follow her at a little distance, or get some one else to watch her, to see that she did not speak to any one, except to beg for bread. She was often severely whipped, because she complained of being tired and sick. Her heart was broken. She thought all her friends were dead, and, to use her own sad words, *began to fear that God was dead, too.* She did not dare to look anybody in the face. She was afraid to speak out openly, and only in mumbling accents asked for bread, which she *must* have, or go home to be severely punished. She would gladly have died, but she couldn't.

"And now," said Mrs. Arnold, "I shall go home with her to-morrow, and restore her to her bereaved friends."

As she said this, her feelings overcame her. She burst into a violent fit of sobbing, and Marcia awoke.

I have since seen Marcia in her own happy home. Her friend Arnie was still with her, as a sort of foster-mother, and all the bitter past was remembered only to enhance the happiness to which she was so remarkably restored.

If you meet with a misfortune, it is best to meet it half way, and to give your arm to it, as though it were a friend instead of an enemy. It helps you on the road, and shortens the distance wonderfully; whereas, to try to avoid your misfortune is wrong, for it is sure to overtake you in the long run, and then the chances are that you will no longer have the pluck to face it.

Arguments are the salt of life; but as salt is good at a pinch, and not in buckets full, so you should not argue over much.

Mind you, a child is not a wooden top, that you can make come round, as you will, by whipping it.

Happy the man who is content with a good dinner that he has paid for himself!

It is curious how little we feel the burdens we put on the shoulders of others!

You should not blame the coals because the chimney smokes.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

SOON after the close of the long French war in Europe, a boy stood on one of the bridges that cross the Thames at London, with a number of small birds in a cage for sale. A sailor, who was passing, observed the little prisoners fluttering about the cage, peeping anxiously through the wires, and manifesting their eager desire to regain their liberty. He stood for some time looking at the birds apparently lost in thought. At length, addressing the boy, he said:

"How much do you ask for your birds?"

"Sixpence apiece," was the reply.

"I don't ask how much apiece," said the sailor; "how much for the lot? I want to buy all hands."

The boy made his calculations, and found they came to six shillings and sixpence.

"There is your money," said the sailor, handing out the cash, which the boy received with evident satisfaction. No sooner was the bargain settled, than the sailor opened the cage door, and let all the birds fly away.

The boy, astonished, exclaimed,

"What did you do that for, sir? You have lost all your birds."

"I'll tell you," said the sailor, "why I did it. I was shut up three years in a French prison as a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see any thing in prison that I can make free."

THE younger portion of our juvenile readers will find one stanza in the following beautiful lines worthy of being committed to memory. The fine work of art that suggested them to the author is advertised on the last page of the cover of this number of the MUSEUM.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY DAYTON AND CO.'S MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING OF THORWALDSEN'S SACRED GROUP,

CHRIST AND HIS APOSTLES.

Lo! where they stand
In order grand,
Christ and his Apostolic band,
E'en as Thorwaldsen's chisel wrought
The mighty Teacher and the taught;
The mortal group, the Son divine,
Clothed with a solemn glory, shine.

That Presence bright,
That on the night
Of sin and shame shed holy light,
Shines in the midst, supreme, sublime!
Who, looking *there*, takes note of time?
Back, as I gaze, are centuries rolled;
I *see* the Shepherd mid His fold;
And Scripture scenes that touch the heart,
Live by the mighty power of art.

By Jordan's wave
John stoops to lave [save.
The brow of Him who came to
Lo! children climb the Saviour's knees,
And hark! he tells the Pharisees,
"*My kingdom is of such as these!*"
See with a gesture all divine,
He sanctifies the bread and wine.
A season then of woe and gloom—
And lo! the angel of the tomb.*

O wondrous skill!
That thus can thrill
With life this surface cold and still! [themes;
Choose, ever choose such glorious
Brighten our lives with gospel gleams;
And draw, as by a golden band,
Our spirits toward the promised land.

* All the Scripture scenes referred to in this stanza are among the embellishments which surround the main picture.

THE CHINESE JUGGLER.

THE Chinese, odd as they seem to be in some respects, resemble other people very much in their curiosity and their love of the marvelous. They are fond of all kinds of tricks, and of everything that excites astonishment and admiration. This being the case, we should expect to find among them persons who would cultivate these peculiarities, and seek to make money out of them. And, accordingly, we find the juggler there as practiced in all kinds of legerdemain as any in Europe or America, remarkable for extraordinary feats of agility, strength, and great skill, and for transformations of personal appearances almost miraculous. You will often see, as you pass along the street, a company of wondering natives, gazing in silent astonishment at one whom they regard as a wizard, performing some of his fantastic tricks. Sometimes he will appear with a narrow-mouthed porcelain jar on his head, so nicely poised, that the least careless or irregular movement would be sure to make it fall, and break it. In his hand he holds a number of small bamboo rods, a foot and a half or two feet in length. These he tosses high into the air, and catches them in the jar, as they come down, seldom suffering one of them to fall to the ground. It is truly astonishing to see with what precision the practiced hand of the juggler will throw the rod, and his practiced eye measure its fall, while yet he is obliged to attend so closely to the proper balancing of the jar on his head. Having accomplished this feat, he will then, perhaps, do the same with a parcel of balls, till his vase is filled with them. Then, perhaps, he will throw up a ball and a rod together and catch them both in his vase, or one in the vase, and the other in his hand.

Sometimes, lying on the ground, flat on his back, he will balance a long bamboo pole on his toes, with a heavy stone attached to each end, the pole lying horizontally. He will then pass the pole to his hands, and rising from the ground stand on his right leg,

and balance the pole in the palm of the left hand. Then standing on the left leg, and changing the pole to the right hand, rapidly and continuously, for some time, never losing the balance, or suffering either of the stones to touch the ground.

Sometimes he will show his adroitness and self-possession by flinging a naked sword into the air, and catching it as it falls, always seizing it by its hilt, and never allowing it to touch the ground. He will also keep twelve balls in constant motion for fifteen or twenty minutes, catching every one, and tossing it up again, so that not one of the whole shall fall.

One distinguished traveler in China says, that, having seen feats of these jugglers, he not only believes what he would before have laughed at as utterly impossible, but is quite ready to believe still more wonderful things, which others have related. We think the tact and skill of these men is inherited—handed down from father to son, and is similar to that of the magii of ancient Egypt, of whose almost miraculous feats we can have no doubt. H. H.

WILLIE WANTON'S REVENGE.

"I'LL be revenged on him ere long," said Willie Wanton to himself as he entered his mother's room one evening after school.

"Who is it, Willie, has roused your ire?" asked Mrs. Wanton.

Willie started, for he did not mean that his mother should hear his muttered threat. He hesitated, but at length said, "Oscar Orton."

"What has Oscar done? I always considered him the best boy in town."

"He told Mr. Proudfit a falsehood on me this evening, and I was punished for nothing. But I will pay him off well for it before long—see if I don't."

With this menace, Willie left the room.

On the day previous to the above conversation, Willie had violated his teacher's rules. Oscar Orton and Charlie Cleveland were the only ones who knew of it. But, on the following day, Mr. Proudfit by some means became aware that some of his pupils had broken the rules, and resolved to find out and punish the transgressor. Accordingly each scholar was summoned to the throne of the offended pedagogue, where they underwent a strict questioning and cross-examination.

Willie and Charlie were by turns called up, and strictly questioned as to who had broken the rules. Much to the surprise of Oscar, they both denied having any knowledge of it. Soon after, Oscar's turn came, and he had a severe struggle with his conscience, whether or not he should tell on Willie. He detested the idea of having his schoolmate punished through his instrumentality; and more he abhorred telling an untruth. Before Oscar could decide which he would do, the stern Mr. Proudfit asked, with a terrible frown—

"Oscar Orton, do you know who has dared to break my rules?"

Oscar hesitated; Mr. Proudfit saw it, and immediately repeated his query in a tone which was not to be resisted. So Oscar was forced, against his will, to tell on his playmate, and Willie was punished. This was what the latter was so angry about. Willie had told Oscar that he was going to whip him for telling; but he knew full well that Oscar was too large for

that, and he had to study up some other method of vindicating his imagined wrongs. The next day afforded the vindictive boy an opportunity of glutting his vengeance. The boys were playing "leap-frog," and Willie knew that in this game he could give Oscar a very hard fall. So when it came to Oscar's time, Willie straightened up, to make him jump as high as possible. As Oscar placed his hands upon Willie's shoulders, and leaped over him, the avenger dodged suddenly downward. Oscar was thrown upon one of his arms with such force that it was broken, and the acute pain deprived him of his senses. When Oscar fell, the boys made the playground ring with shouts of ridicule; but at length, seeing that Oscar did not move, they gathered round him, and one of the boys, with a rude jerk, turned him over upon his back. The sight which met the rough boy's gaze caused him to start back with a cry of horror, and it was echoed by a simultaneous one from his comrades. The blood was slowly oozing from Oscar's nose and various wounds in his face, into which the sand was ground; his eyes gazed on vacancy, and his whole countenance wore a deathlike paleness. He was borne into the nearest house, and a physician sent for to set his broken limb. I will not attempt to portray the thrilling anguish he suffered, while undergoing that trying ordeal, nor the weeks of restless suffering which followed.

This was Willie's revenge! Did he enjoy it, as he had hoped to do? Ask of the hourly reproaches of his offended conscience; the tossing of his fevered brow upon his sleepless pillow, and the nocturnal dreams, intermingled with broken limbs, and smashed heads, of which he himself was the author. He suffered as much as did his victim—not bodily pain, but the keen pang of restless remorse. Since Willie had come to think of it calmly, he knew that Oscar was innocent, and this was why his conscience punished him so severely. Willie formed numerous good resolutions for the future, but as soon as Oscar had recovered he entirely neglected them, and often bestowed upon his unoffending head the most degrading names and insulting epithets. I will here bring my story to a close, but next month I will tell how Oscar returned Willie's revenge.

CORNELIUS W. GIBBS.

SMITH'S POTATOES.

THE soil was rich, and fair the suns,
  Where Smith's potatoes grew;
If others raised them large and good,
  Could he not raise them too?

But lo! the first he drew to light
  Would scarce a thimble fill;
And as he toiled from row to row,
  He found them little still.

Awhile, with hand to forehead raised,
  In dumb surprise he mused;
And then with smiles that lit his eye,
  He thus himself accused:

"Though here, to hope a better yield
  Seemed not an atom wrong,
My hope was yet too weakly fond,
  My confidence too strong.

"For oft before, where I had thought
  The best would sure abound,
I to my grief, as well as cost,
  Have small potatoes found."

THE OLD MAJOR.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

PROF. MITCHELL delivered, in Philadelphia, one of his splendid astromomical lectures. The following statement of a remarkable fact is given in a report of the lecture:

He had long since met, in the city of St. Louis, a man of great scientific attainments, who for forty years had been engaged in Egypt in deciphering the hieroglyphics of the ancients. This gentleman had stated to him that he had lately unraveled the inscriptions upon the coffin of a mummy now in the London Museum, and that in which, by the aid of previous observations, he had discovered the key to all the astronomical knowledge of the Egyptians. The zodiac, with the exact position of the planets, was delineated on this coffin, and the date to which they pointed was the autumnal equinox in the year 1722 before Christ, or nearly thirty-six hundred years ago. Professor Mitchell employed his assistants to ascertain the exact positions of the heavenly bodies belonging to our solar system on the equinox of that year (1722 B. C.) and sent him a correct diagram of them, without having communicated his object in doing so. In compliance with this the calculations were made, and to his astonishment, on comparing the results with the statements of his scientific friend already referred to, it was found that, on the 7th of October, 1722 B. C., the moon and planets had occupied the exact points in the heavens marked upon the coffin in the London Museum.

WHAT'S the difference between an innocent young girl and a wigged old woman? One is careless and happy, the other is hairless and cappy.

PUNS.—It is much easier to condemn a good pun than to make one, and Dr. Johnson evinced his envy rather than his contempt when he associated punsters and pickpockets. We are seldom angry with that which we despise.—*Tin Trumpet.*

A father was winding his watch, when he said, playfully, to his little girl, "Let me wind your nose up!" "No," said the child, "I don't want my nose wound up, for I *don't want it to run all day.*"

MRS. JENKINS complained, in the evening, that the turkey she had eaten on Christmas, did not *set well.*" "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a *hen turkey.*"

COLORS MOST FREQUENTLY HIT IN BATTLE.—Numerous observations show that soldiers are hit in battle according to the color of their dress, in the following order: red is the most fatal; gray the least. The proportions are: red, 12; rifle-green, 7; brown, 6; and bluish gray, 5.

SEEING THE LIONS.—This expression came from the habit of strangers in London going to visit the Tower menagerie, where lions were kept. The lions were one of the "sights" of the city.

A HINT.—"I saw some beautiful scenery," said an unwelcome visitor, "as I came to day, by the upper road." "You will see some still finer," was the reply, "as you go back to-morrow by the lower one."

A HINT FOR TALKERS.—"It is a great misfortune," says La Bruyère, "not to have mind enough to talk well, nor judgment enough to be silent."

A Farmer's Creed.—We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

We believe in large crops, which leave the land better than they found it—making both the farmer and farm rich at once.

We believe in going to the bottom of things, and therefore in deep plowing, and enough of it. All the better if with a subsoil plow.

We believe that the best fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence—without this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano, will be of little use.

We believe in good fences, good barns, good farm-houses, good stock, good orchards, and children enough to gather the fruit.

We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spinning piano, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy, and a clean conscience.

We firmly disbelieve in farmers that will not improve; in farms that grow poorer every year; in starveling cattle; in farmers' boys turning into clerks and merchants; in farmers' daughters unwilling to work; and in all farmers ashamed of their vocation, or who drink whisky until honest men are ashamed of them.—*Beecher on Farming.*

It is quite worth while to read over this list of patents. Among the numerous marvelous inventions which American genius has produced within the last few years are the following, compiled from the Patent Office Report:

The report explains the principles of the celebrated Hobbs' lock. Its "unpickability" depends upon a secondary or false set of tumblers which touches the real ones. Moreover, the lock is powder-proof, and may be loaded through the keyhole and fired off, till the burglar is tired of his fruitless work, or fears that the explosions will bring to view his experiments more witnesses than he desires.

A harpoon is described which makes the whale kill himself. The more he pulls the line, the deeper goes the harpoon.

An ice-making machine has been patented, which is worked by a steam-engine. In an experienced trial it froze several bottles of sherry and pro-

duced blocks of ice the size of a cubic foot, when the thermometer was up to eighty degrees. It is calculated that for every ton of coal put into the furnace it will make a ton of ice.

From Mr. Examiner Dale's report we gather some idea of the value of patents. A man who had made a slight improvement in straw-cutters took a model of his machine through the Western States, and after a tour of eight months returned with forty thousand dollars. Another man had a machine to thresh and clean grain, which, in fifteen months, he sold for sixty thousand dollars. These are ordinary cases, while such inventions as the telegraph, the planing machine, and india-rubber patents are worth millions each.

Examiner Lane's report describes new electrical inventions. Among these is an electrical whaling apparatus, by which the whale is literally "shocked to death." Another is an electro-magnetic alarm, which rings bells and displays signals in case of fire and burglars. Another is an electric clock, which wakes you up, tells you what time it is, and lights a lamp for you at any hour you please.

There is a machine also by which a man prints instead of writes his thoughts. It is played like a pianoforte. And, speaking of pianos, it is estimated that nine thousand are made every year in the United States, giving constant employment to one thousand nine hundred persons, and cost over two millions of dollars.

Another patent is for a machine that counts passengers in an omnibus and takes their fare. When a very fat man gets in, it counts two and charges double.

There is a "sound-gatherer," a sort of huge ear-trumpet, to be placed in front of a locomotive, bringing to the engineer's ears all the noise ahead, perfectly distinct, notwithstanding the noise of the train.

There is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them around with their heads up, and then sticks them in papers in regular rows.

Another goes through the whole process of cigar making, taking in leaves and turning out finished cigars.

One machine cuts cheese; another one scours the knives and forks, and another rocks the cradle; and seven or eight take in washing and ironing.

There is a parlor chair patented that can not be tipped back on two legs, and a railway chair that can be tipped back in any position without any legs at all.

There are a variety of guns patented that load themselves; a fishing line that adjusts its own bait, and a rat trap which throws away the rat, and then baits itself and stands in the corner for another.

To remove particles of dust from the eye, introduce between the eyelid and the ball the bight of horse or other strong hair, so as to include the spot where the particle appears to be, close to the eye; drop the lid over it, and then gently draw out the hair. The relief is instantaneous, perfect, and permanent.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PERSEVERANCE AND OBSTINACY.—The first is a strong will; the second, a strong won't.

CON.—Why do sailors serving in brigs make bad servants? Because no man can serve *two-masters.*

OUR Jeems says he never travels by a "lightning express train" unless he's sure it has a good conductor.—*Carrington's Commissionaire*

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

MANY of our little friends have, no doubt, seen accounts in the newspapers of the great fire in Fulton Street, by which the entire building occupied by Wynkoop, Hallenbeck & Thomas, printers, was destroyed, on the 29th of January, unfortunately for us, burning up the entire plates from which they were printing the February number. Uncle Merry had gone home on Saturday night, having worked unusually hard in getting it ready to print; slept soundly, as he always does when he has been at work for the little folks, and enjoyed a pleasant Sunday in the Sabbath school—and Uncle Merry always goes to the Sunday school, old as he is—little thinking all the time he was there, that the plates, cuts, Chat, puzzles, and paper were all burning up, but so it was; and as he came over early on Monday morning to help to send the number to the little Chatters, nothing met his eye but one mass of black, smoking ruins. What was to be done? Not a moment to be lost, for it was already very late, and many a little one far away was wondering "why don't the MUSEUM come?" We went to work at once, had the articles set up anew, and the whole number recast and reprinted, so that in a few days it was all in the hands of the young Merrys, as bright and fresh as ever. Now, what say you, boys and girls; don't you think Uncle Merry fire-proof? Well, well, that will do, "voted unanimously;" but then that is not all you can do. It costs a great deal of money to print the MUSEUM once, and much more to have to do it over again the second time, for you would not, any of you, wish to do without it even for one month—no, nor would we like to have you. You can make up for our loss, if each one will only speak to your friends and induce some of them to subscribe for it. We need at least one thousand new subscribers, in addition to what you would otherwise send, in order to make our loss good, and carry out our plans for making the Magazine better and better, that it may continue to be the "best in the world," as some of you are pleased to call it.

We wish to thank you, one and all, who have interested yourselves to procure and forward to us new names; it *does* help us, and no mistake. Read the list of premiums offered in the January number, and do what you can for us. We would like to send you all a copy of the "Book of Rhymes," a gold pencil, or any other of the premiums mentioned there; so you will be helping *yourselves* while you are helping us. You can not do good to others in this world without doing yourself a real benefit. Remember that, boys and girls, whenever you see an opportunity of doing good.

Another thing; if any of you should find a little piece of paper in this number, with

"TO MERRY'S MUSEUM AND WOODWORTH'S CABINET, Dr."

printed on it, and one, two, or three dollars or more, as the case may be, please return it to us, *with the amount in money* inclosed. It must have been "slipped" in by our clerk after the Magazine was printed. Seal strong, and direct plainly to J. N. STEARNS & Co., 116 Nassau Street. We shall be there to receive it.

But here comes our Maggie, slyly slipping some gold pieces into our hand;

certainly we must hear what you have to say.

DEAR UNCLE, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—Permit me to introduce to you eleven little friends of mine, who, through my solicitations, backed by the *real genuine* merit of *our* Magazine, have been induced to subscribe.

I have been accused of "a hankering after the loaves and fishes;" but you will exonerate me from any such appetite, when I tell you that it is a pencil-case and pen I want—an ebony one, mounted with gold. My little cousins can tell how much better one can write with a real, nice pen.

We have Uncle Frank's picture, and prize it highly; it hangs in the parlor.

MAGGIE.

Eleven dollars—all right, Maggie. Many thanks; and all the way from Alabama, too! "Busy Bee," of Nashville, Tennessee, has introduced the same number of new friends, and many others have done nearly as well. Surely the "Union" of the Merry family "must and shall be preserved."

January 1, 1860.

DEAR CONFEDERATION:—A happy New Year to all, and many happy returns. Are we all here—all who met around the Merry table last year? I trust we are. Perhaps some new ones have been initiated into the Merry circle. I know of one. I have long been absent from the Chat; but now I am here once more, and from this time forward I will not be so delinquent.

Boreas has visited us here at the South with unusual severity this winter. Even the oldest inhabitant does not remember of having seen so much snow here in one winter before.

J. L. Pierrepont, I am, as you say, "well protected by Nature," being *very ugly*. If you call that "being favored," you must be a queer sort of person. Mrs. B. E., I ventured as near as Wheeling about two weeks ago. Lizzie G., the error is in the September number for 1858. To be brief, I must close. Truly, yours, HAWTHORNE.

GROTTO OF JASON.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Sybil inquires if I am any relation to Lucifer, son of the morning. I must own I am a distant relation of his, how distant she must find out. However, she will drop the subject here, I hope. I am, most surely,

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

CROWN POINT, *Jan.* 11, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Is there heart and room enough to admit another cousin to the Merry band. I have taken the MUSEUM for the past six years, or since I was four years old, and like it very much. I send you six new subscribers, for which I would like the premium you offer for five subscribers, and the one you offer for one subscriber. Your affectionate nephew,

J. WILLIE BRADSHAW.

Room enough, and to spare, Willie. Uncle Merry finds his heart enlarging every day, especially when he has such unmistakable reasons for thinking you all love the MUSEUM well enough to recommend it to your friends. The publisher says the premiums have all been sent, and many more waiting for claimants.

MAINE, *Jan.* 21, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Although I am only eight years old, I take your Magazine, and have taken it for two years. I think it is the best Magazine in the world. Am I admitted to the Merry family? I hope I am, I am sure. I was very sorry that Uncle Frank died, and I suppose that all the Merry family were, too. Yours, affectionately,

CHARLIE.

SELMA, ALA., *Jan.* 7, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—This is the third time that I have tapped at your door, but have never even caught a glimpse of that Merry parlor, with its 20,000, yet.

If I am admitted into your happy circle this time, please give me a seat by Tommy Hawk, as he lives nearer my home than any of the other cousins. You may tell him that I am just the age of his youngest Sugar Plum. Uncle Merry, I will be very quiet, indeed, but will be so—— Love to all. Your Southern niece, ZENA.

You must be mistaken, Zena, for we noticed you as you came to the door,

and smiled a welcome, though there was no time for you to say a word. Tommy Hawk must have dispatched his other Sugar Plums by this time. Maggie and Eddie both sit near you,

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GREENVILLE, OHIO, *Jan.* 31, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—I have been looking over some of my old MUSEUMS today, I thought I would write a—a—I don't know what to call it; but I'll leave it to you if it is not the worst—*whatever it is*—you have ever received. I would like to have a peep into that parlor. I don't fancy staying out here in the cold, and I don't like to peep through the key-hole, as some of the Merry cousins have begged leave to do. It makes me feel like crawling through it. If you won't let me in, I'll coax Aunt Sue. She will, I know. Oh, yes! she has let me in. Mercy! How crowded it is! I don't see Fleta nor Black-Eyes—wonder where they are? Attending to their household duties, I suppose—don't introduce me; I want to make myself acquainted. Uncle Hi, I have come to the conclusion that you will have to enlarge the parlor, and I guess you have come to the conclusion that I had better conclude my letter, and so I will. Love to the twenty thousand-and-one cousins if I am admitted. NELLIE VAN.

Room enough, Nellie, and to spare. Forty thousand more can find ample accommodations, though all the fairer part of them should wear hoops as large as the belt of Saturn. Our parlor is as large as our heart, and that—— See what Lutia says.

BROOKLYN, *Jan.* 20, 1860.

DEAR MERRY:—Old books and idle moments sometimes come nicely together. It was through an old book, picked up in an idle moment, that I came to be a subscriber of MERRY'S MUSEUM. Perhaps you can not find me on your list, but I am there, or at least one of your cousins. I do not hesitate to write as if I had always been familiar with you; I soon shall be.

Uncle Hiram still reigns undisputed possessor of his "hatchet."

Aunt Sue still glories in puzzles.

What would become of us if they should die!—could their places be filled easily? I say no. I wish to become familiar with all your cousins. Let them be mine (I can and will use them well). I think 20,000 small, when there is more to be got. Forty thousand will make a better company. Time will enlarge it. One of your cousins,

LUTIA.

Send along the 40,000, Lutia. They will help pay for the late fire, besides warming our old heart more than a thousand such fires.

PLEASANT GROVE.

A long life and many happy New Years to Aunt Sue, Uncles, and 20,000 cousins. As I make an annual visit, I suppose it is not necessary for me to have a regular introduction, or if it is, I will *try* to make it in person, about the middle of next July, in "Our Sanctum," when I would like to give the true grip to as many as may then and there congregate.

I have a little quarrel with Uncle Hatchet, for why did he not extend his trip to our "Beautiful South," while he was traveling, last season? Warm hearts would welcome him here, and doubly so if he brought Aunt Sue with him. Come and try us. EDDIE.

If you knew, Eddie, how a certain warm heart ached because it could not "extend," you would feel that "quarrel" settled forever. By-and-by, Eddie, Look out for us. H. H.

BOONE CO., MO., *Jan.* 26, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I will now write you your long-promised letter, which I hoped to have written long ago. It has been in my heart to do it, and I have often thought and talked of you since I left home. I left delightful St. Louis soon after I saw you, and have been ever since on Grand Prairie. Among the most delightful recollections of my visit home was meeting with you. Now I do wish you knew the kind and noble friends with whom I am at present. The uncle with whom I am staying is a kind of Prairie prince. He can stand on his house top and look over his broad acres and almost say, "I am monarch of all I survey." His house is the abode of hospitality, and is always full of friends; and right glad would we all be to welcome you here. If you like to hunt, you can find almost anything but buffaloes;

we are not far enough west for that. Have you ever seen a real prairie fire? We have the most magnificent ones here; they extend so far around they look like a city on fire. In the spring and summer the grass looks like an ocean of green interspersed with golden islands. I send you a few lines of mine on a darling little baby cousin:

I have a little cousin,
And dear to me is he;
His eyes are blue as summer skies—
I love his face to see.

His head is clothed with soft brown curls,
His laugh is silvery,
His voice is like a bird's sweet note,
He is full of mirth and glee.

Yours, lovingly, LILY G. PARLEY.

There, Lily, you are in full, and most heartily welcome. I should like to peep in upon that house full of cousins in Olive Street, and find you there, and get another pocket full of rich, juicy apples. By the way, did you see Uncle Peter? I told him where to find you.

UNCLE HIRAM:—I can not help thinking how kind you are, to furnish us with this little telescope, through which we catch a glimpse of one portion of the literary heavens. I think it would be very pleasant to have a Merry meeting. I hope we shall all meet one day, an unbroken band.

Has S. A. Bent deserted us forever? If any of you see him, please inform him that I saw a friend of his a few days ago. Madame Black-Eyes, you were inquiring where Fleta had been to get so wild. I hope you do not think she got so while visiting me.

Daisy Wildwood, perhaps you would form a very different opinion of me if you saw me. Magawisca, you have thought correctly—I am younger than Fleta, and am exactly her opposite in character; that is the reason that we go together so well.

Uncle Hiram, did you not forget when you told Mag. that we had no "wild creatures" among us, that we had one "Wild One?" Oliver Onley, shake hands—I am a Bostonian. I am going to visit in Boston soon, and shall probably go out on Jamaica Pond to skate. I hope to meet you there.

I have the portraits of all the "Chatters" hung, not "on Memory's wall," but in the chamber of imagination. If any would like to see them, I should be most happy to show them to them. I hope 20,000 will come to the next meeting. Love to all the cousins. Your affectionate niece, CALTIE.

December 31, 1859.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I have been a subscriber for the CABINET for three years, and I like it very well, especially the chat. I have thought several times I would write to you, and once I did commence a letter, and then I dreaded the hatchet, so I did not finish it. Please introduce me to the 20,000 cousins; but here comes the hatchet H***

You ought to see that same hatchet, H., and then you might dread it, if you could.

SKANEATELES, *Dec.* 30, 1859.

MY DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I have a favor to ask of you the first thing. If you will grant it, I will never cease to be obliged to you. Will you let me be one of your nieces? I do not take the CABINET, but my brother does, and has taken it ever since I can remember. I never read it much till lately, and now I like it very much, especially the Chat, and I am longing to be one of the 20,000. May I? Uncle Hi, is it proper for a young lady to send her love to a young gentleman; if it is, please remember me to W. H. Coleman. Kiss Aunt Sue for me. Your affectionate niece, JOYFUL.

Oh, be joyful. I have found another niece. Yes, Joyful, if your brother is my nephew, you are my niece, and no mistake.

ROSE VILLA.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I again intrude myself upon your notice. If I come too frequently tell me, and I'll discontinue my visits for a while. Oliver O., I live in the town of T., in the State of A. What do you want to know for? Are you coming to see me? If so, I shall be very happy to see you. Sybil Grey, I hope you will not treat us as Nip did. Promise to write letters, and never think of it again. What has become of W. H. C.? He is very chary of his letters. I would like to see you, Willie. No I

wouldn't, either. A simple country girl like me, just fourteen, would be ashamed to find herself face to face with W. H. C., whose criticism (?) of Aunt Sue's unfortunate poem has made every one fear him. I hope he will not massacer me in the same barbarous manner. But the hatchet will if I do not stop, so good-bye. LIZZIE G.

Continue "dis," Lizzie, but don't discontinue at all.

CHESHIRE, *Jan.* 12, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT:—I have been wanting to write you a little letter for a long time. I have not had courage enough until now. I have read the CABINET every month ever since I was six years old. I am now eleven. I like the stories in it very much—they always interest me. I live on a farm on the bank of the beautiful Ohio River, one-half mile from the village of Cheshire. The next time you come West please come and see me. I can show you some nice things here as well as the other cousins. SCOTT.

We are happy to see you, Scott, and none the less so that you bring four new cousins along with you. The more the merrier

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HANNIBAL, MO., *Dec.* 2, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—As I have written several letters to Uncle Merry, and one to Aunt Sue, and heard nothing from them, I venture to address you this time, preferring to be cut up by that glittering hatchet rather than endure silent contempt. I have taken the MUSEUM a long time, and have but one fault to find with it—*i. e.*, it is too short. I send you a few curiosities. Yours, affectionately, O. A. K.

Most heartily welcome, Miss O. A. K., a good, substantial, solid name for a young lady. If anybody treats you with contempt after this, let me know it. Your curiosities are in the CABINET, and will be displayed in due time.

H. H.

OAKHILL, VA., *Jan.* 4, 1860.

DEAR UNCE HI:—I have taken the MUSEUM for three years, but have not been admitted a member of the Chat. Can I be one now? I am considered very wild by mamma, because I go out in the fields and catch the horses, mount them without a saddle, and canter off. I have a blood horse which I ride; he is quite wild. I wish all a merry Christmas and happy New Year. What has become of Mattie Bell? Love to all. Your loving niece, MAR.

There you are, Mar, caught and counted in. You can be as wild as you please, here, and you will find scores of cousins who will take a fancy to you and your blood horse. Welcome.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

Answers to Questions in Jan. No.

1. Now-here, or nowhere! Which is it? Ans. by *L. A. D.*, *Frank*, and *Adel*; others say between the Past and Future.
2. Because the numbers were first counted on the (*digites*) fingers. (One says—because, if you would acquire a knowledge of figures, you must *dig it* up from the depths of science!) Ans. by *Frank*, *Emily*, *Adel*, and *L. A. D.*
3. Florence Nightingale. Ans. by *Frank*, *Mary E. A.*, *Emily*, and *Lizzie G.*
4. Because it is in the midst of service.
5. It is said he laughs at locksmiths. *Lizzie G.* suggests—An armorer (Enamorer). *L. A. D.* says—A joiner.
6. The one makes wooden couches—the other couches in the wood.
7. None—one. Ans. by *Archie*, *Mary E. A.*, *Frank*, *G. H. Smith*, *Hawthorn*, *Adel*, *Lola*, *Lizzie G.*, *May of Irvington*, *L. A. D.*, *Judy*, and *C. M. Gibbs.*
8. Madonna. Ans by *Frank*, *Archie*, *Lizzie G.*, *May of Irvington*, and *L. A. D.*

9. Earth. Ans. by *Archie*, *Frank*, *Mary E. A.*, *Emily*, *Hawthorn*, *G. H. Smith*, *Lizzie G.*, *L. A. D.*, and *Judy*.

10. Eye-water. Ans. by *Archie* and *Lola*. *Lizzie G.* and *L. A. D.* say *Sea*-water. *G. H. Smith—I-ce.*

11. Balaam's ass. (And none but an ass would ever attempt it.)

12. Answer—5 :——$5\times5=25\times2=50$
$5\times3=15$—— 15
65

Let x be the number required.

$$2x^2\times3x=65$$
$$x^2\times\frac{3x}{2}=\frac{65}{2}$$

Completing the square

$$x^2\times\frac{3x}{2}\times\frac{9}{16}=\frac{65}{2}+\frac{9}{16}$$

Extracting the square root

$$x+\frac{3}{4}=\sqrt{\frac{65}{2}+\frac{9}{16}}$$
$$x+\frac{3}{4}=\sqrt{\frac{529}{16}}=\frac{23}{4}$$
$$x=\frac{23}{4}-\frac{3}{4}=\frac{20}{4}$$
$$x=5$$

Another answer by Susy, is this :

$$2x^2+3x=65$$
$$2\times4\times65=520$$
$$3^2=\ \ 9$$
$$529$$
$$4^2=16$$
$$x+\tfrac{3}{4}=\sqrt{\frac{529}{16}}=\frac{23}{4}$$
$$x=\frac{23}{4}-\frac{3}{4}$$
$$x=\frac{20}{4}=5$$

Also by *Frank*, *C. M. Gibbs*, and *G. H. N.*

13. Isaiah Beebe loved a maid,
He loved her to excess,
And exercised his energies
To see her and confess.

Said he, "A meeting I'll procure
Before the day is past ;
In spite of all my enemies,
She shall be mine at last."

Now, usually, Emily
Was tender and benign,
Effeminate and gentle, too—
Some thought she was divine.

But poor Isaiah made her cross,
She said he was a calf—
Especially odious ;
Naught spoke in his behalf.

She said, "Should you go on your knees,
And melt away in tears,
Or double your attentions for
The future fifty years,

You still would nothing be to me,
You are not to my mind ;
So pray be wiser, sir, and go
Some better maiden find."

"Dear Emily, my love's excess
Prithee extenuate ;
Excuse, forgive, and love me, or
I'll take an opiate !"

And so he did. Alas ! poor man !
Kind reader, shed a tear ;
He took the opium so strong
It laid him on his bier !

Ans. by *R. H. Loughridge*, *A. B. C.*, *Judy*, *Frank*, *Mary A. E.*, *Hawthorn*, *C. M. Gibbs*, and *Archie*. Many, however, were a little puzzled over the "W. R." Very few answered that part correctly.

14. Hieroglyphical Rebus. Place not a burden on others which you would not bear yourself (*ewers-elf*). Ans. by *Frank*, *Mary A. E.*, *Emily*, *Adel*, *A. B. C.*, *May of Irvington*, *L. A. D.*, *Judy*, *Hawthorn*, and *Charley Gratiot*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A. P. Your mother is quite right.

Luella. Glad to hear from you and the three A's.

Adel. Where are the answers to your puzzles ?

A. M. M. Your riddle is rather too ancient.

Nettie. Where are you ?

Oliver Onley. "Bravo !" back again. Quite a good move of yours ; but where are your answers for Jan.? You see we give puzzlers two months in which to untie our knots, so that all may have a chance. Answer to rebus *slightly* incomplete. "Four hogsheads under a fence !" Dear me !

C. M. Gibbs. Your puzzles are very good, except the "eleven words;" that is rather too much like the original *Napoleonic* one.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Adelbert Older*, *H. A. P.*, "a MUSEUM reader" (whose name is too indefinite by 19,999), *Leon*, *Frank*, *Marshall D. Ellis*, *Lola*, *Hawthorn*, *Fairie Jane*, *L. A. D.*, *Oliver Onley*, *Bob*, *N. D. White*, and *C. M. Gibbs*.

I do not wish to discourage any one, but please take notice—that enigmas on sentences (with figures) are the least welcome of any.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

Here is a puzzler from *Frank!* Who will discover *half* the words?

LOGOGRIPHE.

25. Entire, I am an important article with every housekeeper, and composed of six letters: in me may be found, 1, a map; 2, 3, 4, three animals; 5, a small fish; 6, an interjection; 7, a conjunction; 8, a verb; 9, a preposition; 10, an article; 11, an article of clothing; 12, a part of a circle; 13, conversation; 14, an exploit; 15, cunning; 16, cicatrix; 17, 18, two vehicles; 19, a globe; 20, a model; 21, a well-known tree; 22, damage; 23, a hill; 24, a wheel in a clock; 25, a loud noise; 26, money; 27, precipitate; 28, a sticky substance; 29, a verb. *Frank.*

[I find among my assortment of riddles, etc., the following very clever puzzle, with no name attached. Whose is it? Yours, Uncle Hiram? Own up, if it is; don't be bashful because I am. —A. S.]

26. A certain man signs his name thus:

Wood
John
Massachusetts.

Who is he, and in what city does he reside?

27. Entire, I'm a delicious fruit,
Which grows upon a tree;
A vegetable, if curtailed,
That often you may see.
Take off my first, my last replace,
And with the corn I find a place.

28. Why is a fast horse like a bad bill? *Adelbert Older.*

[Here's a poser!]

ANAGRAM.

29. Tip enumerate planets. *Uncle Joe.*

CHARADE.

30. My first is the name of a game, in sound; my second is, in sound, an interjection; my third is the top of a mountain, in sound; and my whole is the name of a river. *Gamma.*

31. At dawn of day my first sings lightly,
My next the hunter buckles tightly;
My whole an emblem is of those
Who change with every wind that blows. *Nullus.*

TRANSFORMATIONS.

32. 1. Transpose an animal into a bird.
2. Transpose a tool into vitality.
3. Transpose one woman's name into that of another.
4. Transpose a nautical term into a fish.
5. Transpose a man's name into an article of clothing.
6. Transpose an adjective that qualifies sensible people, into disagreeable people.

ENIGMA.

33. I am composed of 32 letters:
My 9, 11, 30, 19, 27, 5 is a day that many look forward to with pleasure.
My 7, 2, 22, 4, 5 is a desirable mood.
My 24, 10, 14, 3, 5 is a boy's name.
My 26, 18, 13, 23 is an article of clothing.
My 6, 30, 17, 16 affords much amusement to boys.
My 28, 31, 27, 11, 32, 5 is the name of my canary.
My 29, 26, 10 is by some esteemed a luxury.
My 1, 17, 8, 25, 2 is the name of an animal.
My 12, 31, 26, 26, 13 is the city of the prophets.
My 20, 21, 17, 15 is found in every house.
My whole is well known to the 20,000 Merrys. *H. A. P*

THE FARM-HOUSE SPRING;

OR, CLARA HERNDON.

"CLARA, cousin Clara, it is time to get up—the sun is just rising," cried Janet Malcom, as she stood all dressed by the bedside.

"Oh, I'm too sleepy," said Clara, turning drowsily away.

"But I want to show you my chickens and lambs and all my pets," said Janet.

"Not now," said Clara, sleepily; and in a moment more she seemed to be sleeping as soundly as ever.

Janet turned away, with her bright face clouded, but it was only for a moment; she soon remembered that her cousin was not in the habit of early rising, and that she might well be tired on this particular morning, for she had

come only the day before from the city, to make Janet a visit. So, in a little while, her voice was heard singing merrily at her morning work.

With quick, light steps she moved round, opened and dusted the little parlor, set the breakfast-table, and then, with her pail on her arm, went out to milk her own cow; this done, she fed her chickens and ducks, and was just coming in with a rosy face and good appetite, when Clara crept slowly from her bed, and looked out of the open window.

"Is breakfast all ready?" asked Janet of her mother, "for I'm right hungry."

"All ready," answered Mrs. Malcom, "except the water." "Give me the pitcher," said Janet, "and I will run to the spring while you call Clara;" and in a moment more she was flying down the little pathway toward a large tree that Clara had already noticed and admired.

"How pretty that place looks!" said Clara to herself; "I mean to sit there under those trees, to-day; why, that must be the spring, for she is dipping her pitcher."

Janet thought the place quite as beautiful as Clara did; and after she had filled her pitcher, she stood a moment to watch the ripples that she had made on the surface of the quiet spring, and then to listen to the murmur of the water as it flowed away over the stones a little farther on.

As she was standing there, a robin in the branches over her head began to warble his morning song. Janet looked up laughingly. "Ah, Master Robin," she cried, "you may sing as loud as you will, but I can sing louder;" and she burst out into such a merry mimicry of the robin's song, that the robin himself might have been deceived; then she took up her pitcher and ran singing back to the house.

Clara began to feel that she had missed a great deal in not being up betimes, so she hurried her dressing and was down in time to help her aunt and cousin finish their breakfast.

"Where is uncle Jacob?" she asked.

"Oh, he has gone to the field," said Mrs. Malcom.

"Without his breakfast?" asked Clara.

"Oh, no; he and his men had breakfast long ago," said Janet.

"Why *does* he get up so early? I should think he would be tired to death before night," said Clara.

"He is pretty tired; but farming is hard work," said her aunt.

"I wouldn't do it, then," said Clara; "I never could bear work."

"Oh, every one has some kind of work to do, and the farmer's is as necessary as any, for we should have no corn or grain without him."

"Well, I don't mean to work if I can help it, ever," said Clara, energetically. "Come, Janet, go with me to the spring, and we will sit down, and I will read you a book I have here."

Janet looked up delighted with the proposal, for an instant, and then she said, "Not quite yet, Clara; I have my work to do; then I shall be glad enough to go down there."

"Oh, bring your work with you," said Clara—"can't you?"

"Not very easily," said Janet, laughing; "I've beds to make, and rooms to sweep, and dishes to wash, and dinner to prepare, and then—"

"Then," interrupted Clara, with a doleful face, "then, why, you'll be all day about it; why do you not make servants do such things?"

"Because we have none," said Janet; "we can take care of ourselves."

"Oh, dear," sighed Clara; "well, I suppose I must go alone, then;" and putting on a sun-bonnet, she walked slowly down the grassy foot-path.

When she reached the spring, she found it quite as pretty a spot as she had anticipated. Right at the foot of the tree was a smooth stone, on which she sat; and leaning back against the trunk, she gazed contentedly on the scene before her. Everything was fresh and beautiful; the sheep were scattered over the green field; and far in the distance she could see men at work. There was no sound to be heard but the rippling water, the twitter of the birds, and occasionally the far-off sound of voices in the distant fields.

She took up her book and tried to read; but her thoughts wandered, so she turned over the leaves, glancing carelessly at the pictures. One representing a number of different birds arrested her attention; but as she held it in her hands, the birds grew larger and larger, and flapped their wings, and looked earnestly at her with their bright eyes; the trees waved in the

wind, and the little birds in the nest began to chirp, while their mother, fluttering over them, gave each one a taste, and then flew away out of sight.

"What are you doing here, you great eagle?" asked Clara, hoping to frighten the bird away—for he had grown so large, and looked so strong, she began to fear for all the little birds near.

"I am watching my nest, and my young eaglets; that is my work while my mate has gone for food."

"Can they not take care of themselves?" asked Clara. "Oh, no," said the eagle; "we must fly up and down all day to feed them; then we must keep them warm and safe at night; and then when they are strong enough, we must teach them to fly."

"I wish I could follow that bird and see how far she has to fly," thought Clara; but immediately her attention was attracted by a sound of gentle cooing near by, and she watched two doves who fluttered and whispered softly to one another, and then flew away together.

Then a beautiful oriole perched on the tree, bringing with him a bit of straw, which he quickly wove into his long, hanging nest, and then, dropping to the ground, brought up a bit of twine which Clara knew she had been playing with as she walked to the spring; it, too, was soon twisted in and out to add to the nest. But while Clara watched the oriole, she heard a steady tap, tap, tap, close by, and looking down she saw a dark bird with a long bill, and a little red tuft on the top of his head, running up the trunk of the tree and tapping it with his bill as he went.

"Ah, Mr. Woodpecker," she said, "you are knocking, but there's no door open there, and nobody to let you in."

"Oh, yes, there are plenty of little doors open to me in this old tree," said the woodpecker, turning his head wisely on one side; "they are wide enough open for my bill to go in, and that is all I want."

But a sudden scream from the eagle startled Clara, and to her horror she saw the noble bird pounce upon a king-fisher, who was flying slowly upward with a fish in his beak, and bear him struggling to his eaglets.

"Oh, you cruel birds," cried she, starting suddenly up and throwing the book far from her.

A peal of laughter roused her, and she saw Janet standing before her, and holding the book at which she thought she had been looking.

"Why, you sleepy girl, Clara," exclaimed Janet; "here I have been watching you at least five minutes, I should think, and I don't believe you would have waked up now if you had not thrown this book away so furiously."

"Why, have I been asleep?" asked Clara, wonderingly, rubbing her eyes.

"Asleep! yes, indeed, you have," said Janet, "notwithstanding you were up so late this morning."

"And those birds didn't come out of the book and talk to me, then?" asked Clara.

"No, indeed," cried Janet, laughing again more heartily than ever; "was that what you were dreaming about? Do tell me what they said."

So, while Clara told her dream, Janet took out a piece of work on which she was busily sewing, when the sound of a horn, from the house, called the cousins in to dinner.

He who expects a friend without faults, will never find one.

ABOUT VIOLETS.

VIOLA, the common Latin name for violet, is derived from *via*, a way, a path where men walk. The Greeks also called the violet *i-on*, which is derived from a verb signifying *to go*. It very probably took this name from the fact of being found wild on the roadsides. It is lowly and humble. It courts not admiration, but waits modestly upon the steps of men, the more admired because it is retiring.

And such, methought, while bending to the stem,
Is modest virtue's pure and simple gem;
No ostentatious wish to seek for praise,
But still retiring from the public gaze,
It spreads its sweet beneficence around,
And, by the fame it shuns, can but be found.

Although this favorite little flower has given its name to one of the primitive colors, we must not imagine that the violet is always of a violet hue. It is often blue, purple, lilac, or white. The *viola tricolor* — three-colored violet — is partly yellow. But this is commonly called heart's-ease, pansy, lady's-delight, though botanically speaking, it belongs to the violet.

The flowers of the violet have been supposed to have important medicinal properties. They were formerly much used in certain diseases of the chest and lungs. But they are not now regarded as of any value in this way.

In chemistry, the infusion of the violet is employed to detect the presence of acids and alkalies, in any compound. An acid will change the violet to red—an alkali, to green. It is quite a pretty experiment, to take two glasses of this infusion, place them side by side, and, pouring the acid into one, and the dissolved alkali into the other, both having the appearance of water, to witness the sudden and different effects produced.

In former times, the ladies of Scotland used the violet as a cosmetic, to improve their complexion, in accordance with an old Gaelic prescription, which runs thus: "Anoint thy face with goats' milk, in which violets have been infused, and there is not a young prince on earth who will not be charmed with thy beauty." A better prescription, and far surer in its results, is this: "Anoint thy face in the early morning air, pluck the violets with the fresh dew upon them, and health will make thee more than beautiful."

TEA.

EA! TEA! which will you have, green or black? that is the question; but, for the most part, all the world goes black. When I was young, green was all the fashion, and black was only fit for poor folks, and persons of very weak nerves. Whether this is owing to the general prevalence of black republicanism, I can't say—but certain it is that the majority of the people are *slaves* to black tea.

Tea is the peculiar product of China. Some experiments have been made in producing it in other places; but they have not amounted to much. As nearly all Europe and all America depend upon our Southern States for their best cotton, so all the world depends upon China for tea.

Tea has many wonderful properties. It is highly social in its effects and influences. It sets people to talking, and keeps them talking. What volumes of gossip have been perpetrated over the tea-tables of the world—what wit! what fun! what scandal!!!

Tea is revolutionary. Being talkative, it is of course in favor of freedom of speech; and freedom of speech is the beginning and soul of all freedom. Tea was one of the constituent elements of our own Revolution. Tea was taxed. And tea, being the representative of freedom of speech, would not stand it. Hence the great Tea Party in Boston, and the wonderful tea-drinking they gave to the codfish and haddock of Massachusetts Bay. And hence the Revolution, which *tea*sed the mother country in leaving us to our independence.

Tea does not grow wild all over the country, but is cultivated in plantations with great care and labor. The plants are set out in regular rows, and carefully pruned and trimmed, as they grow; the object being to make them bushy, and to present the largest possible surface of leaves. This pruning and cutting back is carried on for three years, without any attempt to use the leaves. After that they are fit for gathering. In seven years, the leaves begin to grow rank, and are so thick, hard, and tough as to be unfit for use. The stalk is then cut close to the ground, from which it shoots up anew, and produces more largely than ever a supply of the best leaves. In about thirty years the root is exhausted, when the shrubs are all rooted up, and the whole plantation is set anew.

Much labor and care are necessary to keep up and increase the productiveness of the plant, during the period of its culture. In spring and autumn the shrubs are liberally supplied with manure, and the ground is well weeded and turned around the roots at least four times every season. The mode of manuring is not always the same, the manure most usually employed is a compost of night soil and a kind of chalky clay, which is prepared and kept ready for use in large walled pits or vats.

In their traffic in teas with the outer world, the Chinese do not manage as most of our farmers and large cultivators do, who send all their best crops, and the finest of every kind, to market, so as to realize the largest return in money. The Chinese use all

CHINESE GIRL GATHERING TEA.

the best qualities of tea at home, and think the refuse fit for "outside barbarians," as all the rest of the world are called.

The black teas of the best flavor are found in the Bohea Mountains, and it is said that the teas diminish in goodness in proportion to their distance from that district. The finest Souchongs are produced here, the best of which are reserved for the emperor's court. Some of these are cultivated in little patches on the steep sides of the mountains, which are very difficult to get at; so that the laborers are often let down to them from above, by means of iron chains. This tea is supposed to have a peculiar and almost sacred value, the Buddhist priests having it under their special direction and superintendence.

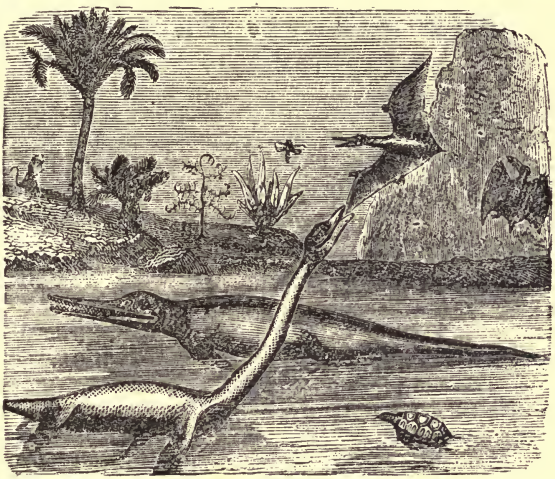
The hyson, or finest green tea, has been greatly improved by transplanting the shrubs from certain hills to districts that are favorable to their growth in the plains. It was for a long time supposed that the green and black teas were obtained from different species of trees or shrubs. It is not so, however, as both kinds may be prepared from the same plant. There is no difference in the botanical character of the two. The whole difference results from the mode of cultivation and of preparation, or curing of the leaves; one part of the same plantation may grow highly flavored teas, and another part common teas. The finest description of green tea is cultivated in the plains, in a fertile soil and highly manured. The same plant growing in the hills, produces a very inferior tea.

The leaves of the tea plant, when newly gathered, do not in the least resemble the dry leaves, in either color or flavor. They have, when green, neither a sharp aromatic nor bitter taste. The highly prized qualities of pleasant taste and delightful odor which they afterward exhibit, are the effects of roasting, and of manipulation. In this respect, there is a resemblance not usually known between tea and coffee, which owes all its desirable properties for common use to the effect of roasting.

The flower of the tea-shrub is white, composed of five leaves. Its shape is similar to the rose. The berry resembles a small moist nut. There are four gatherings of the black tea. The first is in early spring, when the young, delicate, and succulent leaves are plucked, from which the Pekoe tea is made. The second takes place about the 20th of April, when the leaves are large, which produces fragrant full flavored tea. The third is about the 6th of June, after the leaves have shot out anew. This tea is very dark and weak. The fourth is later in the summer, and the leaves are coarse, weak, and light colored.

When the leaves are plucked, they are spread on trays or exposed to the air. This is called leaching. They are then tossed with the hands, sifted, and carefully examined in a strong light, to see that there are no imperfect or diseased leaves. This is taching. They are then placed in small bamboo trays, and kept closely covered with a cloth, until a fragrant perfume is perceptible. This is called oc-ching. They are then roasted in a red-hot iron vessel. Five ounces are thrown in a time, and swept out with a bamboo brush. They are then rolled, or curled, and then carried to the drying-house, to be perfectly dried.

There is but one way to heaven for the learned and the unlearned.



THE FIRST ANIMALS OF OUR WORLD.

GEOLOGY teaches us that this world was once in a very different state from the present. There was one boundless expanse of dark, shallow sea, broken here and there by low mud banks, and filled with strange creatures—mammoths, crocodiles, etc., armadillos, covered with a thick scaled armor. Then a change came—the land grew firm, mountains rose, and on the new marshy soil sprang up the most luxuriant vegetation. Great meadows of giant ferns and mosses, and towering higher than any forest trees, were the palms and pines.

Amid these shades flew the winged dragons, with the head and jaws of a crocodile and the neck of a bird. The shores were strewed with pearl shells, and in the seas lived monsters of frightful shape. The Plesiosaurus, with snake-like neck and crocodile head and fiery eyes, had a sort of paddles instead of legs or fins. Another, ugly enough to be a companion to this creature, was the Ichthyosaurus, or fish lizard, larger than any other living animal, whose immense eye could change its focus, and examine either distant or near objects. Reptiles, reptiles, everywhere—swimming, walking, or flying. Happy is it that we only know this age of the world by the fossil remains, which give to us a "rock history" of the past.

WEALTH.—He that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is alive, prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead; and by an egotism which is suicidal, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure here, and the highest happiness hereafter.

To incorporate religion into every action of life, will save us from wounding our conscience, from dishonoring our profession; it will calm us amid the perplexities of life, and greatly augment our religious enjoyment and fellowship with God.

THE WORKING FAIRIES;*

OR, AMY HEARTT'S DREAM.

"I THOUGHT I was seated on such a beautiful stump of a tree, all over green moss, and with lovely flowers growing up about me, and great, broad oak boughs over my head; I began to say, 'Don't you see the oak?'"

"Tell me the rest; something wonderful; I can read it in your eyes."

"It was wonderful, father. I do believe an angel brought me the dream; and yet, would angels know anything about a little girl like me?"

"Yes, Amy; the hymn says of children, 'Their angels always stand before the throne,' which means that every child has a shining angel to watch over, and lead, and love, and comfort it."

"What! have I one—this very minute?"

"This very minute, dear; wherever your feet may tread, in darkness or in light, those heavenly eyes are sure to follow—the eyes of the angel by our Father's throne! When you are good, the dear, holy face that is watching you grows brighter; when you are wicked, it grows dark and scornful."

"I'm so glad you have told me, because I shall never be wicked again. And now I know it was my good angel whispered that wonderful dream in my ear while I slept. Do you want to hear it?"

Of course Amy's father wanted to hear it.

"I was walking in the woods all alone, I thought; but, you see, the angel was with me—all alone, in such a lovely place—with great, broad boughs above my head, and dear little flowers all around my feet. I had been walking far in the sun, and was tired, and sat down, as I told you, on a stump; and, oh, dear, how warm I was! I could not help thinking what a good time the birds had, with nothing to do but sing among the leaves, and the flowers with nothing to do but grow. The sun had only to shine; and the very black spiders on the ground had only to run about and take care of themselves. I thought it was not quite fair for me to be so warm, and tired, and sleepy, and wondered if our heavenly Father loved everything else better than his own children——"

"Oh, Amy!"

"I suppose it was wicked, but I did; and just then—what do you think, father? I seemed to have different eyes all at once, and could see not only the outside, but into the midst, and down to the roots of everything; and how changed they did look!"

"I can believe that; but go on," said Mr. Heartt.

"Everything was so at work! Even the broad leaves, that had stood as still as if they were growing in their sleep, even these were pushing and pulling the sap through a thousand little veins. It made me ache to see them all so busy."

"You need not have pitied them, my child; it is happiness for the leaves to work thus; they could not live if they rested."

"Exactly what the little man said."

"What man?"

"Oh, you must wait till I come to him. How all the trees worked! their roots ran as far under ground as

* From "The Summer House." Published by Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston.

their branches spread above; and down there in the dark they were pumping up water and feeling about for food to send along to the trunk; all the little trunk-veins took the food up to the boughs, and all the bough-veins took it along to the nuts and leaves; and then the leaf-veins carried it out to every little edge."

"That is what every tree does, Amy; every tree in the wood."

"But it's not all my trees did; the leaves seemed determined to give back as much as they took; and so they caught light and air, and drew them dancing along their center, and down the stem to the boughs; and the boughs were ready to take them down to the trunk; and the trunk passed them on to the roots, away so far under ground; and the roots made the air and sunshine into hard, tough fibers; wasn't that wonderful?"

"Yes, and it's true," said Amy's father; "true of every tree in the wood."

"Then I looked at a little plant, and there were roots, and stem, and leaves all at work again; crowding the earth away, drinking the soil, reaching up to the light. The buds were trying to open, and the petals inside of the buds were trying to color their cheeks; the sun was helping them, and the wind was shaking them lightly to finish the work."

"Was the wind at work?"

"Yes, even the wild wind had been caught in some way, and was driven on by a rider I could not see; when it went dashing over the ground, I looked, and every little grass-blade and moss-flake it passed was at work, so busily and patiently, with every tiny vein, and leaf, and stem, and root.

"Close by the stump some fern-leaves grew. I thought they'd be excused, they were so delicate; but, oh, dear! they did as much as the rest."

"Why do you say 'oh, dear?'"

"Because it made me feel ashamed when I found that the poor grass and leaves I trod on did so much more than I. Even these ferns, because they hadn't any stem to hold a flower, had covered the back of their leaves all over with little brown blossoms; and now came the wonder!

"My dress had blown against one of the ferns, and bent it down; it tried to rise again, but couldn't; then there sprang out from among the grass the queerest little creature, a real live man; but I never had a doll so small, nor half so pretty; he could skip like a grasshopper, or flutter up in the air like a butterfly."

"And what did he say?"

"Oh, he went to work, *of course.* Everything was working there. He caught the fern with his little hand, put his shoulder under the stem, and pushed, and pushed; but up it would not go; so he shook it till all the strings of little brown blossoms rang like so many sleigh-bells. Then ever and ever so many more tiny creatures came skipping into light. You never saw such dear little faces—oh, such plump, rosy cheeks, and such small hands, and such bright eyes, that sparkled like diamonds!"

"Wouldn't you like a doll after that pattern, Amy?"

"I don't think any doll could be like these, because they were alive, you see; and then they had such a look in their bright eyes, as if—oh, I can't tell, only I know what 'twas like."

"As if they could do something? As if they would finish what they began? As if they'd never sit down and say, 'Oh, dear, I'm tired?'"

"Why, how did you know, father?

That was the look exactly. Up went the fern-leaf in a minute now, but the first little fellow stood by the stem awhile, to be sure 'twas safe."

"And the others?"

"They all looked about for work, and soon found their hands full. A little lady, in a yellow gown, climbed the stem of a plant and unrolled one of the flower-buds; then she took a paint-box out of her bosom, and began to streak and shade the blossom with the prettiest pink color; and all the while she was humming to herself a song about the plant being young, and needing a pattern to finish her flowers by.

"Another of these curious people had some scissors, and he began to notch the leaves in a young elm-tree —to give that a pattern, I suppose. An ant came creeping along, dragging a heavy load; and two or three of the fairies caught it from her, and tossed it on, like a foot-ball, till it dropped safely into her nest.

AMY'S DREAM.

"Then a butterfly settled on a flower; he had been chased and almost caught by some rude boy; so his wings were all rough, and one of his legs was lame. It was funny to see the little people *barber* him; they pared and brushed the yellow feathers on his wings, and set new down in places that were bare; they curled his whiskers, and wrapped cool leaves about the limb that was hurt.

"I can't tell you half the things these small creatures found to do; some helped the acorns, and pine-cones, and the little flower-seeds to ripen; some took out chisels, and cut the bark on the trees into scales, and all manner of pretty patterns; some brought dew to a thirsty plant; some brought sunshine to a shady place; and there was I, doing nothing but watch them!"

Then she talked with one of the little men, who told her all about where they lived, and what they did, etc.

"After he had shown me hundreds of wonderful things, I asked him where he and his people came from, and if they hadn't any names. Then he looked at me with his wonderful sparkling eyes, and said, 'We are thoughts of God; he sends us by thousands and millions into the world to take care of his creatures. He tells us not to pass by the meanest thing—not a broken flower, or lame butterfly; if a sparrow falls dead on the ground, we close his eyes, and bury him, and plant sweet flowers on his grave.'

"'And do you spend all the time,' I said, 'in burying sparrows and combing butterflies' wings?'

"Then he said, in a low voice, 'We help men and women; we teach and comfort them all the time; but they don't seem to know it; even children are taught by us sometimes, and do not know it.' He looked straight at me with his diamond eyes, and I knew very well what he meant. So I awoke. How I wish I could dream the dream all over again!"

"You had better try first to live out the lesson which this taught; and then, perhaps, your angel will bring you a better dream."

"But, dear father, how can I live it out? I'm sure nothing would please me better than to have such beautiful thoughts, and send them wandering about the earth to help and comfort everything—even fern-leaves that break their stems, even poor grass when it is trying to grow."

"If the little man were here, he'd fix his eyes on you again, and, shall I tell you what he would say?"

"Oh, yes!"

"He would say, 'Dear Amy, you do not know what beautiful thoughts you might have—kind, loving, helpful thoughts; and in their train kind looks, good wishes, gentle words, and how much good you might do by sending these to wander about the earth——'"

"'But, little man,' I should say then, 'my thoughts have not feet and wings.'"

"And he would answer, 'Take care that you have the thoughts themselves, and they'll soon find their wings.' You do not know, Amy, what power there is in kind thoughts alone. There are angels on the earth, though we can not see them; and you do not know how ready these are always to fly with messages of love, and pity, and comfort. The poor child that goes in rags, while you wear this fine cambric, feels not quite so ragged, if, when you meet in the street, you love and pity her."

"But how can she tell that I love her?"

"Her angle stands before the throne.

She knows. These angels have swift wings. Believe me, dear, if, while running about at your play, you hear of some poor prisoner that pines in a far-off Austrian dungeon, and pity and long to help him, at that instant his chains grow less heavy, and he feels a sense of comfort as if a friend were near—as if you had stroked his cheek with your little hand, and told him you were sorry."

"Oh, then I shall fill my heart brimful of love and compassion," said Amy, clasping her hands, "so that the angels may never find it empty *when they come.*"

She did not forget this resolution; for whenever the little girl had a kind thought or feeling now, she could almost see the smiling face of her angel.

And when at length the kind thoughts led her to perform kind acts, the angel smiled more brightly still. Almost before Amy knew it, she loved to do any sort of work that would make others happier.

It is true, that in long summer days it was sometimes tedious to go through with all her duties; but, instead of complaining, she would think of the trees and flowers that labor on so cheerfully, and never ask to rest.

She found in a grove near her own house a mossy stump, with flowers growing about it, like the one she had seen in her dream; here Amy spent many an afternoon.

The woods had a lovelier look to her now, for she knew the hand of God had touched them; that he was watching every little leaf and spire of moss.

And when, after her play, she sat on the stump to rest, and looked about at the oak boughs and the waving ferns, she often felt as if the curious little men and women were near; she could all but see the twinkling of their bright eyes.

As Amy grew older, her heart kept brimming fuller and fuller of love. I think the angels hardly ever went away from her disappointed.

This earth was brighter because she lived. Not so many knew it here; but they knew it and rejoiced in heaven—the angels that always stand before our Father's throne!

SPRING.

There's a voice in the air that whispers of Spring,
And of life from the grave awakening;
A breath from a distant Summer clime,
That bears an odor of flower and vine;
The cloudless view of the western sky
Is softer and warmer to mine eye;
The icy chain that the stream hath bound,
By the Hand unseen, without a sound
Has been broken; its waters, turbid and dank,
Weep over the sides of its mossy bank;
And the roots of the violets pulsate and thrill,
And the lily bulbs, and the daffodil,
Each to the other touch and sing
Their morning song to the welcome Spring.

John R. Goodwin.

Gold.—The whole quantity of gold which has been extracted from the surface and bowels of the earth, from the earliest times to the present day, is estimated to be *nine thousand millions of dollars.*

TYRE.

THE CITIES OF OLD.

FREQUENT allusion is made, in the historical parts of the Bible, to places of great renown and splendor, many of which have so completely fallen to decay, that their ruins can scarcely be distinguished. Tyre is one of these. Its situation is known, but little remains, even in the form of ruins, to illustrate its ancient magnificence.

There were two cities of this name, both distinguished as chief cities of Phœnicia, or Phenice, a country lying between Syria on the north, and Judea on the south, on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. The Phœnicians are called Sidonians in Scripture. They were descendants of Ham, Sidon, the founder of the nation, being the eldest son of Canaan. Many suppose that the Africans are the descendants of Canaan, whom Noah cursed, and who in consequence of that curse were made black and inferior to their brethren. That this was not so, is clearly seen in Genesis x. 15–19.

Sidon was situated due west from Damascus, near the southern extremity of the Lebanon range of mountains. It is called by Joshua (xi. 8) Great Sidon, and that was 1400 years before Christ. It was the greatest commercial city in the world, at that time, and remained so for many ages. It was conquered by the Persians, 480 B. C., and by the Macedonians about 150 years after. The place is now called *Saipa.*

Long before these disasters, a colony had been planted at Tyre, about twenty-five miles farther down on the coast, which soon eclipsed the parent city. The first Tyre was built on the mainland, at what remote date we have no means of knowing. It is spoken of afterward, especially in the stories of David and Solomon, when Hiram was its king, between whom and the king of Israel a strong friendship subsisted. Hiram rendered great service to Solomon in building the temple, furnishing abundance of timber from Lebanon, and marble (or perhaps a white granite) from the quarries. About 400 years

afterward, this city was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. After a siege of thirteen years, the inhabitants reduced to desperation by famine withdrew to an island, about five miles distant, and laid the foundation of a new city, called *Island Tyre*. This soon eclipsed the mother city, and became the chief resort of trade. It had two harbors. In process of time the island was joined to the continent by a neck of land, on which a third city was erected; the three, however, may properly be considered one city. The island was very small, and now contains but forty acres of surface. In consequence of these narrow limits, the buildings were made very high. This city was completely destroyed by Alexander, and though rebuilt by him, never recovered its position or power.

The Prophets speak often of Tyre as a very wicked city, and denounce upon it terrible judgment, and another overthrow. Those who feel interested to know how Scripture prophecy is fulfilled, would do well to compare the language of these prophecies with any modern descriptions of Tyre. It is now called *Sur*.

The cities of Syria were remarkable for the magnificence of their architecture, and the wealth and luxury of their inhabitants. One of the most ancient and wonderful of them was Baalbec, called by the Greeks *Heliopolis*, or the City of the Sun. It was beautifully situated, at the foot of Mount Anti-Libanus, about thirty miles from the sea-coast, and about sixty miles northwest from Damascus. At what time, and by whom, this city was founded, it is impossible to say, its early history being entirely lost in obscurity. It has been supposed by many persons, and with some show of reason, though not without serious objections, that this was one of the stone cities, built by Solomon, in the wilderness—Kings ix. 18—the name Baalath corresponding very nearly with the ancient name of this

MODERN SIDON.

city. The advantages of its situation, both as an agreeable residence and as a mart of trade, account for its rapid growth and great splendor. The plains adjoining the city were well watered by beautiful streams descending from the mountains, and forming in their junction a considerable river, which flows into the Mediterranean, near Tyre. A great portion of the traffic of India passed through it, to Tyre, and was a source of prodigious wealth; for it was commerce carried on by caravans across the desert which built up and sustained all those magnificent places, which, because that same commerce has found an easier and cheaper channel through the sea, have all fallen into utter decay and ruin.

BAALBEC.

The ruins of Baalbec are very imposing and magnificent, even at this day. The principal edifice is known as the Temple of the Sun. Its dimensions are enormous, many of the columns now standing are upward of seventy feet in height. The stones used in the masonry of the walls are of equally gigantic proportions, some of these being fifty-eight feet long, and twelve feet through. By what mechanical power the architect contrived to raise such mighty masses, and fix them in their places, so that they have withstood the storms and violence of so many ages, is a mystery we are not able to solve. It is a work which would stagger the boldest artist of our own times.

The sculptures which adorn this edifice are as remarkable for their boldness and magnificent effect as the building itself. The architecture is mostly Corinthian, showing its present ruins to be of a date much later than that of Solomon. The material is a white granite which abounds in this vicinity.

A few thousand people, occupying miserable hovels, still dwell among these stupendous ruins, but knowing nothing of their design or history.

In the 18th verse of the 9th chapter of the 1st of Kings it is said that Solomon built Tadmor, in the wilderness, at the same time that he built Baalath. Tadmor, in Hebrew, signifies a palm tree, as palmyra does in Greek. Solomon was a great merchant, as well as a great king. And his object in building Tadmor was to accommodate his caravans

with a place of rest and refreshment, in crossing the great desert from the Euphrates to Tyre; which, during the friendly reign of Hiram, was his principal seaport on the west.

Tadmor was about twenty miles west of the Euphrates, and about one hundred miles east of Damascus. It was situated on an *oasis*, or green island in the midst of the desert. The site is level, inclosed on three sides by lofty eminences, and bounded on the fourth by a vast plain or sea of sand. Abundance of water is furnished from the hills; the air is salubrious, but the soil is barren, producing only a few palms, from which it derives its name.

Alexander, in his triumphant march to the East, conquered the place, and gave it the name of Palmrya. It afterward became subject to Rome. Its subsequent history, if it were not illustrated by the remarkable story of Zenobia, would possess but little interest. For that story, one of the highest romances of history, there is not room in this article. Many of our young readers are perhaps familiar with it. Those who are not, will find it worth their while to look after it and read it.

The ruins of Palmyra are among the wonders of the world. Its almost countless remains of architectural splendor claim for it the first attention among the famous monuments of past ages. It may be said to consist of a forest of Corinthian pillars, erect and fallen. So numerous are they, that the spectator is at a loss to reduce them to any order, or to conceive for what purpose they were assigned. We sometimes find a palace, of which nothing remains but the court and the walls; sometimes a temple, whose peristyle is half thrown down; and then a portico, or gallery, or triumphal arch. Here stand groups of columns, whose symmetry is destroyed by the fall of some of them; there, they are ranged in rows of such length, that like rows of trees they deceive the sight, and assume the appearance of solid walls. Whichever way we look, the earth is strewn with vast stones half buried with broken entablatures, mutilated friezes, disfigured relics, effaced sculptures, violated tombs, and altars defiled with dust. There also was a Temple to the Sun, whose ruins tower in sublime magnificence above all the rest.

RUINS OF PALMYRA.

ABOUT THE HORSE.

BY LAURA ELMER.

HOW he has been honored and loved—the noble horse—from time immemorial. How many instances does nearly every person know about, even if he has not experienced the same, of the tender affection between the man and the horse! How many families, where every member loved the good, faithful, and often brilliant creature, whose home was in the stable! The Arabian horses have the pre-eminence of all; and the confidence and love between them and their masters is surprising and beautiful withal. The curious tradition which the Arabs have about the origin of the horse is charming as poetry; and was agreeably told by a translated letter from Abdel Kader, which was printed in "Life Illustrated" a few weeks ago. I will quote a part of it:

"Know, then, that with us it is admitted that God created the horse out of the wind; and Adam out of the mud of the earth; and this doctrine can not be discussed! Many prophets (safety to them!) have proclaimed that when God contemplated the creation of the horse, he said to the south wind, 'I am about to make a creature of you—*condense thyself;*' and the wind *became condensed.* Then came the angel Gabriel, and took a handful of that condensed wind, and presented it to God, who formed a brown bay or brown chestnut (Koummite red, mixed with black), saying, 'I have called thee Horse—(Frass). I have created thee Arab. I have given thee the *Koummite color!* I have attached happiness to the hair which falls between thy eyes. Thou shalt be lord (Sid) of all animals—men shall follow you wherever you go! Good for pursuit as for flight, you shall fly without wings! Wealth shall ever rest upon your back, and good shall ever wait upon you.' God then marked him with a sign of glory and happiness—the *gloria a pelate*, or blaze, on the head, and a star in the middle of the forehead."

We can not but say after reading this, "Poor omnibus horses of New York, how little were ye thought of then!"

I have known of one faithful horse who seemed as one of the family who owned him. The good creature has gone to his rest, but he is not forgotten. His name was Bob. After his master became aged and infirm, Bob seemed to understand all about it; would you look in his eye, you would feel sure that he knew it all. It was wonderful to see how long he would wait, though not deficient in mettle, quieting even the muscles of his body, for the old gentleman to get in and out, of his open wagon, when he rode for air and gentle exercise. When his master died at last, Bob followed him to his grave; and then became the trusty creature in the harness for the family; and heartily was he cherished by them all, they ever saying that he was more human than horse! I don't know indeed why he

shouldn't have been good with such invariably kind treatment as he received. Good treatment to any one, animal or human, is like planting good seed, which *will* bring forth good fruit.

After some months had passed, Bob was taken ill, and it was very sad that he must die, as he did die. It was discovered that he was lame, and finally that his leg was broken. The bone had been diseased, and became brittle—of course he must die. Everything was done that could be done, but he grew worse, and it became necessary to take his life—that astonishing life that is so easily taken away.

You would have thought one of the family was sick, so much were they all affected, and speaking with hushed voices. On Bob's last night, when it appeared as if he could not keep up the limb another moment, his new master, who had a thousand cares—addresses and speeches to make for the people; causes to argue in the court; hosts of letters to answer, etc., found in his great, good heart that he had time and opportunity, and he went out with a lantern to the stable, after ten o'clock, although it was rainy and very dark, and spoke soothingly to the suffering old creature! I could never forget *that*. I *know* it was a comfort to Bob. The next day he was killed by bleeding, as the least painful method. A piece of bone was taken from his leg after death, which they preserve yet in the house. He was carefully buried under a young sycamore tree near the barn; and the grave covered with fallen leaves, in the rich tints of early November.

I was there; and sharing the feeling of the family, I wrote some verses, which I give you. You will see how he was regarded there, perhaps, better from them, than my story. You would hear now the same feelings expressed by every one, with subdued voice and manner.

POOR BOB.

Poor Bob—less horse than human-hearted,
Alas, for thee the tear has started—
Thou'rt lying stiff, thy life departed.
Alas, poor Bob!

Good Bob—thy work how can we measure?
We can't indeed by golden treasure—
Thou'rt in our hearts a mournful pleasure:
Alas, poor Bob!

Thou faithful, docile, kind old creature,
Goodness was on thy every feature,
Thou fleet of limb and noble stature—
Alas, poor Bob!

How thou did'st curb thy native mettle,
And into perfect meekness settle,
Thy master's quiet not to nettle—
Alas, poor Bob!

And warmly all thy worth was noted—
Here in thy home all on thee doted,
And thy good deeds were often quoted—
Alas, poor Bob!

Oh, did'st thou prize this kindly dealing,
This genial influence ever-healing—
This never breaking, still annealing?
Ah, happy Bob!

Oh, yes; when came thy hour of sorrow,
When over thee hung no to-morrow,
From these thou did'st some comfort borrow,
Thou dying Bob!

Kind hands have used their utmost
To sooth thee in thy trial hour, [power
When heaviest of nights did lower—
Alas, poor Bob!

Thy grave is 'neath the sycamore—
Its life shall genial spring restore—
But wondrous life shall nevermore
Be thine, poor Bob!

A LESSON AT THE BEE-HIVE.

Oh, busy bee,
Come tell to me
Who taught you so to work;
How could you know
That honey's flow
Within the flowers did lurk?

Come tell to me,
Who taught you, bee,
The honeycomb to build;
And make each cell
A golden well,
With golden sweetness filled.

I'll tell to thee,
Oh, busy bee;
'Twas God who gave you skill,
In sunny hours
To suck the flowers,
For wax your thighs to fill.

A lesson, bee,
I'll learn of thee—
Each moment I'll improve;
And every day,
Well as I may,
Gain wisdom as I rove.

Laura Elmer.

A Short Creed.—A skeptical young man one day conversing with the celebrated Dr. Parr, observed that he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

A man may not be truly happy here without a well-grounded hope of being happy hereafter.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

"SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY." —Such was the brief, expressive sentiment which a friend wished us to add to an obituary notice of one "who was gone before." What better tribute could be offered to the memory of the loved and lost? Eloquence with her most lofty eulogy, poesy with her thrilling dirge, could find nothing so sweet, so touching, so suggestive of the virtues of the dead, as those simple words: "She always made home happy."

A GOOD REPLY.—"There goes a turn-coat," cried a politician not long ago, from inside a store, to a farmer who was passing at the time in a loaded wagon. "What would you have?" replied the farmer; "would you have a man wear his coat the wrong side out all day because he happened to put it on so in the morning?"

RUDOLPH says, that once upon a time a colored cook expected company, of her own kind, and was at a loss how to entertain her friends. It was at a time of the year when eggs and butter were high; and the colored folks generally are at the expense of "extras" for their own company. Her mistress said—

"Chloe, you must make an apology."

"Lors! missus, how can I make it? I got no eggs, nor butter, nor nothing to make it with."

NEARLY eighteen tons of human hair are annually worked into wigs and other fabrics, by civilized nations.

SHEEP AND SHIP.

IF unluckily you should by chance get into a dispute, the best way is to stop short, and ask your antagonist to enter into a consideration of what the point of debate is. This is apt to have a cooling effect on both parties, and to result in a clear understanding of the real question.

A few years since I happened to be traveling in a stage-coach, where, among half a dozen passengers, there were a Frenchman and an Englishman. There seemed to be a sort of cat-and-dog feeling between them; for if one opened his lips, the other was sure to fly at the observation

with the teeth and claws of dispute. As we were driving along, the Englishman spoke of a sheep he had seen in some foreign land, with a tail so long as to drag upon the ground. Thereupon the Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, curled his lip, lifted his eyebrows, and took a pinch of snuff.

"What do you mean by that?" said the Englishman, not a little nettled at the contemptuous air of his rival.

"Vat do I mean?" said the latter; "I means dat a sheap has not got von tail at all."

"A sheep han't got a tail, ha?" said the Englishman.

"No, not von bit!" said the Frenchman.

"Well, this comes from eating frogs," said John Bull. "What can you expect of a man who eats frogs? You say a sheep hasn't got a tail. I tell you, mounseer, a sheep *has* got a tail."

"Pardon, monsieur," said the other, with a polite bow, yet with a very sneering expression; "I say de sheap has no tail, not von bit."

By this time the parties were greatly excited, and we can not say what might have happened had not one of the passengers asked the Frenchman what he meant by a *sheap?*"

"Vat do I means by *sheap?* vy, I means one big larsh thing with sails and rudder, that goes upon de sea."

"Oh, ho," said the Englishman; "you mean a ship."

"Oui, monsieur," was the reply; "I mean one sheap that has de captain and de sailors, and vot goes on de vater."

"Very well, sir," says the Englishman; "I mean a *sheep*, a creature of four legs, and covered with wool."

"Ah, you mean von *sheep* vit de vool," said the other. "Oui, oui, monsieur; de sheep vit de vool has de tail."

This incident taught me a lesson, and I give it gratis to my readers—if they ever get into controversy, let them consider whether one of the parties does not mean a *ship* and the other a *sheep*.

When Algernon Sydney was told he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his handwriting—he said, "When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to a falsehood."

A Sell.—"Well, sir," said a San Franciscan to another, "*I* have a wife and six children in New York, and I never saw one of them."

"Ah! were you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Marry a widow, sir?"

"No, sir."

"H'm!—Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children, and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir, I so stated it."

"Pray, sir, how *can* that be?"

"Why, sir, *one of them* was born after I left."

From impure air we take disease; from bad company, vice and imperfection.

Did men govern themselves as they ought, the world would be well disciplined.

To-morrow.—This is the day on which idle men work, and fools reform.

Formality.—The more polished the society is, the less formality there is in it.

THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Air:—"Jeannette and Jeannot."

If you wish to make the pudding in
which every one delights,
Of a dozen new-laid eggs you must
take the yolks and whites;
Beat them well up in a basin till they
thoroughly combine,
And shred and chop some suet up particularly fine;

Take a pound of well-stoned raisins,
and a pound of currants dried,
A pound of pounded sugar, and a pound
of peel beside;
Stir them all up well together with a
pound of wheaten flour,
And let them stand to settle for a
quarter of an hour;

Then tie the pudding in a cloth, and
put it in the pot—
Some people like the water cold, and
some prefer it hot;
But though I don't know which of
these two methods I should praise,
I know it ought to boil an hour for
every pound it weighs.

Oh! if I were Queen of France, or, still
better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have a Christmas pudding every
day I dined at home;
And as for other puddings, whatever
they might be,
Why those who like the nasty things
should eat them all for me.

Reason for an Exchange.—An Irish lieutenant, who had exchanged from the twenty-fourth regiment to the thirty-second, was asked what induced him to do so? "Because," said he, "I had a brother in the thirty-first, and I wanted to be near him."

The Dutch have this good proverb—that thefts never enrich, alms never impoverish, nor prayers hinder any work.

We clip the following article on "Gumption" from *Carrington's Commissionaire:*

We certainly have some expressive words among what are called "Americanisms." "Gumption" is one of them. No dictionary contains it; every Yankee knows what it is. To venture a definition we might describe it as a first-class common-sense, with a spring in it. Circumstances touch the spring, and it operates. But an illustration best explains it. Here is one; one of those cases where everybody exclaims, *afterward*, "Just the idea! why didn't somebody think of it before?"

Our mechanics have made our farmers and others familiar with the labor-saving powers of small and cheap windmills on land. Why not use them at sea? There is "power" for them there, if anywhere.

The Cork *Reporter* tells of a ship arrived lately at Queenstown, in distress. She sprang a leak at sea, so badly that all hands at the pumps were insufficient to keep her free. Every one knows how severe and exhausting is such labor under such circumstances. In this strait, the captain, Adam John Bray, bethought him of a wind-mill pump to relieve his crew, and having a smart carpenter—Wm. Foulkes—on board, forthwith put his idea into practice, rigged his wind-mill, and with it kept his ship afloat for a hundred days, until she reached port.

Gumption in this case comes under the head of what Marryatt so well describes as "nautical resource." We deem it worth while to add our mite toward chronicling the incident, for the good it may do hereafter in cases of similar misfortune to any of our readers.

LETTER TO

MY DAUGHTER MARGARETTA,

WITH A SET OF MERRY'S MUSEUM.

I.

My daughter! 'tis no gift of gold,
And jewels torn from Orient mine,
That pride or avarice hangs around
The gorgeous, glittering shrine.
But, dear one, 'tis a gift of worth,
More precious than mere shining earth;
When it must melt in that last fire,
My present, like a deathless lyre,
Shall sound the *truth*, and grandly be
A denizen of eternity!

II.

For only on its pages look;
Are they not of the *soul* a nurse,
A beautifier, and a key
To this great universe?
What *facts* upon the spirit start!
What sweet tales purify the heart!
What sentiments, as pure as flowers
By angels kissed in Eden bowers,
Lift up the soul to spheres that shine
Spotless, and nearest the Divine!

III.

O see how bright-eyed Merry leaps,
Free as a glad bird's graceful wing;
Through *Nature's* own God-given paths—
To sweet youth minist'ring!
O how he takes each little hand
In his, and leads through every land!
How mild, but firm, his voice that tells
Of Nature's own miraculous spells
In ocean, mountain, vale, and sky,
Spreading with Heaven's own love on high!

IV.

My daughter! then, wilt thou not hold
My gift more precious than all mines?
Dost thou not see its essence glow
On *spiritual* shrines?
My darling one! O let its light
Pierce ignorance's brooding night;
And show the commonest wave and sod
Made glorious by the breath of God;
So shalt thou live—clear-minded, good,
A gem of perfect womanhood!

William Ross Wallace.

PROVERBS.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE patriarchs before the flood, who lived nine hundred years, scarcely provided for a few days; and we, who live but a few days, provide at least for nine hundred years.

The fool has his heart on his tongue; the wise man keeps his tongue on his heart.

God never said to any man, Thy sins are forgiven thee, without adding, Sin no more.

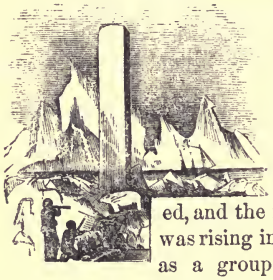
Every event which causes a tear is accompanied by another which produces a smile.

A man deceives another but once.

"I see in this world," said John Newton, "two heaps of human happiness and misery; now, if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a half-penny, and if by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this."

There is no work of art which can do greater honor to the talents and taste of a married woman, and which she ought more readily to polish, than —her daughter.

THE DEATH OF THE FROGS.



T was a warm evening in April, sunlight had just departed, and the full moon was rising in the east, as a group of little ones gathered around the open door to hear the croaking of the frogs, and enjoy the wild beauty of a warm moonlight evening, after the long, dreary winter.

Just then Aunt Patty appeared among them; "Oh! Aunty," said one little curly-head, "did you ever hear a story about frogs? You tell stories about horses, and dogs, and birds, and everything else—do tell us one about frogs!" And to please the little ones Aunt Patty *improvised* the following:

One summer day, when frogs could talk,
Some little boys went out to walk,
And spied, among the miry bogs,
Some pretty green and speckled frogs.
The boys, with stones, began to pelt them—
As you might know, the frogs soon felt them,
And cried, with tender, piteous moan,
"Oh! boys, we pray let us alone!
Our lives are dear, we do no harm,
Why, then, do you us so alarm?"
"For sport," they cried; "we want some fun,
So, boys, *let's at them*, every one!"
And soon around the miry bogs,
Where sported late the harmless frogs,
The bloody water ran between,
And bruised and broken limbs were seen;
While the frogs cried, with dying breath,
"To you, 'tis sport—to us, 'tis death!"

M. A. L.

FARMINGTON, CT.

WHAT I LIKE.

"I'D RATHER see the rose's pleasant hue,
Than acres broad of wormwood or of rue;
Would rather hear the music of a laugh,
Than dismal croakings like an epitaph;
Would rather see a smile light up the face,
Than Care's rude crow's-foot marring all its grace;
And hence have striven, with all my simple art,
To keep the clouds from settling round the heart;
To draw the mind from somberness and shade,
To pleasant places where the sun has played;
Meeting the dismal with its fearful gloom,
By holding up its opposite of bloom;
And this one truth I've e'er found manifest,
That men, like bees, have loved the flowers the best."

HIGH STEAM.—Who was that alliterative orator that, in speaking of the Pacific Railroad so "highfalutin'ly" touched off the locomotive, and foretold the time when we should see the "bellowing bison bound in blind bewilderment before the *boiling Behemoth*, bestridden by his begrimmed rider"—meaning the engineer perhaps?

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

HOLD, there, on the left! don't be too eager to speak. We will give you a chance, if we can; but we are so crowded for room and time, that the speakers must be few and very brief—now, one at a time, and cut off all excrescences. Condense, or the hatchet will curtail you to exceedingly small dimensions.

BRISTOL, CT., *Dec.* 24, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I am a bird of paradise from the Celestial Empire. Will you please let me in? I should love to be introduced to the 20,000, for I think it is delightful to have cousins. Don't the table "tip" sometimes, with so many around it? FANNY R. P.

No, Fanny, our table never *tips;* but you are a tip-top little birdie—a regular Peet-weet—and welcome to a perch and to a full share of the crumbs.

MACLURA, TENN., *Dec.*, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—May I come in and take a seat in the Chat? or if you haven't a spare seat, mayn't I stand up? I would like very much to enter your circle—kiss Aunt Sue and the Uncles, shake hands with the dear Merrys, and make myself at home generally. May I? Last year I took the MUSEUM as a Christmas present for my little sister, and she sometimes says to me, "I had a great many nice Christmas presents last year, Sissie, but yours was the best of all." I, too, enjoy reading it very much. Hawthorn, I am glad you like the Yankee girls; but now, honor bright, are they as good as the girls "Out West?" Just give me your candid opinion. I won't tell anybody.

Sybil Grey, you're a darling. If I didn't know better, I should say you were a Southerner. I like Lizzie G., too, and Black-Eyes is a "rale ginuwine article." I am, moreover, a warm admirer of Mr. Oliver Onley (as I am a new-comer, I suppose I must be very deferential), and Mr. A. Older, and the great and renowned Mr.—I was going to say—W. H. C., but don't think I will, as I don't like to be *exactly* like everybody else. Your loving niece,

GAZELLA.

February 11.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I wish to know when you passed over the Central Ohio Railroad; for I have been over that route several times lately, and possibly I may have traveled many miles with you without knowing it.

Mrs. Eyes, you are wofully mistaken if the idea ever entered your head, that I would be likely to prove a follower of Brown's. You doubt the bravery of the Southerners, then. Well, I'll forgive you for *your extreme* ignorance, my Older cousin. I *was* truly grateful for the beheading Uncle Hiram gave me—why, I guess I would have had Fleta, B. E., and all the rest of the Northern cousins, down on me *instanter*. By-the by, where is Fleta? I guess sh—oh, lor! there's that hatchet!

In haste, your nephew,

HAWTHORN.

About the first of November. H. H.

March 1, 1860.

Here I come into the Chat again—please make way for me to approach the Presidential Chair. How d'ye do, Uncles most respected? How d'ye do, beloved Auntie? I'm delighted to see you all looking so well. Now I'll say a few words to my cousins. Thank you for your kisses, dear "Fleta." I will return them with a hearty goodwill. I assure you, my fear of you vanished as soon as you appeared and I saw your pleasant face. No, "Oliver," I don't feel a bit afraid, when I contemplate you as you looked the last time I saw you.

It *was too bad*, wasn't it, Black-Eyes, for Uncle Hi to pass you by in that style? If I were you I would chastise him—verbally, or otherwise.

Where in the world is "Flib?" Haven't seen her (or him) for a long while.

"Hazel-Eyed-Johnnie," when are you going to tell us about the cottongins?

W. H. C., I like you DECIDEDLY. With Pertine's advice, I will send you a "hearty shake."

Uncle Hatchet, if you cut off my messages, any of them, you will receive a scolding from DAISY WILDWOOD.

FREMONT, *Feb.*, 1860.

BRO. MERRY:—As there is quite an accumulation of squibs, rockets, torpedoes, popguns, bombs, and other infernal machines, in the way of flings by various members of your mischievous family at my hoary-headed self (I have always supposed gray hairs venerable), I will, with your permission, attend to them—the flings, I mean—for it would take a generation of aged patriarchs like myself to keep your 20,000 nephews and nieces in order.

On the principle of, "Tickle me, Billy, and I'll tickle you," I shout, hurrah for Oliver Onley! Fleta, where did you learn that I talk politics? You hit the nail squarely, as to the B. W., only I never lost a wife. "Try, try again!" Harry must be a linguist. Wonder if he can translate the following return of a certain legal functionary: Jozevus Ballibus—non comeatibus in swampo. Miss Nellie, don't you know that printers' rules are as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians; and when you are requested not to do a thing, it is the height of contributory presumption to interpose a "why?" Does C. F. W. think we look alike? Young Joe can not be my son, for the simple reason that I am childless. Well, there! it beats me! but I think S. W., Jr., should be crowned poet laureate. Right welcome, Louise E. F., though your coming revives sad memories. Cornelius, I fear you are too late—Nip is no more—heard from! Compliments to Mrs. B. E. & Co.—really, ought you not to possess more Union-saving-ism these perilous times? Wouldn't it be a curiosity to see—Minnie chopping a race with Bro. Hiram? Ha! ha! ha! it makes me roar to think of it. My sentiments exactly, Adelbert—not too much of the hatchet is a good thing.

My profoundest gratitude and politest bow to her Superlative Excellency, Aunt Susan, for that very delicate compliment. I send herewith some of those "spicy things."

Heartily agreeing with W. H. C.'s last paragraph, I am, sir,

Fraternally yours, J. J., B. W.

PEACH GROVE, *Dec.* 8, 1859.

O dear, O dear! Why won't they let *me* in? Here I have been, for nearly a year, standing just at the very door, ready to walk right in, give dear Aunt Sue a kiss, shake hands with Uncle Merry, and make a most respectful bow to Mr. Hatchet, and promise to behave my very prettiest—and alas! alas! no one will deign even to *look* at me. "What can the reason be?" It may be because I am so little. If I were only *sixteen* instead of *nine*, no doubt I should be welcome; even Mr. Willie H. C. himself would extend his hand, and with a most gracious smile give up his own enviable seat!

Well, I am determined I will no longer be an *outsider*. I am tired of this peeping and dodging.

I will "try, try again." But I wish I were not so timid; my hand trembles so when I knock, and "the circle" is so "merry," and keeps up such a "chattering," I fear I shall not be heard. I have twice asked Uncle Merry, but not a look could I get. As for Aunt S., I declare, they cluster so closely around her I can't see even her spectacles or cap. But there stands Uncle Hatchet; he does not look so bright or sharp either; and though I know he must be somewhat *cold* and *iron-hearted*, I will give one loud, long call to him. Now then—Uncle Hi———ram!! will you let me come into "the Chat," and be one of your happy family? If you will, you shall hear again from

BUSY BEE.

NEW YORK, *March* 6, 1860.

UNCLE ROBERT:—Decidedly, the February MUSEUM was the most *brilliant* ever published; and though riches *will* take to themselves wings (of fire) and flee away (in smoke), yet congratulate yourself, my dear Uncle, that never before was the MUSEUM so thoroughly *read*—hot.

You may snip out the preceding if you like. No doubt you will receive a score or two of letters, containing the above puns, which most people (like myself) who can't make their own, always keep on hand for such occasions. But I couldn't resist the opportunity.

Does "Joyful" consider "being remembered," equivalent to "sending love?" I don't.

Perhaps, Lizzie G., if you could see me, your fear would vanish (eh, Uncle H.?). I must *massacre* you a wee bit, however, for doing the same to the President's English, in spelling that word, "massa*cer*." This is out-Web-

stering Webster; in whom, nevertheless, I devoutly believe.

Shall I offend anybody by what I am going to say? It is only this: Haven't the "basket," the "hatchet," and the "20,000" been going the rounds long enough? Haven't we all had our "shy" at them? Wouldn't it be well to restore the property to the original owners (Uncle Hiram claiming the first, and I the last), who will gladly consign it to the dark closet of oblivion? What say?

WILLIE H. COLEMAN

Hush! I think I hear "a gentle tapping at the door." Some new-comer, almost too late to participate in our Chat, and quite too late for a welcome from Uncle Hiram. But here they come, two of them, and all the way from California—no wonder they are late; but welcome, nevertheless, as the violets that come with them.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., *Feb.* 11, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:—How do you do? Shake hands with me, if you can. While you were traveling to the West, you did not come to see me. Will you permit me to become your niece. I have taken the MUSEUM for two years. My mother and father like your magazine very much, and so do I. Please introduce me to Mattie Bell, Blue-Bell, and all of my cousins. Good-bye.

From your affectionate niece,

ARETHUSA A. SLATER.

As Uncle Hiram has just gone, another uncle takes the little palm that is extended from beyond the Rocky Mountains, and will say for him that he would gladly have extended his journey, had not those same untamed mountains frowned so darkly, and lifted their backs so high that prudence forbade his nearer approach, even though all the coast beyond them was *Pacific*.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., *Feb.* 7, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:—I am longing to become your niece. Can you permit me to become one of your number? There is a little girl that lives in the same house with me. She takes the MUSEUM—so do I. By-the-by, if you will not deem me impertinent, why do you not tell us something more about Jack and his adventures? I have wished to write to you before, but I have not had the courage to do it, just like another person. Please don't use your "hatchet" when this letter—or rather note—arrives. Don't try to shorten it any. Give my love to all of my cousins (with their permission I will call them so), my uncles, and Aunt Sue.

Your affectionate niece,

MARY HAYES.

P. S.—Tell me if you have any subscribers in California, and whom. M. H.

We have a goodly list in California, dear Mary, but we will not tell you who they are; perhaps if you should ask such of your acquaintances if *they* are not of the number, it might increase our list. The "hatchet" is not chargeable with the clipping from these letters, but our limits made it unavoidable.

NEW YORK, *Jan.* 11, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Observing that my "coming out," as you pleasantly termed my wished-for introduction to the Chat, met with so cordial a reception, I am half inclined to believe you not so "grim" after all, and I retract every word, remaining sadly conscious of being very disrespectful, in the first place, to have called you *Old* Hatchet, and in the second, to have said you smiled *grimly*. I think there must be a lack of veneration in my composition, but as "'tis never too late to mend," I will endeavor not to again be guilty of the same indiscretion, and also to cultivate my bump of reverence. Please consider the apology sufficient, for I fear if you do not, one *sharp* look from the hatchet would too surely sever the slender existence of BLUE BELL.

If I ever smiled grimly on a Blue Bell I certainly shall never do it again, unless it should be to provoke to just such a letter as this.

TALLAHASSEE MISSION, *Nov.* 17, 1859.
CREEK AGENCY, ARK.

DEAR UNCLES MERRY AND HATCHET:—Why don't you let us have *your* portraits? We have Uncle Frank's and Peter Parley's, and would like yours

also (I am sure I would). Won't you let us have them?

Your affectionate nephew,
ROBERT H. LOUGHRIDGE.

When we get to be as famous and honored as Peter Parley and Uncle Frank, we *may* sit for our portraits. At present you will have to put up with such *poor traits* as we are able to show you at our monthly meeting.

R. M. AND H. H.

SOCIAL CIRCLE, GA., *Nov.* 18, 1859.

What a "terrible fatality" my letters to the "Chat" have met with of late! I commenced this epistle with a strong notion of trying my "scolding" powers, but the remembrance of the merciless "hatcheting" which I received "once upon a time" for daring to indulge in that relieving pastime, drives the very thought from my cerebrum.

I think it should be "pen*woman*ship," "when a lady writes," but *custom* declares the contrary.

"Sybil Grey"—I predict that you will soon be *the* "bright particular star."

"Carrie"—The next time your airy chariot sails over the "Chat," just let fall a shower—of kisses.

"R. M. B."—I fully agree with you 'bout that "deficiency in the magazine."

"Original Bess."—Pardon me, but I think that enigma of yours very simple—because the letters were repeated too often. CORNELIUS M. GIBBS.

Welcome to our "social circle," Cornie. With sunny smiles from the sunny South, welcome.

LONGMEADOW, *Dec.* 5, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—I must say that Uncle Hiram's "hatchet" *is* rather sharp, for he cut my letter all in pieces, and only left one little bit. I think—well, no matter, I think you will excuse me. The earth is now covered with "a mantle of snow," and I have been tramping about in it and having some "good times." Why! I never wrote so long a letter to you before, and so I must stop. My love to the cousins.

Your friend, JENNIE DICKENS.

SOMETHING FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—We would call the attention of our many readers to the advertisement of our friend James Pyles' Dietetic Saleratus, which will be found among our advertising pages. We have long tried it, and can cheerfully recommend it as the cheapest and best article now in use. It makes healthy bread, and our womenfolks say they couldn't think of getting along without it. Try it for yourselves.

WE are happy to learn from Messrs. Dayton & Co., publishers of the beautiful engraving of Thorwaldsen's group of "Christ and His Apostles," that orders are flowing in for the prints in large numbers, and not a few from among the readers of the MUSEUM. It grows more and more interesting to us every time we look upon it.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

I should like to introduce a new feature to this department, in the shape of "Definitions." Each month I will give some words to be defined, and I hope *all* will feel sufficiently interested to send a definition; witty, comical, grave, poetic, or sublime; we rather like variety.

Come Grandfather, Mother, Aunt, Uncle, Father, Cousin, join in; I trust you will find the employment profitable as well as amusing. Let me give you some specimens.

MISCHIEF.

The serpent in the bowers of Paradise.
The employment of idleness.

SOLITUDE.

Wholesome food for the soul.
One in a thousand.
A man alone with the one he loves best, etc.

This month I will give you—

MERCY, TONGUE, VENERATION, RESPECTABLE.

Carrie T. Warner has fairly won the prize for solutions to the Feb. puzzles; and her letter is dated so thoroughly ("Freeport, Stephenson Co., Ill."), that I shall lose no time in sending it. So send to the post-office immediately, Carrie.

I offer the same prize again, for the greatest number of answers to enigmas, etc., in the March number.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

34. I am composed of 24 letters:
My 4, 8, 24 is what we all pride ourselves upon possessing.
My 12, 16, 9, 20 is a place often mentioned in the Bible.
My 10, 3, 1, 7, 21 is comfortable in cold weather.
My 2, 5, 14, 17 is a part of a mountain.
My 23, 18, 13, 3, 19 is a small animal.
My 11, 22, 15, 6 is an envelop.
If you do not choose to follow the advice of my whole, you can do the other thing. *N. D. White.*

(That remark is not so saucy as it seems to be.—A. S.)

35. I am composed of 12 letters:
My 2, 3, 5, 8 is a domestic animal.
My 1, 9, 10, 6, 4 is to separate.
My 12, 11, 1, 7 none could live without.
My whole is a disease.
Willie Johnson.

36. I am composed of 27 letters:
My 22, 13, 17, 12, 19, 24, 6, 16, 12 is a tree well known to druggists.
My 17, 1, 9, 10, 27 is an article used mostly in winter.
My 26, 5, 20 is a river in the United States.
My 1, 25, 8, 11, 22 is a New York daily paper.
My 18, 23, 1 is a small animal.
My 15, 3, 25, 7 is a town in New York State.
My 2, 4, 21, 14, 17, 27 is a vehicle.
My whole is one of Benjamin Franklin's maxims.
"*Stars and Stripes.*"

37. My first is something of a goodly size,
That through the vale with deafening racket flies;
My next a darling, precious, lovely dear—
Its cherub face we wish forever near;
My whole with cost and care is often
In every house; no more need now be said. *Pahnon.*

38. Entire, I am a wizard spell;
Behead me, and I then will tell
An injury, 'tis true;
One letter from this latter take,
And the remaining ones will make,
You'll find, a part of you.
Adelbert Older.

39. Two hundred, less fifty,
With ten, less a three,
Arranged in right order,
Show what all should be.
Oliver Onley.

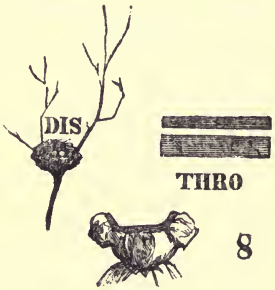
40. Names of counties in Ohio enigmatically expressed.
1. A forest.
2. Firm, and a preposition.
3. An elevated position, and a country.
4. To select, an article, and a road.
5. Beautiful, and a portion of land.
6. A writer of our times. *Frank.*

41. Why is a man kicking his son William, like a man paying a treat for a large crowd? *G. B. D.*

42. Arrange the 9 digits in three rows, having three in a row, in such a manner that when added either horizontally, perpendicularly, or diagonally, the sum will be 15.
George B. Higbee.

43. My first is a verb of imperative mood;
My next you may find running through the green wood;
An article useful will tell you my third;
My whole is an animal, of which p'raps you've heard.
It is strong, although small; in Africa found,
Living now among trees, and now on the ground;
Much dreaded by those who follow the chase,
And it closely resembles the human race. *Leon.*

44. Hieroglyphical Rebus.



Answers to Questions in Feb. No.

15. A rolling stone gathers no moss. Ans. by *Frank*, *C. H. John*, *Cricket*, *Oliver Onley*, *L. A. D.*, *Bob*, *A. A. Ford*, *Anna Jones*, *Sarah B. Leverett*, *Carrie T. Warner*, and *Ellie A. Mather*.

16. Elisha Kent Kane. Ans. by *C. H. John*, *Cricket*, *Oliver Onley*, *Frank*, *L. A. D*, *Bob*, *Anna Jones*, *Sarah B. Leverett*, *C. T. Warner*, and *E. A. Mather*.

17. Springfield. Ans. by *C. H. John*, *Cricket*, *Oliver Onley*, *Garrison S.* (or *L.*), *L. A. D.*, *Bob*, *A. A. Ford*, *Anna Jones*, *S. B. Leverett*, *C. T. Warner*, *Frank*, and *E A. Mather*.

18. Lawsuit. Ans. by *Geo. B. Higbee*, only.

19. 1. Deferential. 2. Penetrates. 3. Speculate. 4. Signatures. 5. Penetrated. 6. Despair. Ans. by *Carrie T. Warner*, and in part by *C. H. John*, *Oliver Onley*, *S. B. L.*, and *E. A. M.*

20. He wishes to be admitted to the bar. Ans. by *Cricket*, *Frank*, *A. A. Ford*, *E. A. M.*, and *C. T. W.*

21. Fill the 5 qt. measure with water, then fill the 3 qt. measure out of it, leaving two qts. in the 5 qt. measure; throw the water out of the 3 qt. measure, and pour into it the 2 qts. that were in the 5 qt. measure. Now fill the 5 qt. measure, and fill the 3 qt. measure out of it, which will leave 4 qts. in the 5 qt. measure. Ans. by *Myrtle*, *C. H. John*, *Cricket*, *Oliver Onley*, *L. A. D.*, *A. A. Ford*, *S. B. L.*, *C. T. W.*, and *E. A. M.* *G. B. Higbee* ingeniously suggests, that we fill each measure half full, and get the half by tilting the measure till the water is even with the top and bottom edges.

22. 1. Everlasting. 2. Elder. 3. Lilac. 4. Magnolia. Ans. by *Oliver Onley* and *Carrie T. Warner*, in part by *Myrtle*, *C. H. John*, *Cricket*, *L. A. D.*, *A. A. Ford*, *Anna Jones*, *S. B. L.*, and *E. A. M.*

23. Scrape—crape—rape—ape. Ans. by *Oliver Onley*, *Anna Jones*, *Geo. B. Higbee*, and *Sarah B. Leverett*.

24. A lie has no legs, but scandal has wings. (Al eye ha snow legs butts candle ha swings.) Ans. by *Frank*, only. (Those "four hogsheads" or "butts" were the stumbling-blocks.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Myrtle.—Welcome to our ranks.

Cricket.—Your reading of the hieroglyphic rebus was very ingenious, "but" not quite correct, as you will see.

J. H. D.—You sent no answer with your enigma. We should scarcely call a "bee" an *animal*.

Anna Jones.—Yes, dear; you may have all the help you can get. Ask "father" to send some "definitions." All letters addressed to "Aunt Sue, care of J. N. Stearns & Co.," reach me safely. Why didn't you answer No. 21?

Sarah B. Leverett.—Tell "Johnnie" he is a clever little fellow.

Carrie T. Warner.—You were not too late, as we give puzzlers two months to guess in.

J. J. or "*F. F.*" (?)—Thank you for your kind invitation. Yours is the only letter I have received this month minus puzzles, or answers to them; why did you not join in?

Parvus.—Thank you for your enigmas, etc., but why did you refrain from sending the answers you speak of?

Ellie A. Mather.—Glad you have spoken at last. Don't give it up.

Lutetia.—See remarks to *Anna Jones* and *Carrie T. Warner*.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Bob*, *Oliver Onley*, *L. A. D.*, *Lutetia*, *A. A. Ford*, *Jack*, *Geo. B. Higbee*, and *Gertrude*.

Love to *Nellie Van*, *Lutia*, *Eddie*, and *Joyful*.

ANNETTE AND THE WATCH.

"OH, grandpa, do show me your watch, and tell me the story you promised about it," said Annette Farley, running into her grandfather's room one bright May morning, and carelessly throwing her hat into her grandmother's arm-chair.

Her good grandmother quietly shut the door after the little girl, and put the hat upon the stand.

"Oh, grandma, I didn't think," said Annette, turning round just as her grandmother was seating herself in the vacant chair. Her grandmother only smiled, and continued her busy knitting.

"Well, Annette," said the old man, as he took out his large old-fashioned watch, with its heavy chain and seal, "do you suppose that there is any-

thing new which I can tell you about a watch?"

"Why, yes," said Annette; "you promised to tell me something, and of course you know that I can tell the time and all that by the watch."

"Oh, yes, Annette, I know you are a very bright little girl, and perhaps you know all I am going to tell you. Look at me, and see if you can tell me what time it is by my watch."

"Of course it is two o'clock in the afternoon by your watch," said Annette, quickly.

"By *this* watch, yes," said her grandfather, "but this is not the one I mean."

"Oh, well, the clock says five minutes past two," said Annette, looking up at the old clock in the corner.

"I don't mean that, either," said her grandfather, smiling.

"I did not know that you had another clock," said Annette, looking curiously around, "but if it is right, it must say about the same that these do—mustn't it?"

"Yes, if it is the same kind of clock; but the one I speak of is not exactly the same."

"Isn't it, grandpa? oh, do let me see it. I like so much to see new, strange things," cried Annette, eagerly.

"How do you know that this watch is going?" asked the old man.

"Because I hear it tick, and tick, and tick," said Annette, bending her head close over the watch.

"Well, Annette, I have heard my watch tick, and tick, and tick all day, and all night long, ever since I can remember."

"And where is it, grandpa?" asked Annette; "show it to me, and I will tell you the time."

"I'm afraid you can't do that till I tell you how," said her grandfather. This watch of mine is very singular; its hands go round only once in about seventy years, and when it has been ticking away about thirty years, the hands point to twelve o'clock at noon."

"Why, grandfather," exclaimed Annette, "do show it to me; it must be a very curious watch."

"It *is* very curious, Annette. Just look into this watch; see how many little wheels are flying round and round, and the main-springs and hair-spring, all needed just to keep the thing in order for a day. *My* watch has a much more curious and delicate mechanism to keep it going for so many years."

"But I should think it would grow old and rusty and worn out in so many years," said Annette.

"It does grow old, and when the hands have gone round once, the watch stops forever—every wheel and spring is completely worn out."

"Oh, grandpa—can't it be wound up again?" asked Annette.

"No," said the old man, musingly, "never wound up again."

Annette paused a moment, watching her grandfather's face, for he seemed to have forgotten what he was speaking of, and to be thinking of something far away; but she was too restless and busy a child to be long silent, so she said, gently:

"Grandpa, don't such strange watches stop sometimes before they have gone so long, and when they are not worn out?"

"Oh, yes, Annette, they stop at all hours—some hardly seem to tick at all," said the old man.

"Well, then, you can wind them up and set them going again," said Annette, "because they are not worn out."

"No, you can never wind up one

of these watches after it once stops ticking, Annette," said the old man, sadly.

"I don't understand you," said Annette, with an earnest look. "What time does your watch say?"

"The hand has passed the eleventh hour of the night, Annette," said her grandfather, gravely.

"Oh, grandpa, it will stop very soon; do let me see it first," cried Annette.

"You have the same kind of watch yourself, Annette," said her grandfather.

"Have I, grandpa?" said Annette; "I never saw it."

"*I* see it," said her grandfather, drawing her gently to his side, and looking kindly into her upturned face. "And its hands point to an early morning hour."

"Oh, grandpa, why don't you show it to me, and tell me all about it?" asked Annette.

"My dear, I can't show it to you; but give me your hand — there, don't you hear it tick?" and he took her little hand and laid it on her heart, while he repeated, softly—

"There is a little mystic clock
No human eye hath seen,
That ticks, and ticks, and ticks
From morning unto e'en."

"Oh, grandpa, I know what you mean now," said Annette. "You mean my heart, that beats just as long as I live. I wish you had not told me. It frightens me."

"But, Annette, you must not be frightened at such things," said her grandfather, gently; "the little watch will tick just as long and steadily if you do think of it, and if you live aright, your whole life will seem like a long, pleasant day, with a gay, rosy morning of pleasure, a clear noon-day for work, and a calm twilight and evening for rest."

"And that is why you said that the hands of your watch have passed eleven at night," said Annette.

"Come, Annette," said her grandmother, "Jane has gone out, and I want you to be my little handmaiden now, and you may finish your talk about the little 'life-clock' afterward."

Annette followed her grandmother out of the room, and was soon busily helping her prepare the supper.

That night, as she heard the old clock in the corner ticking, she thought of what her grandfather had said, and so, day after day, the old clock taught her a lesson of life. But soon the weather became warmer, and she found enough to amuse and instruct her in the garden. Her grandfather loved to walk with her through the woods, and tell her about the trees and flowers. Sometimes he would rest himself under a tree, while she climbed up the hills for some wild flower which would be pretty to plant in her garden.

One day he brought her a curiously-shaped stick, and asked her if she would not like a frame for her cypress vine.

"Oh, yes, grandpa," cried Annette, throwing down her sewing, and running for her hat.

"Well, come with me, and I will show you how to make one, and a sun-dial, too," said her grandfather.

"What is a sun-dial?" asked Annette.

"It is a contrivance by which we tell the time by the shadow that the sun casts. I mean to use these sticks for the purpose."

"But I thought that was for my cypress vine," said Annette.

"So it is; we will place it here, and run these strings up, and let the vine climb all over them."

When the sticks were nicely fixed in the ground, he told Annette to notice that there was scarcely any shadow.

"Oh, I know the reason for that," said Annette; "it is almost twelve o'clock."

"You are right, dear," said her grandfather. "Now we will watch, to-day, and see where the shadow falls at the different hours. I rather think it will touch those four-o'clocks this afternoon."

"Oh, I know now why you made me plant them there," cried Annette, clapping her hands, "for I see you are smiling now; did you mean to make a sun-dial for me?"

Her grandfather laughed at his little girl's earnestness, and when he went back to his accustomed seat under the honeysuckle-shaded porch, he made Annette sit by him and read some of the psalms and hymns he loved.

That was the last time that Annette worked with her grandfather in the garden. The next day he did not get up to breakfast, and when Annette went to see him in his room, he said: "Annette, dear, my watch has almost run down; it will tick but a little longer, and it can never, never be wound up again."

"Oh, grandpa, grandpa!" cried Annette, convulsively, throwing herself on the bed, and bursting into tears.

"Annette, darling," said her grandfather, soothingly, "don't grieve for me; it is only my body that is worn out. My soul is strong and bright, and it is glad to be free for a new and better life." Thus, with kind, cheerful words he comforted her till she was calm, and the few days that he still lived she was ever by his side.

Little Annette grew up to be a lovely woman. She never forgot her grandfather's teaching, but tried always to live for the better land where he had gone, and where she hopes one day to meet him. COUSIN HANNAH.

POWER and liberty are like heat and moisture; where they are well mixed, everything prospers; where they are single, they are destructive.—*Saville.*

MAY—THE MONTH OF FLOWERS.

MAY! queen of blossoms,
  And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
  Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed
  In the green bowers?

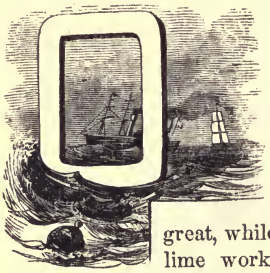
Thou hast no need of us,
  Or pipe or wire;
That hast the golden bee
  Ripened with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
  With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
  Tame and free livers;
Doubt not thy music, too,
  In the deep rivers;
And the whole plumy flight,
Warbling through day and night—
Up at the gates of light
  See the lark quivers!

When with the jacinth sweet
  Coy founts are tressed,
And for the mournful bird
  Green woods are dressed
That did for Tereus pine,
Then shall our songs be thine,
To whom our hearts incline;
  May, be thou blessed!

THE WATER-DROP.

BY META LANDER.



OF my origin I have no consciousness. My agitation, I remember, was great, while the sublime work of creation was going forward; but at length I found myself flowing quietly along in the noble river Euphrates.

Although gifted with beauty, and placed in a sphere of beneficent influence, I soon began to indulge in secret murmurings. "By what right have I been brought into being? And if I must exist, why is my sphere contracted to such narrow bounds? I feel no incentive to rise in the world, but a perpetual downward tendency. I resist fate, and plant myself on the platform of independence."

Nerved by this heroic purpose, I suddenly made a stand in my rapid career. This occasioned a commotion around me, yet the mighty phalanx of water-drops rolled majestically onward.

"Move on, bright drop," whispered several voices around me.

"I will not move."

But no sooner was this uttered, than a whole army of my kindred came valiantly on, and taking me in their course, I was borne sullenly along. That evening, Laura's eye, falling kindly upon my narrow circlet, brightened my dull spirits and filled me with pleasant impressions.

The next morning, as I was passing on with easy and graceful motion, fair flowers of Paradise bent down to greet me. I caught the image of the blue canopy over whose azure back-ground fleecy cloud-curtains hung gracefully. Then a bright panorama was unrolled. Blooming banks and spicy groves loaded with golden fruit, and vine-clad hills crowned with lordly cedars, and birds of rainbow-plumage all passed in rapid succession as if created for me alone, while I faithfully gave back their image, as if I existed only for them.

Being naturally of a reflective turn, I was most fruitful in ideas, and did time permit me to report my observations during the infancy and childhood of mother Earth, the theories of philosophers would be set at naught, and the world startled with my wondrous revelations.

And here I can not help remarking upon the error of considering a turn for reflection indicative of a gloomy disposition. Never have I reflected so much as in those early days, and they were certainly the brightest that have ever dawned upon me.

I shall not attempt to enumerate all the fine ideas that I obtained during my passage through Eden-land. But I can not forbear to mention one of exquisite loveliness. It was that of Eve, the mother of mankind. As she stood upon the flowery bank, and shed upon me the light of her sweet countenance, all my susceptibilities were awakened, and, so far as I was able, I fully reciprocated the favor. Seeing her own image returned with a softened grace, she sent it back, heightened to new beauty by a conscious blush. In no one of her daughters have I no-

ticed that expression of angelic sweetness with which their mother impressed me.

I had passed far beyond the bounds of Paradise, and was rolling over a rocky and uneven channel, when Eve again stood upon the banks of the Euphrates, and once more looked into my fairy mirror. Alas, how changed! A dark shadow lay upon her brow, and her dimmed eye told of earthly passion and of earthly grief. She dropped a tear into the stream, and that tear, begotten of sin and sorrow, mingling with my elements, before clear as crystal, has darkened and embittered many of my days.

Though I had never repeated my unsuccessful rebellion, yet growing emboldened, I at length formed the project of escaping from my native stream. Slowly winding my way toward its brink, and holding my mirror before a virgin-flower which had incautiously strayed down to the river's edge, I besieged her with flatteries, till charmed with her admirer, she bent toward me. The friendly Zephyrus, passing by, on his errand of fragrance, laid me gently in her bosom, where, for a time, I lay sparkling in sweet content. But I was unwilling long to waive my desires for promotion; and as she swayed her fair head toward the verdant bank, I bounded to the earth. The poor flower drooped at the shock, nor was I myself unmoved by so rude a separation. The pangs of dissolution took hold of me, and instead of a round and compact drop, I became a portion of a sluggish mist.

After creeping in this form for a season, over my native stream, I undertook to scale the heavens. But when I had ascended to a considerable height, a strange suspense arrested me, and I was congealed from my audacity. Finding that my schemes were groundless, I felt strangely attracted toward the earth. So down I descended, my haughty spirit having gone before my fall. I was taught effectually, as I thought, to be content within my little sphere. I ought perhaps to mention that my descent was in the night. And those who deviate from the path of duty may expect to retrace their steps in darkness and sorrow.

Overcome by my abasement, I sank into a profound lethargy, in which I lay till the ardent gaze of Phœbus threw me into a fit of the vapors. Compassionating my state, he bore me upward into his fields of light. Thus, for the second time, was I exalted, with a brilliant career apparently before me. But while indulging my ambitious dreams, the vast windows of heaven were opened, and thousands of my kindred were precipitated from the skies.

Days and nights had passed away, and the face of the earth wore the aspect of death. Suddenly the sun looked out from behind the drapery of darkness, and smiled in pity upon the desolation beneath. Then Nature awoke from her gloom, and arraying herself in her festal garments, exulted in the smile of her king. I and my remaining companions, by our prismatic power, refracted the glory of that smile, till it became embodied in our own existence. As we thus arched the sapphire sky, we were pointed out by the great Father to the few survivors upon the earth as his bow of promise.

Elated by this high distinction, and dazzled by my own beauty as I saw it reflected from the bosom of a quiet lake, I became giddy, and fell. When I reached *terra-firma*, I found myself pale and cold as death. The chill at length reached my heart and turned

me to an icicle. Days passed. Neither the moon's tender smile, nor the sun's bright glance, had power to kindle one feeling of warmth. But Spring at last trod upon the earth, and in her glad jubilee of youth and love my frozen heart was touched, and my sensibilities quickened into new life. Resplendent in the morning sun, and dancing with delight, I leaped into the bosom of a brooklet, and ran merrily along, singing to the bright pebbles, and pausing ever and anon to kiss the lips of some modest floweret that dwelt on the edge of the stream.

But alas for earthly happiness! One day a ruddy-cheeked boy stooped down to the brook, and taking up a handful of sparkling drops among which I was one, he raised us to his eager lips. Shrinking from his oblivious draught, with a sudden bound I leaped to the earth. But all my efforts to regain the brook were fruitless; my mortification was great at hearing the little stream to which I had fancied myself so important, dancing along with as tinkling feet and as gladsome a voice as if I were not among the departed. Ah! when does the world pause to weep for its missing ones?

I lay brooding in misanthropy till every evil passion was roused. Into the traitorous conspiracy which I planned, I will not now enter. Suffice it to say that it proved an utter failure, and that I, with my rebel-companions, was confined within a rocky dungeon in the dreary desert of Shur. I must give it as my testimony, that among all the boasted methods of reform, solitary confinement is the most effectual. I saw the folly of my discontent, and became convinced that the mission of a tiny water-drop, faithfully and cheerfully performed, is by no means an insignificant one. When, through long reflection, I had attained a healthful condition, and was willing to labor anywhere for the common weal, I was miraculously released. Having been thus disciplined by adversity, I was enabled to bear prosperity also. At one time I wandered through fields of ether, and again I shone—a crystal on some lonely rock.

In the progress of events, I became honored as an expression of sentiment. Silent was the train that bore the dead to his long home. It paused at the gate of the city, and there, overborne by the rush of feeling, I found myself, a tear of sorrow, glistening in the eye of that childless widow. A stranger of celestial mien approached the mourner. One word He spake, and the dead was restored to life. I still lingered in that mother's eye, but I now shone —a tear of joy.

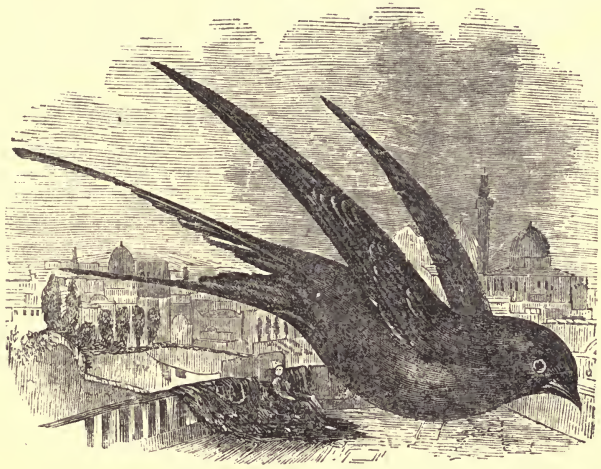
This close connection with the purest and deepest emotions of the heart seemed to ally me to humanity. But, fitted to act my part in life, I was not confined to emotions merely. A diligent and practical worker I also became. On what I have accomplished in the various inventions of modern times, I will not enlarge lest it might appear boastful. If I have wrought good deeds, let them praise me. After laboring in mills of all descriptions and for engines of diverse shapes and powers, I was at length dismissed to enjoy the dignity of an honorable old age.

My home has long been in the broad bosom of the Atlantic. On the crested wave or the foaming surge I ride at pleasure. Here I have been an eye-witness of the various passions of mankind. I might startle you by descriptions of horror, or charm you by pictures of surpassing beauty. I might take you into fairy grottoes, and unfold scenes of splendor exceeding the wild-

est tales of the Orient. But my object is to benefit rather than amuse.

Of the grandest work of the Creator —the wide, wide sea—it is my joy to be a part. In old Ocean's sublime orchestra, I, too, have a voice. That voice I will never pervert to popular ends. Truth is the great utterance of the sea. In the most solemn accents it warneth man of the mutation and decay of all earthly things. It tells him of the eternal and unchangeable Creator whose oracle it is.

Dear readers, my life is now before you. Whatsoever worketh faithfully in its own appointed channel, doeth a beneficent, a noble work, be it but as "a drop of the bucket" or "the small dust of the balance." And whatsoever in patient trustfulness thus performeth its humble office shall, in due time, reap the reward of its labors.



SONG OF THE SWALLOW.

SUNG BY GREEK CHILDREN AS THEY PASS FROM DOOR TO DOOR.

The swallow is come!
The swallow is come!
He brings us the season of vernal delight,
With his back all of sable, and belly [of white.
Have you nothing to spare
That his palate would please—
A fig or a pear,
Or a slice of nice cheese?
Mark! he bars all delay:
At a word, my friend, say,
Is it yes, is it nay?
Do we go, do we stay?

Let your bounty then lift
A small aid to our mirth,
And whatever the gift,
Let its size speak its worth.
The swallow, the swallow
Upon you doth wait,
An almsman and suppliant
He stands at your gate;
Let him in, then, I say,
For no gray-heads are we,
To be foiled in our glee,
But boys who will have our own way.

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.

LITTLE boys and girls often ask, "Is this story a true one?" I am going to tell you of a real visit to the sea-side, which I wish every little reader could have shared. You must fancy a lonely little spot, away from the bustle of a railway, where there is the fine open sea and the beautiful richly-wooded country, and kind, honest, contented country people. Almost all the work is done with donkeys, with quite small boys to tend and drive them. The donkey-boys and their different masters all seem very kindly disposed to each other; and I am truly glad to tell you, we have never seen one case of cruelty of any kind to these hard-working animals — the useful donkeys. There are good schools in the town, and the children can mostly read pretty well, we think. They are glad enough to have tracts and little books given them.

At a small village we went in search of pretty pebbles; a troop of children followed us on the beach, or climbed over the rocks, giving us bright stones and fine sea-weed. Well pleased were they with some tiny books; and we hope some of the lessons thus learnt would be treasured in their young minds. We were soon good friends with these children, whose joy at the gift of some reading was beautiful to see. They told us of uncles gone to the war far, far away, and how they at home looked for letters, "in the hope that uncle would not have to go to the *real war*, but be set to something else." These uncles had been coast-guard men, and had lived far away from "war's alarms," in this small village. Now, they were obliged to go to the war.

The children picked up no stones as we walked and talked about the miseries of war, but listened very earnestly. I hope they will find some of the commands to "love one another," of which we spoke, in the Bible.

Tired of the shingly beach walk, I sat down on the round pebbles to gaze on the great waves dashing into white foam, and the children sat down around me.

"Shall I read you a little book while I rest?"

"Oh, yes; they would like that *very much;*" and boys and girls sat listening most attentively to the history of a lit-

tle girl, who was a great comfort and help to her mother. Then we had a talk about Temperance; for I had given them a tract each for father and mother. They laughed at the picture in one of a poor drunkard leaning against a wall, with his battered old hat, looking most dismally wretched. They were reminded that the poor man was once a sober little boy; that by taking a little, he fell into this awful state, and that too much drink made men and women drunkards everywhere; and that the Bible tells us, "no drunkard shall enter heaven."

Now, dear children, I want you too to remember this.

These boys and girls would all gladly help a weaker brother up a steep hill with his basket of sea-weed from the beach, which the farmer likes to put on the land, to make it more fertile; and I tried to persuade them to do *all* they could to prevent drunkenness, by never touching a drop of beer themselves, or anything that can intoxicate or make drunken.

We had a happy time on the beach; and I should like every little child who reads this to have the double pleasure of giving away these little books, as well as of reading them. A packet of sixty-four only costs sixpence, and may gladden many little hearts too. LOUISA.

RAILROADS.—A first-class locomotive costs about ten thousand dollars; a passenger car, two thousand dollars; a baggage car, one thousand five hundred dollars; a freight car, six hundred and fifty dollars; a gravel car four hundred and fifty dollars. The iron of a railroad costs from five thousand dollars to eight thousand dollars per mile.

WILLIE WANTON'S REVENGE.

[CONTINUED FROM MARCH NUMBER.]

ONE Saturday morning, about three weeks after the events narrated in the March number, Willie stood beside the breakfast-table, stowing away his dinner into a little willow basket. He was one of a fishing party, who were that day going to spend the day fishing on a neighboring river.

"Willie, can you swim?" asked his mother, who stood by.

"Who—me? No'm; I can't swim. Why?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing; I merely wished to know; but why were you so startled?"

"'Twas your tone that startled me, mother. You asked as if you thought something dreadful would happen to me before long."

"I was only thinking of how dangerous it is to be about deep water. You must promise me, Willie, that you will not go into that boat."

"Well, mother, I promise," said Willie, reluctantly.

An hour afterward, the fishing party were seated 'neath the cool, refreshing shade of broad-spreading beech-trees, on the bank of a beautiful river. The party consisted of about ten or twelve boys; and Oscar Orton, who had not entirely recovered the use of his arm, was included. The boys had a splendid time of it, and had the satisfaction of drawing many fine fish from their home in the river. When noon came, they spread their lunch upon a moss-covered rock, and partook of it with appetites sharpened by their morning's sport. When they had finished their dinners, some proposed getting into a boat which was moored near by, and rowing up the river. To this, all acquiesced save Oscar and Willie. They said they had promised their mothers

that they would not enter the boat. Persuasion and ridicule overcame Willie's promise, but Oscar remained firm to the last, so that the boys went off without him. Oscar watched the jolly boatmen till they rounded a bend, and disappeared. He then went up to the bend, seated himself upon a fallen log, cast his line among the finny tribe, and gradually sank into a deep revery, which was interrupted only by the scream of an eagle from a neighboring tree-top, or the occasional biting of a fish at his hook.

Up the river rowed the boys in the boat till they were fatigued; then they turned their boat, and let it drift with the current, until they had rested. Then it was unanimously agreed upon to try the speed of their lazy boat. Off came their coats, and grasping the oars, the boys gave a simultaneous stroke, which caused the old crazy boat to leap like a thing of life. The exertions at the oars of young and vigorous arms, together with a strong current, caused the boat to skim down the river like a swallow, making the waters foam and roar in her wake. As the impetuous boys rounded the bend where Oscar sat, they ran nearer the shore than usual. The boat struck a snag, and almost immediately went to the bottom. All the boys could swim but Willie, and they struck out for the shore, leaving Willie struggling alone in the water.

"Fie! boys, for shame!" cried Oscar, springing up. "Why don't you assist Willie? don't you see he can't swim?"

"Humph! why don't you help him yourself?" asked one, contemptuously.

"You know I can't swim—my arm isn't well enough for that."

"I rather guess it's because *he* was the one that broke it," said Archer Arnold, with a sneer.

Oscar said not a word, but quickly threw off his clothes; then plunging in, caught Willie by the arm, and with much difficulty swam with him toward the shore. But when he had nearly reached the shore, his arm gave out, and he would have sunk; but they were now so near the shore, that the boys there easily rescued them. Ever after Oscar was Willie's warmest friend.

Willie learned two valuable lessons. He always obeyed his mother after that, and never harbored revenge in his bosom. CORNELIUS M. GIBBS.

THE VATICAN.

THE word "Vatican" is often used, but many do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of twelve hundred feet in length, and about one thousand in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of the cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected a humble residence on its site. About the year 1000, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II., a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., king of Aragon. In 1305, Clement V., at the instigation of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for many years. It is now the repository of multitudinous treasures of art. Its library is one of the largest and most valuable in Europe, containing many old and rare manuscripts, as well as great numbers of printed books, in almost all the languages of the world.

THE NESTLINGS.

SOMETHING little, round, and blue,
Something very pretty, too,
I espied by morning light
In its bed so soft and white.
Little golden wings were spread
O'er the tiny cushioned bed—
Little jetty, sparkling eyes
Watched the gift with glad surprise.

* * * * * * *

Little something round and blue
Has been rudely broken through—
But—no matter—let us see
What it hid from you and me:
Something like a little ball,
Dotted o'er with down, is all;
No, not all; for life is hid
Underneath the drooping lid.

Life to plume the wings that rest
Now so softly o'er the breast—
Wake from out the little throat
Sweetest carol-trilling note.
This, something little, round, and blue,
Was hiding there from me and you!
Sprung from the broken walls, we trace
Music, motion, life, and grace! KRUNA.

SCOTTISH SCENERY.

AND o' cakes," in "auld lang syne," Caledonia and Scotia, now Scotland, is a cold and rough country, and the grandeur and wildness of its scenery are almost unequaled by that of any other. North of the Grampian Hills the whole is mostly but a succession of bleak mountains, covered with heather; but as easy of access to the agile foot and lithe limb of the native clansmen as if turnpiked or railroaded. Morasses, caverns, and recesses of the mountains, in the olden time, were the dwelling-places (if such can be called *dwelling*), or rather eyries, with beds of withered moss and leaves, with, perhaps, a huge fragment of stone for a kind of roof, of vast numbers; and in later years these have served as resting-places and half-way houses to those bent on mischief. Where these are, one may walk long and look eagerly for anything like an ordinary human habitation, without finding one.

In its natural state, some parts of the country are covered with dwarfed trees and bushes, some parts are swamp, and some firm and dry *downs* or pasture-grounds.

Scotland has its lakes remarkable for beauty and grandeur of scenery—its Loch Lomond, and Loch Katrine.

Cascades may be found shooting over black rocks, in deep contrast to the white foam of the fall; then dashing on to another rock, some twenty feet below, and sweeping round a crag, dash down the rocky glen, to the abyss at the bottom.

One writer says: "Clinging like sea-birds to the face of a rock, at some distance, we were enabled at length to turn round it, and came in full view of one of these falls, which had a most tremendous aspect—boil-

SCOTCH SCENERY.

ing, roaring, and thundering into a black cauldron, a hundred feet, at least, below us, and resembling the crater of a volcano."

Castles, also, upon rocky points, have their moss-grown battlements, only in part remaining; and turreted walls are precipitated by time into some river or firth, above which they once towered in splendor. The grounds of the gentry often sloped to a trouting stream, where the speckled beauties were hoisted in the air, at the end of a line, by the lovers of "fly-fishing."

Many a legend and thrilling story is connected both with castle and cave, loch and ben, as any reader of Sir Walter Scott well knows. Witches and fairies were once believed in by nearly all classes, and many a dancing-ground and hiding-place they were supposed to have had in that interesting country.

In some parts there is less of wildness, and more of beauty. The scenery in the vicinity of the Pentland Ridge is said to be exceedingly picturesque. As your path gently circles around the base of the cliffs, the prospect, composed of enchanting and sublime objects, changes at every step. An arm of the sea, with its rocks, islands, distant shores, and boundary of mountains, are blended with, or divided from, each other, to your view, in every possible variety. Beautiful and varied, it is exciting by its intricacy; and when lighted by the rising or setting sun, the effect is near enchantment.

The lover of nature will find himself richly repaid for every pressure of his foot among the tiny bells of the sweet heather; and dim cliffs and scattered rocks, interspersed with green sward, would recall also to memory many a deed of violence, which, according to tradition, had been done and suffered among them.

A SPRING CAROL.

BY LAURA ELMER.

Hail, blithe maiden, Spring—
  Good cheer, glad cheer!
Hark! the woodlands ring,
  The birds are here.

How daintily shoot
  The buds, the buds—
From the tingling root
  Leap spicy floods.

Now the leaflets wave
  On stem, on bough;
And no wild winds rave—
  They're gentle now.

Ha! the violet's eye
  Doth peep, doth peep,
'Mid the green so shy,
  Just waked from sleep.

Little gauzy wings
  Soft hum, soft hum—
Say the tiny things,
  Dear Spring has come.

O the south wind's breath
  Perfume exhales—
Life is chasing death
  From hills, from vales.

How the playful brook
  Bursts out with glee,
From its sheltered nook,
  And away, so free!

Come, blithe maiden, Spring,
  We give thee hands;
Come, and round us fling
  Thy sweet flower-bands.

THE LITTLE BALLAD-SINGER.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER.

THE little Ballad-Singer passed his crowded way along;
But few would deign to lend an ear unto his humble song.
Afar from home he carried still a brave and cheerful heart,
Though unkind words, at times, had made the bitter tears to start.

At last, with disappointment sad, and weary and foot sore,
He threw himself upon the grass before a cottage door,
And fancy bore him swiftly on, upon her pinions free,
Until he stood in his own good home beside his mother's knee;

And raising up his timid voice in accents sweet and clear,
He sung a soothing little hymn, which she had loved to hear;
But gaining courage as he sung, still sweeter grew his lay,
Until his spirit seemed to float from earth and care away—
To float far, far away, upon the airy wings of song,
Into the inner heaven where the blessed angels throng.
When as the last strain died in sobs, he rose to go his way,
A woman's sweet voice reached his ear, that kindly bade him stay,
That kindly bade him stay, and with her heart to share
His little joys, his little griefs, his happiness and care.
And as she gently led him in, no more, no more to roam,
He knew that HE HAD FOUND, AGAIN, a mother and a home.

SAMUEL WILSON, JR.

DAYTON, OHIO.

TO THE MERRY COUSINS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—Will you listen to a few words from the "Old Maple Tree?" You must be aware that I have long, faithfully, and unflinchingly stood at my post. I have faced the rough winds of heaven, the infuriated tempest, the lightning's flash, and the fierce snowy blasts of winter. I was one of a noble and stately line, who were ever an ornament and a blessing to the land which gave us birth; but one after another have been cut down by that fell destroyer, the woodman's axe. Oh! how my old limbs quake and tremble when the thought comes home that my end must soon come.

Year after year have I seen the fleecy snow fall to the ground but to be melted away by the bright rays of spring. Year after year have I listened to the early notes of the blue-bird, and to the sweet voice of the ever-loved robin, who are young and beautiful. Oh! I can not account for it, as my body was but a mere twig, and bent, swaying to and fro, under their weight. Yes! they will sing on, in all their loveliness, long after I shall have crumbled to dust.

Although I apppear in a new life every spring, yet it is too true that my comeliness is departing. Many branches and tender limbs are gone, and the time may not be far distant when I shall stand here a twigless, leafless, branchless stump. Could I choose my lot, rather let me waste away the fibers of my body in giving warmth to the chilled sons of want and poverty.

But here I stand, and have long stood, to witness much that has passed and is passing in the world. Many a happy bride has walked beneath my branches, breathing forth love and affection; and many sad mourners have I seen, as yonder church-bell tolled forth its mournful notes slowly and solemnly, following the fair form of the departed loved one, until it be laid in the dust, there to sleep the "deathless sleep which knows no waking," until the resurrection morn.

I have seen the care-worn man plod his weary way through difficulties and dangers. I have seen the merry school-girl bound on with a joyous heart. Ay! and it is the recollection of those light-winged, happy school-hours that give me more happiness than all the pomp and grandeur that has ever passed before me. Often has the

student sought my shade, to search the bright thoughts of ancient poets and orators. And I have watched the perplexed visages of others, while they pored over abstruse studies. Then, when books were laid aside, how much of social chat and happy laughter burst forth from those merry youths of school! Oh! where are they now? No longer youthful and blooming, for time has marked their brows, and cares and anxieties have weighed down their spirits.

Some have gone to heathen lands to bless benighted men. Others are gathering stores of wealth in our own fair America. Labor and fatigue, the attendants of poverty, have bowed down many a stately form, while others have "passed away," to dwell in the spirit-land.

There are many things that interested me in my youthful days, and which still afford me melancholy pleasure; but I can not speak them now, for my feeble limbs shake and my old body totters, and must soon fall. Adieu! May you not wander from the quiet paths of virtue, but ever look for guidance to that heavenly Star whose light shall lead you to peace and happiness. So shall childhood memories bring joy in declining years, and tranquillity in the hour of "passing away."

OLD MAPLE TREE.

NEW IPSWICH, N. H.

FAIR PLAY.

AN Italian nobleman was about celebrating his marriage feast at his splendid castle. He had everything in abundance for the entertainment except fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a turbot, so large that it seemed to have been created for the occasion. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him. "One hundred lashes," said the fisherman, "on my bare back, is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whip-cord on the bargain." The nobleman and his guests were very much astonished, but the fisherman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, "Well, well, he is a funny fellow, but the fish we must have, so give him his price, and let it be paid in our presence, but lay on lightly." After fifty lashes had been administered, "Hold, hold," exclaimed the fisherman, "I have a partner in this business, and he must receive his share." "What! are there two such crazy fellows in the world?" exclaimed the nobleman, laughing; "name him, and he shall be sent for instantly." "You need not go far for him," said the fisherman; "you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I promised that he should have the 'half of whatever' I received for my turbot." "Oh! oh!" said the nobleman; "bring him up instantly, he shall receive his half with the strictest justice." The other fifty lashes were laid on the porter's back in spite of his struggles and prayers for mercy; he was then discharged from service, to make room for a more honest person, and the fisherman was very amply rewarded.

When *will* porters, and brokers, and lawyers, and politicians learn that "Honesty is the best policy!"

AUNT MINERVA.

THE story of Aunt Minerva is no fable. Being a cripple from infancy she could not run and play as most children can, and was compelled to spend the cold days of winter, the long, beautiful days of summer, and the still more delicious days of autumn sitting in her little arm chair, where she has now spent *forty-three long years.* The paralytic shocks which she received in infancy occasioned the loss of the use of her right side, so that she could not speak plain; and her right arm would move about in a manner most painful to behold, as she had no control over it. But her mind does not seem affected by the disease of her body; she has a most retentive memory, the greatest affection for her friends, and will recognize the voices of friends that she has not seen for years. She has always evinced great love for children, caressing them most tenderly. But, wonderful as it may seem, she has learned to sew very neatly, and also to knit, with her left hand, and many of her friends have bed-quilts pieced in pretty blocks, by that one poor hand. She spends most of her time in reading the Bible, for the *world* is of little consequence to her; yet she loves to read the stories in the "CABINET AND MUSEUM."

Being her childhood's companion, I can with pleasure tell my little readers that, with all her trials, she rarely showed any impatience—and she still is the same patient sufferer; but I must tell you why. When a mere child she found her Saviour the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." To Him she gave her heart, and He is with her daily, and is also able to support her in all her hours and years of suffering. If any little readers have been interested in this story, they will perhaps like to read the following lines, which I composed a few years since.

LINES TO AN AFFLICTED SISTER.

There she sits so still and lonely
  In her rolling chair,
Not a summer walk to cheer her,
  Scarce the summer air.

There she patient sits a-knitting
  With her withered hands;
Worn and weary with long sitting,
  From her life-glass drop the sands.

Sorrow's cup she always drinketh,
  And her smile is ever sad;
But the gazer always thinketh
  The "*to come*" will make her glad.

Brothers, sisters, well she loves us,
  For her heart is very kind;
More she loves her Saviour, Jesus—
  Peace He speaketh to her mind.

And she loves her father, mother,
  With the tenderest, truest love;
Better still, she loves One other,
  In the holy home above.

O'er her features age is creeping,
  Age, "that cometh not with time;"
Tiresome days and nights of waking
  Withered soon her youthful prime.

Days, and weeks, and months pass
  Slowly to the stricken one, [slowly,
Patient waiting, meek and lowly,
  Till her trial's end shall come.

It shall come—and her glad spirit
  To her Saviour's breast shall fly,
Borne so safely—to inherit
  Joys laid up for her on high.

Far from pain, or care, or sorrow,
  Far from sin or chastening rod,
Where no more is feared the morrow,
  Where the just shall dwell with God.

AUNT MATTIE.

A WORD TO THE CHILDREN

ABOUT WILD FLOWERS.

LITTLE children, I am going to write something for you to read, who live in this large city, and who very seldom leave it to go in the beautiful country, where there are thick woods, and green fields, and running streams. So now you can follow me in imagination, you know, and leave behind us the crowded streets, the long rows of houses, the noise and dust, and go out of the town, where there is nothing to prevent us having a broad view of the clear blue sky, hearing the songs of the birds, or seeing the delicate spring flowers which are just beginning to come up. Well, let us go through this thickly shaded wood; do you not see how very green all the trees are, and yet there are so many other trees without any leaves at all on them. It is because they are *evergreens*—pine, hemlock, fir, and spruce trees, which are *always* green, even through the longest winter, and which make the scene around look beautiful, in contrast with the pure white snow. We will now walk under them on the soft, brown, velvety carpet made by the old leaves which have fallen off. Do you not notice how fragrant the air is? This pungent, spicy perfume comes from the pine. How delightful it is! Yes, all that is true, but let me tell you a secret: do you not smell the fragrance of flowers also? Let us look around us, as we walk, and see if we can discover any of nature's lovely floral gems. Yes, I have stooped and pushed away the long, thorn-like, dead leaves, and under them, peeping out its beautiful blossoms, I have found the "trailing arbutus," or May-flower. See! what quantities of them, with their snow-white or delicately tinted pink flowers, growing in clusters of six or eight, protected by their own coarse, large leaves, and perfuming the whole air; now we have exposed them to it with the most delicious fragrance. It is one of the first of the spring flowers, and one of the most beloved, most admired, and most sought for in its season. Oh, how lovely it is, my dear children, as it blushingly shows its star-shaped blossoms when looked for in its lowly home.

Shall I tell you of what it reminds me? well, of some little children, who are modest, humble, and retiring in their manners, who wait until the kind hands of parents or guardians bring them forward; and then they show to the world the beautiful blossoms of obedience and submission—rejoicing the eyes and hearts of those who see them, even as these sweet flowers do those who seek for them. They teach children *modesty*, for they are not gay-colored, gaudy flowers, but simple, pure white, or sometimes so slightly pink that you might almost suppose they blushed to be gazed at. They teach children *humility*, for they have not chosen the high rock for their dwelling-place, where they can be seen by all; but the lowly earth,

the dark wood, the sheltered bank of the little streams are their birthplaces; and they teach children to be retiring in their manners—to be sought for, to be called upon, when they should be seen and heard; for these beautiful little May-flowers hide themselves under the pine-leaves, retire out of sight, shrink close to the ground, and only show themselves when some gentle hand brings them into view to delight the heart. Think, my dear little children, of these lovely flowers, and strive to be like them. They bring thoughts of goodness and purity to all who see them, and so should you. Drive away the frown that crosses your brow; stop the angry word which is rising to your lips; put down the hand raised to strike your little brother or sister; check the disobedient thought that is about to be uttered to your parents, and let no wrong thing mar the beauty of the lovely human blossom which you now are. Do not forget the "trailing arbutus;" and if any of you who read this wish to see it, ask some kind friend to send you some, if you live in the city; but if you are so happy as to live in the country, go search for them where I have told you they will be found. If you are fond of poetry, I have written a few lines which will help you to remember the May-flower.

I am but a simple flower,
  Blooming 'neath the greenwood tree;
Yet I know I'm not forgot,
  For God created me.

I with perfume wondrous sweet,
  Fill the air so soft and free,
Happy with my lowly lot,
  For God created me.

I my star-like buds do hide
  On the ground most timidly,
Clinging to the humble spot
  Where God created me.

And my virtues, sweet and pure,
  Blushing there so modestly,
Grace the palace and the cot,
  For God created me.

A. C. M.

DOUBT AND FAITH.

Doubt, the dark-featured demon, came,
  And bound my struggling soul in chains,
And taught me life was but a flame,
  Which death puts out, and naught remains.

Then faith disarmed the tyrant death,
  Cast from my soul each galling band;
Upheld upon the wings of faith,
  Mine eyes beheld the promised land.

Adelbert Older.

The Icelanders have a most curious custom, and a most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying, which, I believe, is entirely peculiar to this island. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together without attendants; and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some objects at a distance from the road, they tie the head of one horse to the tail of another, and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state it is utterly impossible that they can move on either backward or forward, one pulling the one way and the other the other; and, therefore, if disposed to move at all, it will only be in a circle, and even then, there must be an agreement to turn their heads the same way.—*Barrow's Visit to Iceland.*

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.—A recent publication of the Ministry of Algeria and the Colonies makes some curious statements relative to the pilgrimages to Mecca during the present year. The ceremonies at Mecca terminated on the 11th of last month in the presence of about 50,000 pilgrims, of whom 17,850 had come by sea, and 32,150 by land. In 1858 there were 160,000 pilgrims; in 1857, 140,000; and in 1856, 120,000. This great decrease in the number in 1859 is owing, the natives declare, to the events of Djeddah last year, and also to the dread of the cholera, which made extensive ravages in 1858. As soon as the pilgrim sets foot on the soil of Mecca he must put on two pieces of white cloth, one tied around the loins with ends hanging down to the middle of the leg, while the other is thrown over the shoulder so as to leave the right arm free. He must go bareheaded and wear sandals. As long as he wears this garment he is bound to lead a pure and regular life. At Mecca he begins the ceremonies under the direction of a guide. They are as follows:

1, Visiting the temple and going seven times round the Kaaba, starting from the Black Stone, which he must kiss or touch in completing each circuit; 2, drinking the water of the well of Zem-Zem, at which, says tradition, Hagar and Ishmael quenched their thirst; 3, praying at the station of Abraham, marked by a stone on which he is said to have stood when he went to sacrifice his son; 4, stopping and praying at the place called El Madjen, the place where Solomon stood to see mortar mixed for the building of the temple; 5, running seven times between Mount Safa and Merwa, within the limits of the city, in commemoration of Hagar's anxious search for water for herself and her son; 6, repairing on the 9th day of the month to Mount Ararat, about 12 miles from Mecca, after morning prayer. Mahometan tradition says that on this hill Adam built a temple, and Mahomet performed his devotions; 7, on the following day the visitors all go in a body to the Valley of Mouna, and there sacrifice propitiatory victims; they also cut their hair and nails, devoutly burying the portions cut off. After remaining two days at Mouna, they again visit the Temple of Mecca, and then prepare for their departure.

A FINE stone church was lately built in Missouri, upon the *façade* of which a stone-cutter was ordered to cut the following as an inscription: "My house shall be called the house of prayer." He was referred, for accuracy, to the verse of Scripture in which these words occur; but, unfortunately, to the scandal of the society, he transcribed the whole verse, "My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

MRS. PARTINGTON says, that just before the last war with England, "circumstances were seen around the

moon nightly, shooting stars perambulated the earth, the desk of the sun was covered with black spots of ink, and comments swept the horizon with their operic tails. Everybody said it profligated war, and sure enough it did come."

ABUTMENT.—"There's where the boys fit for college," said the professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to the school in Bedford Street. "Did they?" said the old lady, with animation, "and if they fit for college, before they went, they didn't fight afterward?" "Yes," said he, smiling, and favoring the conceit, "yes, but the fight was with the head, and not with the hands." "Butted, did they?"—*Boston Post.*

THE SICK MINISTER.—A venerable divine, who in his day and generation was remarkable for his primitive and abstinent mode of life, at length fell sick, and was visited by a kind-hearted lady from a neighboring parish. On her proposing to make some beef-tea, he inquired what it was, and being informed, he promised to drink it at his usual dinner-hour. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to drink a quantity every day until her return. This occurred a few days afterward, when the lady was surprised to see the beef-tea almost undiminished, and to hear it denounced by the worthy clergyman as the worst thing he ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having heated a small quantity, pronounced it excellent. "Ay, ay," quoth the divine, "it may be well enough that way, but try it wi' the sugar and cream, as I did."—*Laird of Logan.*

LIBEL.—To notice a libel is like digging round a hill of potatoes—you make it grow the faster.

A PLUM-PUDDING STORY.—A friend of ours tells a story of a Yankee captain and his mate, something after this fashion: "Whenever there was plum-pudding made by the captain's orders, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hands, as if merely examining the china, he said—'This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool'—and put it down again, as though without design, with the plum end next to himself. 'Is it possible?' said the mate, taking up the dish—'I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling'—and, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate—the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed—the mate laughed—'I tell you what, young one,' said the captain, 'you've found me out, so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter.'"

SOMETHING TO BOOT.—Jefferson says that some men imagine that they came into the world booted and spurred by the grace of God; and we may add, that, if they don't behave themselves, they deserve to go out "booted" by the grace of mankind.

SOUND ON "THE GOOSE."—North Carolina produces more turpentine than any other State, and it is claimed

that South Carolina, in proportion to her population, produces more poultry. So the two Carolinas may be called tar and feathers.

THE PUZZLED IRISHMAN.—During the conflict with Great Britain a number of our troops were engaged in repairing the fortifications of Niagara; and while so engaged the enemy commenced a pretty sharp fire, so that it occupied nearly the whole of the time of our forces to keep on the lookout for the shots of the enemy.

Finding they did not make much headway, they stationed a son of the Emerald Isle to give warning when a shot or shell was coming.

This the sentinel faithfully performed, alternately singing out, "shot," "shell," "shot," "shell," until finally, the enemy started a Congreve rocket, which Pat had never seen before.

He hesitated, and seeing it elevate, he shouted, "Shot, and, by jabers, the gun with it."

SENTENTIOUS.—The saying that "there is more pleasure in giving than receiving," is supposed by many to apply chiefly to kicks, medicine, and advice.

READY TO TURN WHITE.—"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a fellow to a brisk brunette; "give me your hand, if you please." "La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go ask pa."

CHEMICAL.—What is the connection between the *brewing* of a storm and the *ye(a)sty* waves that are a result of it?

A HUMAN DECANTER. — "There hangs a bottle of wine," was the derisive exclamation of the Roman soldiery as they pointed to the body of the drunken Bonosus, who, in a fit of despair, suspended himself upon a tree.

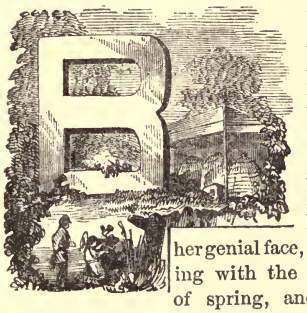
RETORT.—Madame D. had a magnificent cat. M. de C. amused himself one day by shooting it, for want of something else to shoot. Madame D. caused to be set in her own house, and in the houses of her friends, all sorts of mouse-traps; and when three or four hundred were caught, she had them put into a box, which was forwarded to Madame de C. at her country-house. The lady eagerly opened the box herself, expecting to find in it some new modes; the mice jumped out and presently filled the house, while at the bottom of the box was found a note addressed to Madame de C., which contained the following words: "Madame, your husband has killed my cat—I send you my mice." —*Paris Paper.*

IN THE DARK.—The other day a precocious young six-year-old broke out very abruptly with: "Father, what makes negroes black?" Father tried to explain the supposed reasons to suit his comprehension, and in the course of his remarks, said that they were descendants of Ham, one of the sons of Noah. Georgie pondered awhile, and at last brightening up, he said, very gravely: "Was it *smoked* ham, father?"

QUEER RULE.—A stranger from the country observing an ordinary roller rule on the table, and inquiring its use was answered, "It was a rule for counting-houses." Too well-bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over, and up and down, repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, inquired, "How in the name of wonder do you count houses with this?"

WHAT sort of trees will best bear removal? Axle-trees.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



BEAUTIFUL, bright lovely May has come again. How I love her genial face, beaming with the smiles of spring, and her lap filled with fresh, sweet flowers! It carries me back to the scenes of early youth, when I plucked the blue violets of a bright May-day morning, on the banks of the streamlet, which flowed just by the garden. But, bless me! what a swarm of Bees, Birds, Lilies, Violettes, Grasshoppers, and variable eyed nephews and nieces, May brings, to be sure! Fortunately, we have a "Bureau" long enough this month to accommodate quite a number of newcomers, whom we are right glad to welcome.

And first comes Violette—thrice welcome to an "obscure" seat upon the "Bureau." I have just returned from a pleasant trip through your beautiful island, and am glad to find you at the door. Come right in. Aunt Sue will help you to your seat.

SEAGIRT SHORE, L. I., *April* 2.

DEAR UNCLE:—The pleasant Chat of your young friends, borne on the mild, sunny air of early spring, came to me in my country home, and sounded so sweetly that I thought *I* would like to enter your delightful circle, and claim kindred with you all. And here I am. I fear you will say gravely, though kindly as ever, "I am sorry to say that there is no room for you, my dear (?)—every place is occupied!" And then you will expect your newly-found relative to withdraw, bashfully, into her original obscurity. But no; she stands obstinately in the door-way, and urges, "Indeed, *dear* Uncle, I will take my place in *any* quiet corner, and promise to *behave* with due respect to propriety; and—*you* feel how cold my *heart* is becoming, so far from cousins and friends; you know I have no sister; won't you let me stay to *warm* it at the glowing hearth of youthful feeling?

Willie Coleman, will you *plead* for me? What did you say, Uncle Hiram? Speak a little louder, please, to VIOLETTE.

BROWNVILLE, *March*, 1860.

MY DEAR UNCLE AND AUNTIE:—For I must so call you, although I have never had the pleasure of seeing you; but knowing you to be very "merry," I commence—though, to tell the truth, I am actually trembling with fear lest the hatchet should fall upon this note and "split the difference."

I should like very much to see Black-Eyes, Willie H. Coleman, Fleta, Laura Elmer, and all the rest of our "Merry" cousins. Giving them all my love, I remain your affectionate niece,

"BROWN BIRD."

ORANGE, *April* 4, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I hope you will let me come in and join your circle. I have taken the CABINET for a long time. Was very much pleased when it was united with the MUSEUM. I think W. H. C. is pretty explosive. What has become of Nip? We havn't had a letter from her for a long time.

GRASSHOPPER.

Here she comes at last, our long lost Nip; hop up in the corner, "Grassy." Just hear her talk about being "abused," and being treated with "silent contempt." Let her apologize for *her* silence.

April, 1860.

DEAR FRIENDS, OR ENEMIES (?)—I hardly know how to address you. It is true I have been silent for a long, long time, but every one knows their own business best, and I have had the very best of reasons for my silence. How I have been abused! Uncle Hiram treats me now with "silent contempt!" and as for my especial favorite, Willie Coleman

(North), he disdains mentioning me! Don't feel flattered, Willie, at my liking for you, nor "disgusted" either, for neither will have any effect upon me. We are too near of an age for me to sit down in despair at your offended dignity.

Now such quantities of questions as I wish to ask, and yet I know full well I do not deserve to have *one* answered! But I throw myself upon your mercy.

Is R. W. R., "Our Own Correspondent" of the "*Daily Times*," the old friend of the MUSEUM? Dear me, what a grand fellow he must be! Would I knew his whole name! I like his letters vastly, and only hope he will continue them indefinitely.

Is "Laura Elmer," who sends now and then (though quite often too) little pieces of poetry to the "*Evening Post*," the "Laura" of our "Chat?" What a literary set of individuals the MUSEUM has introduced to public notice! I hug myself with the idea that—ahem! nobody knows what may "turn up," and I *may* be on the "stepping-stone" to—what? literary notoriety? Ye gods forbid! I leave *that* for MEN who find it their vocation. For *me*, a good seat on a spirited horse, and I fling literature to the winds. Not that I live on an animal, or care for nothing but horse-flesh, but simply, of the two, the animal exercise is most healthy, inspiriting, and invigorating. I challenge W. H. C. to a gallop "over the hills and far away," promising to bring him back again safe and sound.

Now I hope you, one and all, will forgive me, and not feel hard toward me any longer. Am I not redeemed?

"NIPPINIFIDGET."

Nip, you are, if you will only *do better* hereafter. Willie can answer for himself, whether he will accept a challenge outside the city. I was in your city a short time ago, and would have been glad to have answered your questions if I could have found you. Call at "116," when you pass this way.

You are correct in your surmises about our "correspondents." But here comes a new friend. Welcome to the "Lily."

CHESTNUT GROVE.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Is there any vacant chair in your parlors for me? If there is, may I slip in, unobserved, and take a seat beside you or Aunt Sue? Please introduce me to Mrs. Black-Eyes and W. H. Coleman. I am not acquainted with him or her either. But I would like to get acquainted with them, and as many others as you would introduce me to. Good-bye for the present. I am your loving niece,

SOUTHERN LILY.

PARADISE, MOBILE, ALA., *March* 16.

DEAR UNCLES:—If you observed the heading of my letter, you saw that it was dated from Paradise. May be you did not know that you were so fortunate as to include among your regular subscribers a dweller in Paradise. Anyhow, I am an inhabitant of a place called Paradise, in the suburbs of our city.

I am getting subscribers to the CABINET, and pa has just told me that he had three to add to my list. I shan't send them till I get a round number. The magazine has been a delight to the eleven subscribers which Maggie sent you.

While I am writing, my *Monday's composition* hangs heavily on my mind. Uncle Hi, you are by reputation an excellent hand at destroying epistolary compositions. I wish you had, like me, to write one every Saturday; then I think you would not be so good a hand at destroying them.

Please give my love to Aunt Sue. I have a high veneration for that ancient piece of furniture, her bureau. I wish much to get well acquainted with W. H. Coleman, as he is said to be so extraordinary a specimen of the *genus homo*, or, rather, *genus puer*. Many others come in for a share of my regard, whose pleasant faces I have seen in my peeps into the Chat. Now I have begun, I hope to better acquaintance with them all, seeing that I have had the excellent introduction which I did have. Still, devoted to the interests of *our* magazine, I remain yours, FANNIE.

You have hit Uncle Hiram pretty hard, Fannie. When he is *obliged* to write, then, it is not so easy, but if you do not "make him" write, you can hardly stop him. He is whetting up his hatchet for a new cut at somebody.

SOMEWHERE ELSE.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—I have had no permission to come in, but I felt *so* anxious

on account of a little something, which is this. What *has* become of Prairie Chicken? I am *so* afraid I have—eaten her up. I ate two of that name the other day. If the 20,000 will admit me, you may sometimes see, peering in at the door, my HOMELY FACE.

NEW YORK, *April* 7.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Having taken the MUSEUM for some time, and read the Monthly Chat, I thought I would like to become one of the twenty thousand. I am well acquainted with Rose-Bud and Blue Bell. I can say well acquainted, for one is my cousin, and the other my sister. Please introduce me to all the cousins and to Aunt Sue.

BLACK-EYED CHARLIE.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—We were made both glad and sorry by your communication in the March No. of the MUSEUM. We were *sorry* the fire had destroyed so much of your hard labor for our pleasure and profit; and *glad* to hear that, "old as he is," he loves the Sabbath school. And here I should like to tell you a story of our old horse.

Old Jack (as we called him) was known throughout the village, for almost every little boy and girl had rode after him to visit grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins. We are not going to tell you he was a noble-looking or handsome animal, for he was neither; but we thought he *knew* a great deal. We could tell of nice rides upon his back, and rides in the carriage, and how he could tell us he was thirsty, and the watering-trough empty, by going to the well where swung the "old oaken bucket," and taking hold of the well-pole with his teeth. But this is not what we want to tell you. Although so faithful and kind, he had one bad habit: he loved, sometimes, to jump over the fences and go where he pleased, and for this reason he must wear what we call a poke. Once upon a time we had been on a journey to visit our grandparents, and mother being wearied somewhat with her journey, thought she would not go to church the following Sabbath. Then, said our father, "Old Jack must be tired, too. I'll go on foot, and let him stay in the pasture." But not so, thought old Jack. It seems he had been accustomed for years to go to meeting, and when he heard the bell ringing he managed to get out of the pasture, and, without stopping to take off his poke, he jogged off to church, and to the post where he was usually tied; and there he stood until the morning services were closed, and when those withdrew that did not wish to remain in the Sabbath school, do you think he left with them? No, indeed. He had been in the habit of staying until after Sabbath school, and he kept his place. "But," said one who sat near the window, and kept an eye on him during the whole time, "as soon as the scholars left the school, he turned toward home on a good trot;" and father, seeing him on his way home, led him away to the pasture, and came in and told us old Jack had been to meeting with his poke on, and stayed to Sabbath school.

There, boys and girls, do you hear that? Well, what do you think of "old Jack?" Are you as faithful to your trust and duty as he was? Let the story of "Jack" stimulate us all to be as faithful as *he* tried to be to what he thought was right and duty.

TARRYTOWN, *March* 14, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—As I have taken the CABINET for a number of years, I have attempted to venture near that glittering hatchet, if you will allow me room among the 20,000 whom I am going to own as cousins. I am very much interested with the Chat, especially Oliver Onley's and Black-Eyes' letters. In a little while I am coming into that parlor, where all the uncles, Aunt Sue, and all the Merry cousins are, if there is room; but I think I can crowd in some way, for I believe that parlor is made of "India-rubber." Love to all the cousins, if I am admitted. Your affectionate niece, FANNIE R.

Walk right in, Fannie; do not *tarry*. There's room enough for all the Merrys, as this is the month for elasticity. Only see them skipping and hopping about with such merry glee! it does my heart good to see them. But there are so many who wish to come in, and who have yet so much to say, that I shall have to let you wait a month, though. I am glad to see you all, and get so many letters from my young friends.

FADING FLOWERS is a beautiful collection of poems, by META LANDER, whom the Merry family will recognize as one of their favorite writers. We know of no one so well adapted to the work of editing a book of this kind, or who would have succeeded so well in the undertaking. We welcome it to our table, and heartily commend it to all the Merry family. It is beautifully printed on fine tinted paper, with tasteful embellishments, and published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

Little children are the "flowers" of this book, for they, like the early spring flowers, fade and die. One half of the whole human race die young, and this book, by one who knows how to reach the heart with its words of sympathy and hope, will illumine many a dwelling darkened by the approach of the great shadow; and though this is the month of flowers—bright, beautiful flowers—still they too will fade, perhaps early droop and die, as has many a child-angel in our own gardens, springing up to bud on earth, but taken up to blossom in "beauty bright and vernal and spring eternal, where every flower, brought safe through death's dark portal, becomes immortal."

OUR BIBLE CLASS, and the Good that Came of It, is the title of a new book, by Derby & Jackson, which we have perused with much interest, and wish it could be universally read. It develops the formation of Christian character, illustrates the importance of Bible classes for the older children, and is so well written that one can hardly stop without a thorough perusal.

We welcome it as the pioneer of a class of religious literature greatly needed, and to which this is so well adapted, hoping it may have a wide circulation.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON.—The travel between these two large cities has become so great, that we are often inquired of as to the best route to take. In response, we say that Uncle Merry always takes the Bay State line, *via* Newport and Fall River, as that affords the best opportunity for a good night's rest, without being disturbed at midnight. Besides, we often meet some of the Merry family at the well-spread table, or in the capacious cabin of the "Empire State," or the favorite "Metropolis." The boats have been newly painted and fitted up, and we are glad to know that they are well patronized.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

I HAVE received several letters from children who "*don't understand how to find out enigmas.*" I wish I could take them on my knee, and explain away their difficulties; but as I can't do that, I'll do the best I can: so here is an enigma for the little *weeny* ones, Jackie D—n, Lizzie B—n, etc.:

I am composed of 7 letters:

My 5, 2, 3 gives a beautiful light, but is never seen at night.

My 5, 7, 1 is a large body of water.

My 3, 6, 4 is something nice to eat, and has a shell.

My whole loves you very much.

Now get your slate and put down in a row 7 figures, from 1 to 7. Now what "gives a beautiful light?" "Gas." Ah! but it is "never seen at night." Oh! I know; it's "Sun." Very well; then write S under 5, U under 2, and N under 3. Now what is "a large body of water?" You don't know? Well, try the next, "something nice to eat, and has a shell;" an "egg?" Well, try if that will do. Write down the first letter of it under 3. Oh! there is an N there; well, egg can't be right then, so think of something "with a

shell" beginning with N, and having three letters; and then write them down under the figures 3, 6, and 4. There, I won't tell you any more, now you must find out the rest. What is it, Jackie?

Oliver Onley has distanced all competitors in the race for the prize.

I offer another heart puzzle for the greatest number of correct answers to enigmas, etc., in the April number.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.—CANDOR, ENIGMA, REMORSE, HOPE.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

44. What is the derivation of the term *enthusiasm?* *Uncle Joe.*

45. Entire, eight letters form my name;
The first and last are both the same;
The first two spell a name most dear;
The next three hint of *haste*, that's clear;
Some food you make with my last three;
And then my whole a town you'll see. *Lutetia.*

NAMES OF FLOWERS, ETC.

46. 1. A color, and a gay young lady.
2. An animal, and an article of clothing.
3. A quality, and a boy's name.
4. An article of food, and what it might be put in. *A. A. Ford.*

47. I am composed of 26 letters:
My 10, 3, 21, 11, 16 is a late scene of bloodshed and murder.
My 4, 19, 12, 10, 22, 25, 26 is an interesting and instructive employment.
My 6, 17, 1, 18, 3, 20 it is very desirable to be.
My 23, 1, 20, 8 was a Roman emperor.
My 2, 19, 23, 9, 13 is the name of a goddess.
My 15, 14, 26, 3 is a herb.
My 17, 24, 7, 5 is an emblem of purity and sweetness.
My whole is a true and beautiful saying. *Boutelle.*

48. Why are some of the ladies of the present day like the lilies of Scripture? *Fairie Jane.*

49. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 11, 5, 6, 9, 41 is a town in Tennessee.
My 10, 2, 4, 5, 9, 1 is a town in France.
My 8, 3, 10, 7, 4 is a fabric much used.
My whole is an island in the Pacific Ocean. *Lutia.*

50. I am composed of 10 letters:
My 2, 1, 3, 5 is a title.
My 10, 6, 1, 8 is a fissure.
My 8, 4, 3 is much used in vessels.
My 10, 9, 4, 6 is an animal found in polar regions.
My whole is one of the ancient tribes spoken of in the Bible.

51. Entire, I am an article used by storekeepers; behead me, and I am a quadruped; curtail me, and I am an interjection. *Geo. B. Higbee.*

52. What letter will make liquor healthy? *C. M. Gibbs.*

53. I am composed of six letters:
Omit my 1, 3, 5, transpose, and I am a member of the human body.
Omit my 1, 6, transpose, and I am an oblique look.
Omit my 2, 3, 4, and I am an expression of grief.
Entire, I am a vegetable. *Frank.*

54. My first represents a very thin shoe;
My second some relative dear;
My third makes compositors often to rue;
My whole makes a Yankee's good cheer. *X. T. C.*

55. The sum of my 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th is eleven times my 1st, and seven more; of my 1st, 3d, and 5th is two less; of my 1st and 5th is 550; my 2d equals my 4th; my 1st is a geometrical mean between my 3d and 5th; and I comprise five numbers, signifying a combination of two colors. *Uncle Joe.*

56. I am composed of four letters; am used on the farm, and in the city, too, and contain something which has of late superseded me; something used about me; two well-known enemies; a constellation, skill, and an arch. *C. M. Gibbs*

57. Entire, I am much used by children; my first is a beverage, my second an exclamation, and my third a vegetable.

58. On rock and ruin, and in wood and dell,
You'll find my first—its beauty who shall tell!

When Flora weaves her garlands, pink and green,
My second in her loveliness is queen.

My whole within the gentle maiden's bower
In modest beauty blooms, a fragrant flower. *Adel.*

59. I am composed of 23 letters·
My 12, 22, 6 is a weight.
My 11, 14, 23 is an adverb.
My 19, 21, 3, 17 is a girl's name.
My 7, 9, 20, 3, 2, 17, 1 is a boy's name.
My 13, 5, 15, 16 is a hard substance.
My 8, 2, 10, 11, 4 is what we all should do.
My 18, 22, 5, 20 is a term of reproach.
My whole is the writer's name.

Answers to Questions in March No.

25. Starch: in which may be found 1 chart, 2 rat, 3 cat, 4 hart, 5 char, 6 ah! 7 as, 8 has, 9 at, 10 a, 11 hat, 12 arch, 13 chat, 14 act, 15 art, 16 scar, 17 car, 18 cart, 19 star, 20 cart, 21 ash, 22 scath, 23 rath, 24 ratch, 25 crash, 26 cash, 27 rash, 28 tar, 29 sat. Ans. by *M.* and *M. C.*, *James H. Seaton* and *Harry;* also, in part, by *Mary A. E.*, *Anna W. N.*, *Oliver Onley*, *Josiah Joker*, *Jr.*, *Annie J. Harley*, *Adrian*, and *Harry*.

26. John Underwood, Andover, Mass. Ans. by *Anna W. N.*, *Oliver Onley*, *Eddie*, *Geo. T. Finn*, *M.* and *M. C.*, *E. N. De L.*, *J. J.*, *Jr.*, *Lutia*, *A. J. Harley*, *Adrian*, and *Harry*.

27. Pear—pea—ear. Ans. by *Nellie B.*, *C. M. Gibbs*, *Anna W. N.*, *Oliver Onley*, *Eddie*, *Nannie Hyatt*, *M.* and *M. C.*, *E. N. De L.*, *J. Joker*, *Jr.*, *Lizzie G.*, *Lutia*, *Gertrude*, *Annie J. H.*, *James H. Seaton*, *Adrian*, and *Harry*.

28. Because it can not be passed. Ans. by *C. M. Gibbs*, *O. O.*, *Ellen N. De L.*, *J. J.*, *Jr.*, *Gertrude*, *A. J. H.*, *James H. Seaton*, *Adrian*, and *Harry*.

29. Preantepenultimates. Ans. by *Anna W. N.* (Well done, Anna!) *Gertrude* transposes it into "*A milliner ate ten pies.*" (I hope the milliner didn't eat them all at one sitting!)

30. Chesapeake. Ans. by *C. M. Gibbs*, *Oliver Onley*, *J. J.*, *Jr.*, *Lutia*, *Gertrude*, and *J. H. Seaton*.

31. Larkspur. Ans. by *A. W. N.*, *Oliver Onley*, *Nannie Hyatt*, *Lizzie G.*, *Gertrude*, *Annie J. Harley*, *J. H. Seaton*, and *Adrian*.

32. 1. Wolf—fowl. 2. File—life. 3. Cornelia—Caroline. 4. Lee—eel. 5. Levi—veil. 6. Sober—bores. Ans. in part by *C. M. Gibbs*, *E. N. De L.*, and *Oliver Onley* (who give for No. 5, "Cato—coat;" just as good as "Levi;" *O. O.* and *J. H. L.* answer No. 3, "Alice—Celia"); also by *Anna W. N.*, *James H. Seaton* (who is the only one answering item 6), *Adrian*, and *Harry*.

33. MERRY'S MUSEUM AND WOODWORTH'S CABINET. Ans. by *C. W. Davison*, *Milton W. Rockafellow*, *Little May*, *F. J. B.*, *C. M. Gibbs*, *Anna W. N.*, *Oliver Onley*, *Eddie*, *M.* and *M. C.*, *E. N. De L.*, *J. J.*, *Jr.*, *Lizzie G.*, *Lutia*, *Gertrude*, *Annie J. H.*, *James H. L.*, *Adrian*, and *Harry*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Uncle Joe.—Your answers lacked only the first anagram in No. 19 of being equal in numbers with Carrie T. Warner's. Thanks for your nice budget of puzzles, etc.

Adelbert Older.—A young lady has answered your anagrams, and challenges you to discover her name by transposing "*Tattle is woe.*" The anagram embodies her pet name (not to say *nick* one), middle initial, and surname.

Jean Quilp.—Is your charade original? If it is, you can look upon the question as complimentary.

Loving Blue-Eyes.—You are very welcome. I am afraid your etymological question is rather too far-fetched Suppose we propound it here, and see what the cousins say about it? "Which is the smartest insect?"

Little May.—Can't you find some one who will help you to unravel the difficult knots?

Blue-Eyes.—Your question referred to the similarity between a poor man and a fool.

Hettie Williams.—Glad to hear from you, but what can you find to interest you in a "Puzzle Department," if you make none, and guess none? Love to Lottie.

Anna W. N.—Then you really are not a myth. Thanks for your contributions. Please don't go to sleep again.

Geo. Chumasero.—You failed to send the answer to your enigma.

Oliver Onley.—Send along some of those puzzling knots you know so well how to weave. If you want my "heart," please send your address.

John W. Kirk.—You will have time to try again. 39 makes a *word*, and for 42 you must use nine *different* figures.

Eddie.—And pray why should we "not accept" such a nice little correspondent as yourself? Let us hear from you again before answers for the April puzzles are published.

Geo. T. Finn.—Don't "give it up so," with only one answer.

G. L. Higbee.—We are obliged to *any* one who takes the trouble to send us original puzzles of any kind. As we said before, figured enigmas are the least welcome, because we have so many of them.

Blue-Eyed Lora.—The above remarks apply to you. What a shame to keep you so long "a knockin' at de door!"

Charlie F. Warren.—Glad you like the "Scrap-bag." Certainly, the Merrys are all requested to send any "queer, qurious, phunnie, or wittie" "scrap" that falls in their way.

Ellen N. De L.—I think you must have a very kind "pa." Please shake hands with him for me. You must write every month, now you have "broken the ice."

Theta.—Allow me to very gently jog your elbow.

Fannie.—"He broke all the commandments at once."

Annie J. Harley.—Almost *too* "concise." Take off your bonnet and sit a little while.

Laura S. Shepherd.—Welcome to our ranks.

James H. Seaton.—You did not answer No. 26, but were ahead of O. O. two items in No. 25, and one in No. 32, so that I think you are equally entitled to a prize. I will send one to the address given in your letter.

J. P. B.—Please accept my right hand of fellowship for sympathizing in the "little boy's" amusements.

Bart.—I claim those "solutions," not so much because it is decidedly pleasant to decipher your handwriting, as because we want *primâ facie* evidence, in black and white, that you really do "take an interest in the puzzle department."

Harry.—Do you mean to insinuate that I ever did "curtail" your answers? You came very near gaining the prize. What if the "20,000" should send an equal number of correct answers to the April puzzles! I should have to set up a *heart factory*, for I'm bound to distribute them fairly.

Alpha.—The saying of "mind your p's and q's," is said to have originated in a country tavern, where the hostess chalked the "score" of her customers on the door, under the head of P's and Q's (pints and quarts). Others say the village schoolmaster was the first to use it, when teaching the little ones to read; the p's and q's being so much alike that an occasional warning was necessary to guard against mistakes. Tray makes no apology. It affords me pleasure to impart information when it lies within my power.

We are indebted for enigmas, etc., to *E. W. Davison, M. W. Rockafellow, X. T. C., Blue-Eyes, Wm. Campbell, C. M. Gibbs, George L. Higbee, Ellen N. De L., Milton Goodenow, Josiah Joker, Jr.* (what a flock of J's!), *Lizzie G., Fannie, Gertrude, Annie J. Harley, Geo. B. Shepherd*, and *H. H. B.*

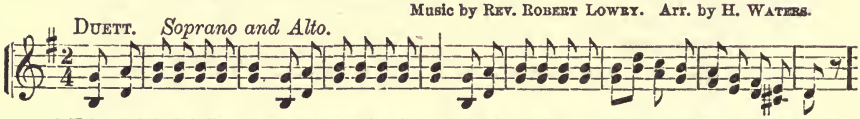
We have received some documents (one dated "Ogdensburgh") containing answers, charades, logogriphes, etc., which have no signatures, therefore can not be credited. As our aim is to combine instruction with amusement, we subjoin some mis-spelled words for the owners to claim and correct: "Anserring," "wich," "oppertinety" (!), "puzzels," "doubtfull," "draw" (drawers). Who will prove property, and pay charges?

One young gentleman hopes his puzzles will be "*excepted;*" would he not rather they should be *accepted?*

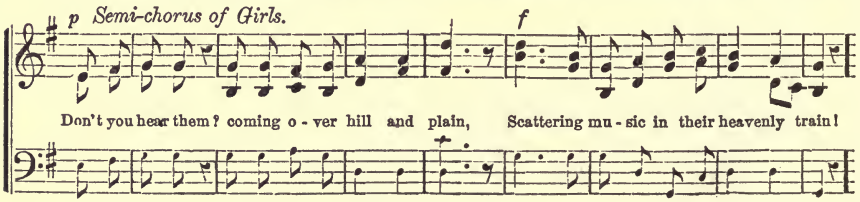
Correct answers, received too late for notice last month, from *Uncle Joe, L. A. S., C. M. Gibbs, Julia E. Page, Geo. Chumasero*, and *Nannie Hyatt.*

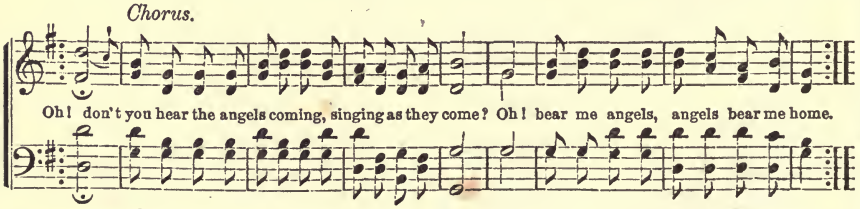
DON'T YOU HEAR THE ANGELS COMING?

Music by Rev. Robert Lowry. Arr. by H. Waters.



1. Holy angels in their flight, Traverse over earth and sky, Acts of kindness their delight, Winged with mercy as they fly,





2.

Tho' their forms we cannot see,
They attend and guard our way,
Till we join their company
In the fields of heavenly day.
Cho.—Don't you hear, &c.

2.

Had we but an angel's wing,
And an angel's heart of flame,
Oh, how sweetly would we ring
Thro' the world the Saviour's name.
Cho.—Don't you hear, &c.

3.

Yet methinks if I should die,
And become an angel too,
I, perhaps, like them might fly,
And the Saviour's bidding do.
Cho.—Don't you hear, &c.

Published by Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, N. Y. From Anniversary Book No. 5.

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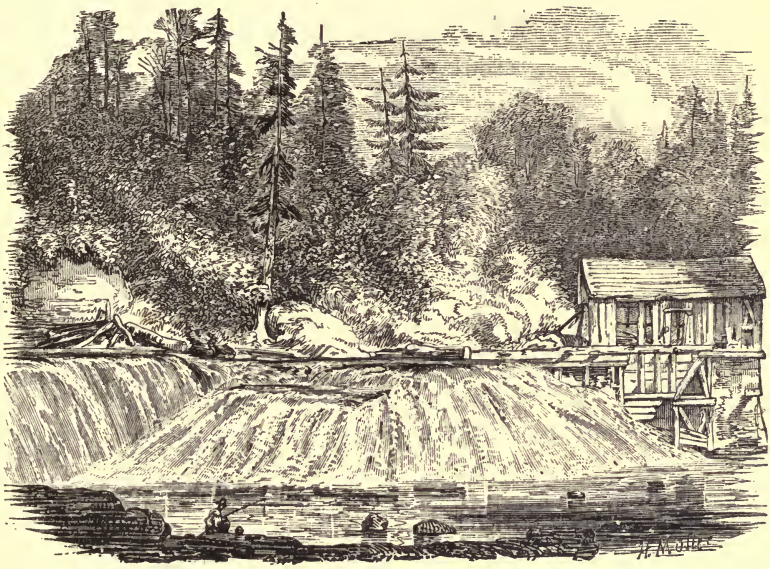


JUNE.

BY ADELBERT OLDER.

When the birds have hushed their singing,
And have sought the leafy glades,
Where the violets are springing,
In the silent forest shades—

How I like to sit and listen
To the brooklet's murmured tune,
And to watch the waters glisten,
In the pleasant month of June.

And upon a bed of daisies,
Watch the speckled-sided trout,
From their cunning hiding-places,
Timidly dart in and out.

Watch the sparkling waters darken,
Where the swaying shadows fall,
To the distant music hearken,
Of the sounding waterfall.

Busy little bees are swinging
In the fragrant, blooming clover,
And the merry thrush is singing,
In the grove, its carol over.

Quietly the sunbeams, creeping
Through the leafy solitudes,
Drive away the shadows, sleeping
In the stillness of the woods.

Timid little blossoms, shrinking,
Stoop to let the zephyrs pass,
And the thirsty sun is drinking
Drops of dew from off the grass.

Yonder, golden sunbeams brightly
On the sparkling brooklet glow,
Where the merry waters, lightly
Murmuring o'er the pebbles, flow.

Autumn hath its golden treasures,
Spring its song-birds and its showers,
And how varied are the pleasures
Waiting on the summer hours!

Le Roy, *March 20th*, 1860.

A WORD TO THE CHILDREN

ABOUT WILD FLOWERS.

YOU recollect that last month I told you about the "trailing arbutus," and now we will go out again, and see if we can discover any more flowers. Perhaps there may be some, before we reach the woods. And you know how healthful it is to walk—what a beautiful color it brings to the cheek, what a bright look to the eyes, and what a quick, joyous spring to the whole body! See! as we walk along the road-side, how many flowers of one kind are growing together! What are they? They are very small, of a light blue color, with a little yellow spot in the center. It is the *Houstonia*, or Innocent, as it is also called; and well it seems to deserve the name — as it opens its clear blue eyes to heaven, the very blue of the sky, and as pure and beautiful as Innocence itself. Even the fields are covered with them. And how many there are of them! There is no wild flower that blooms so long or so profusely as this little "Innocent." It seems to look reproachfully at us as we pass along, as if it would say, "I am an 'emblem of Innocence;' I bud, and blossom, and bloom, to teach little children and all mankind a great lesson; but, alas! how little of that lovely virtue, of which I am an emblem, is found in the human heart!"

Come with me farther on, to the edge of this wood, and we will enter and see if this flower is to be seen here as well as on the road-side and in the fields. What a pleasant pathway this is! See how the pine trees grow on each side of it, and how their branches meet and intermingle overhead, forming a pointed arch! You have been often in a Gothic church, and have seen how beautiful the pointed or rounded arched roof was above you. But did you know, as you looked at it, that the idea of building that style of architecture arose from seeing the arch made in the great forests, by the trees meeting and throwing their branches together in this way? Thus has a very noble idea, suggested by *nature*, been carried out and practically illustrated by art, in our great cathedrals, and in our smaller churches.

We will now pass through this green, grassy aisle, and see where it will lead us. Oh, what a lovely and beautiful place! Here is a large mound, covered all over with these beautiful little "Innocents" and moss. It is a circle, girt

around by a belt of evergreens, and we will sit down here and try to imagine what this pretty spot may have been long ago. Some of you might say it is just such a place as fairies would come to, and frolic, and dance, and pass their merry lives. But you know that no such beings as fairies ever have lived; therefore it could not have been a fairy circle. I think, more likely, it was a meeting place of the Indians, who once roamed over all this country. I could fancy this lovely, quiet spot to have once been filled with the red-skinned warriors, with a bright fire burning in the middle of the mound; they were seated around its edge, with these same evergreens looking down on them as they now look down on us. But what a different scene it was from that we now behold! Loud shouts then sounded on the air, sharp tomahawks glittered in the sunlight, dark eyes flashed out rage and fury against their enemies, and a great war council, perhaps, here determined to put to death all who were opposed to them. But if it were so, they are all gone now, all passed away forever; they will never meet here again, to hold a war council, or smoke the "calumet of peace."

There is nothing now to be seen but the pale blue carpet of Innocence under our feet, the broad blue canopy of the sky over our heads, and the dark green trees all around us, shutting us in from all the world. No angry voices now disturb us, but in their place we have the sweet whistle of the robin, the clear, loud, ringing note of the golden oriole, the mournful cry of the cat-bird, and the joyous, changing, brilliant caroling of the brown thrush—with many other little songsters, undisturbed in their quiet nests.

Do you not think, dear children, that this last scene I have described is happier than the first? There were anger, cruelty, revenge, and savage wickedness in the first, but in the other the peaceful, drowsy sound of the humming of the bee, the songs of the birds, the gentle, melancholy sighing of the wind through the pine trees (reminding you of the rolling in of the surf on an ocean beach), and surrounding us on every side, the sweet blossoms of "Innocence."

Now, my dear little children, we must leave this beautiful spot, where the peaceful inhabitants continually praise the great Creator—and I hope you will not forget to look for the little Innocent when the spring days come.

Little, lovely, spring-time flower,
  With thine azure-colored eyes,
Tell me, if that heavenly hue
  Thou didst borrow from the skies.

For in gazing on thy face,
  Modest and without pretense,
I can see within its depths,
  Heaven-reflected Innocence.

Oh! my Father and my Guide,
  Grant me an approving smile,
Make my heart like this pure flower—
  Innocent, and without guile.

A. C. M.

At Neponset Village, Dorchester, Mass., is still standing, and in good repair, a house built in 1650—one of the most ancient landmarks of Pilgrim handicraft in this vicinity. From it a brave girl drove away a Narraganset Indian by throwing live coals upon him, and was rewarded by the State with a silver bracelet.

THE OLD PINE TREE.

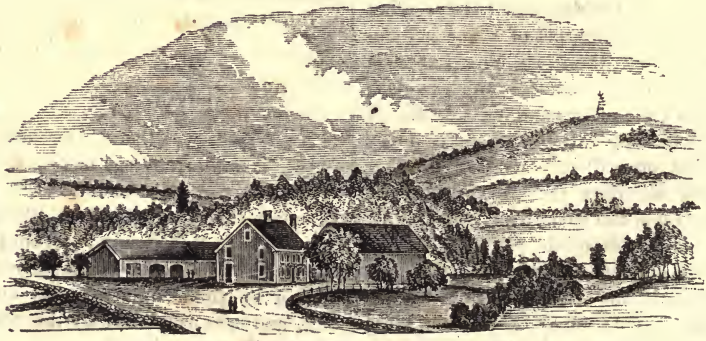
FEW of our readers may have seen the old pine tree upon the summit of Whittemore Hill, yet there are some, at least, who will recognize it, and the Hill, with its rugged slope toward the brick school-house in the valley, and the old yellow meeting-house still farther in the distance.

To such, the news that the old sentinel, which has stood solitary and alone for so many years, has at last surrendered to the lightning's flash and the wintry blasts, and fallen to rise no more, will be sad indeed. To me, it is as if an old friend had gone. How fast they go! Friend after friend departs, and soon our time will come. May we fall as did this faithful sentinel, at the post of duty, even when the storms beat hardest, and the fierce winds drive their merciless course most severe.

Farewell, old tree! The companion of my youth, the pride of our village, the traveler's guide—gone, yes, gone, forever. How the scenes of other days come flitting across the memory at the mere mention of the name! How, with light hearts, we climbed the steep sides of old Whittemore Hill, covered with young "checkerberry" leaves and wild flowers, nor stopped to rest till, underneath its spreading branches, we found cool breezes and quiet rest, but to be found there no more forever!

And the old homestead, too, in the valley; how deserted that must seem now! Our visit will be short this time; for while old landmarks are stricken down and laid low, strange hands open and shut its doors, and new voices echo through its sacred rooms.

But other and greater changes are taking place. The friends of early



THE HOMESTEAD IN THE VALLEY.

youth are not all there. The village church-yard tells its solemn story, and new-made graves tell their tale of departed worth; but the angel choir rejoice, and we will not mourn. Faithful and true here, they sing with the redeemed above.

"Safe o'er a shoreless sea,"

may we, too, arrive at last, with some kind friend as truthfully to say of us, as does our early friend and playmate in the lines which follow:

TO THE OLD PINE TREE.

BY TIMOTHY PERRY.

Old age and lightning, and the winds of heaven,
Have conquered thee at last, and thou art fallen!
Thou, who hast stood alone upon the hill-top
And battled for a century or more
With all the elements; laughed at the storm,
Defied the tempest, struggled with decay;
Thou who hast stood a faithful sentinel,
And daily watched the comings and the goings
Of three whole generations, of a town
Spread out below thee as a panorama;
Thou, whose erect and solitary form,
Firm, patient, hardy, and unconquerable,
Hath cheered the eye and nerved the soul
Of many a faltering youth gazing upon thee;—
Like all the joys of life which have their roots
Only in earth, thou, too, at last, art fallen!
The proud old hill that wore thee for a plume,
Hath lost the badge which in the smoky distance
Singled it out from all the other hills
Of meaner note and non-commissioned rank.
Country surveyors in the neighboring towns
Shall never sight again to thy straight trunk
To test their compasses; and the full moon
To boyish eyes never shall rise again
Looking so wondrous large through thy big branches.
Low clouds at morn no more shall get entangled
Among thy crooked limbs; nor the bright sunbeams
Linger at eve upon thy stately form.
No more shall youths from academic halls
Rest from laborious recreation
Beneath thy shaggy awning. Never more
In thy cool shade lover and maid shall sit
And talk of hopes which, like thyself, too soon
May perish, and their place be desolate.
Thy shape and figure may appear in dreams,
But never more the waking eye behold thee.
The town hath lost a landmark, and her sons,
Returning from afar, with grief shall miss thee;
And they shall climb the steep and rugged hill,
And walk in sadness where thy shadow rested,
And shall say, "Here stood the Old Pine Tree!
Here its long branches waved a hundred years
Through rain and sunshine, and through heat and cold;
It looked upon the same meandering streams,
The same bold hills, and the same modest valleys
Which greet our vision now. Wachusett stood,
A cold blue mountain to the southward;
Watatic smiled benignant nearer by;
And old Monadnock's narrow pinnacle
Peered over the summit of the western hills;
Souhegan River kept its placid course,
Marked by a white mist in the early morn;
And the broad eastern landscape stretched afar
Almost to the brink of the great ocean.
Upon all these the Old Pine Tree hath looked;
But now, alas! alas! it looks no more.
Nothing is left of all its former greatness;
It is gone—all gone!"
And so, Old Tree, farewell!
I can not trust my heart its full lament,
Lest strangers should rebuke my honest grief.
Too many old associations cling
Around thy ever-cherished memory;
Too many happy years of youth rise up
At every mention of thy name. For though
Far off from native haunts I've strayed, thy shape
Is written on my recollection now
Indelibly, as are the lineaments
Of my own mother; thy configuration,
Set up against the distant clear blue sky,
Is as familiar to my mental eye
As are the seven stars of the Great Dipper.
For thou kept watch over my boyhood years,
The road-side where I played; the broad green lawn
Where, with my palm-leaf hat in hand, I chased
Great butterflies in June; the trees I climbed;
The meadow where I fished; the tangled woods
Where I set snares for hares and partridges;
And last, not least, the old brick school-house where
I learned the alphabet, and thought myself
At once a man of letters;—thou, Old Tree,
Looked down perpetually on all these scenes.
Then why may I not shed one tear for thee?
Farewell! If all who for long years have lived
Within the circle of thy watchful care,
When they depart shall leave to history
As brave a record and as pure a fame
As thou hast earned, the lesson of thy life
Hath not been lost, and thou mayest well be named
A Public Benefactor!

THE LIGHT OF THE HOUSE.

BY MINNIE.

PATTING o'er the carpet,
  Patting up the stair,
Tiny feet are running,
  Running everywhere.

Peering through the window,
  Little Harry's face,
With its smiling features,
  Brightens every place.

Sunny curls are gleaming
  On his baby brow;
Innocence is shining
  From the blue eyes now.

Down beside his mother,
  At the close of day,
In his childish beauty,
  Harry kneels to pray.

Folded are the white hands,
  Raised the starry eyes,
And the voice goes upward
  To the silent skies.

On sweet mamma's bosom
  Harry falls asleep;
Round him gentle angels
  Unseen watches keep.

Thank God, gentle mother,
  For the jewel rare,
And may the Great Giver
  Bless you with his care.

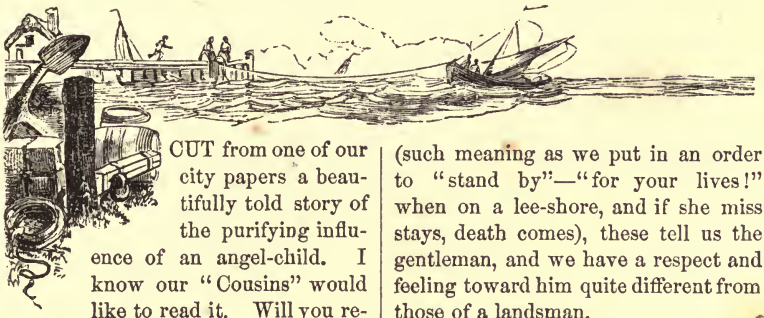
JEW D'ESPRIT.—When the late M. M. Noah, who was a Jew, was a candidate for the office of sheriff of the city of New York, it was objected to his election, that a Jew would thus come to have the hanging of Christians. "Pretty Christians," replied Noah, "to need hanging!"

CONUNDRUM.—Why is a hole torn in a man's coat by a dog like a passing stream? Because it is a *cur* rent.

CON.—When is charity like a top? When it begins to *hum*.

MY CHILD PASSENGER.

BY AN OLD SEA-CAPTAIN.



CUT from one of our city papers a beautifully told story of the purifying influence of an angel-child. I know our "Cousins" would like to read it. Will you republish it for them, Mr. Merry?

AUNT SUE.

Many years ago, when I was lying in the old "Julia," in one of the noble harbors of Australia, full-laden and ready to start for England, having finished all my business on shore, and only waiting for a breeze to spring up, I was roused from a revery on the poop, in which I was thinking of no earthly thing, but only whistling for the wind, by the mate's coming to me, and saying, "There is a gentleman with a boy, sir, wishes to see you."

Who can they be, I thought, as I descended the poop ladder, and, turning into the cabin, met the gaze of a gentleman there, where so few were at that period, and in whose right hand was the hand of a boy-gentleman. Why do I use those words? Because we sailors, although not much used to their society, yet have an instinct which tells us when we are in the presence of such a one. A glimpse at a man, fearless and bold in his demeanor, gentle and courteous in his manner, whose eyes look straight into yours, and whose hand grasps firmly and releases reluctantly, using good plain words with meaning in them (such meaning as we put in an order to "stand by"—"for your lives!" when on a lee-shore, and if she miss stays, death comes), these tell us the gentleman, and we have a respect and feeling toward him quite different from those of a landsman.

"Charlie," he said to his boy, and not to me, "this is Captain Bentley, whose shipmate you are to be to Old England;" and frankly and heartily the boy put his hand in mine, and then turned his eyes on his father.

He introduced himself very briefly, apologizing for not having been on board earlier, and then continued: "We have heard, captain, that you have been many times here before, and made safe voyages, and that your ship is a strong and sea-worthy craft, and I wish this young gentleman to go home in your charge. I am sure Charlie will be a good boy, and will obey your orders as cheerfully as any of your crew, or as he has always obeyed me."

A tightening of the little fists in mine made me fancy Charlie was determining to carry out his father's wishes. After some explanation from Mr. —— about the late hour of bringing my only passenger that was to be on board, receiving some instructions, and concluding pleasantly as to terms, etc., his little, plain, rough-wood boxes were passed into my cabin, and, the rattling of the windlass pawls telling the fair wind had come, the time came to say farewell.

It was no sad parting: the father said, in a bold, cheery voice, "Good-bye, Charlie!" then they shook hands warmly, and like *two* grown-up people, no tear being in the eyes of either. "Take good care of him, captain, and, when his schooling is over, *you* shall bring him back again to his papa." And, waving his hand in adieu, the father went over the side into his boat, and pulled for the shore. In a few minutes we were under sail, and standing to seaward.

As we drew out of the harbor, Charlie kept his eyes fixed on the fast-fading boat; but observing the bustle of my duties slacken, he came up to me, and, putting his little hand in mine, gave me a look which at once established a confidence and faith in each other that I for worlds would not have broken.

He could not have been much more than five years of age, with a round, happy face, and clear, blue, frank, unsuspecting eyes. He had long, light hair, just beginning to curl, and was dressed in a short yellow frock, with a black belt round his waist, and a ship-made straw hat, with a neat blue ribbon on it; and stood firmly on the deck and looked boldly round him at every object and each of my men.

I could not account for the change which seemed to have come over my old quarter-deck. It seemed to me as new and fresh as it did on the day when the old ship was launched, many, many years before. That child's smile had a magic in it, and I noticed the man at the wheel, when he had caught his eye, confusedly put the helm up and then down, and redden in the face.

I have never known much or never cared much about children; but the appearance and ways of little Charlie won on me with a strange charm, and I tried all I could to unbend from my old solitary sailor moods and habits, and try and make him happy. After we had been some time out, I determined to make a little cot, and have it slung in my own cabin, where I should always have him near me; and a pretty little one I did make, and sewed it all with my own hands. It was of fine duck, and about three feet in length, by a little more than one across, and on the head of it I embroidered with my needle and twine, a heart with a bird standing on it, as if singing, and on the foot of it I wrought a ship under full sail on a waveless sea. I had somehow connected in my own mind the heart and bird with little Charlie, as he seemed to me then, and pictured his future in the ship with a fair wind and all sail set. Such a cosy little cot never hung from ship's beams before, and when he was in it, and enjoying a swing, with his merry and cheerful laughter flowing over it, it seemed to me as if a bird were singing in its cage, and making my little cabin glorious with the light of music, and my heart overflow with happiness.

By what slow, gradual, and sure steps he crept into my heart, I can not tell, nor make you understand, but our friendship grew until we could hardly be out of each other's sight without uneasiness. And not to me alone, but to every man and boy on board, was his bright smile and laugh always a welcome. With each one he had started an individual friendship, and they all became his stout friends and sworn allies. Without my having to issue the order, I found all the port-holes and hawse-pipes even, and every little space at all unguarded, stopped carefully up with cord and battens, while a neat man-rope, the exact

height of Charlie's hand, was worked round the stanchions of the companion which led to the poop. Go where he would, the sailors never lost sight of him; and if in his ramblings he had gained a position at all unsafe, I noticed more than one eye stray from its duty, and watch eagerly his motions. The carpenter occupied all his spare time in carving him models of boats and ships, and often have I watched him listening with a curiously respectful deference to Charlie's opinion on his handiwork. Of the purport of the mysterious conferences held between him and my old gray-bearded goat in the stern of the long-boat I can not say, but, certainly, they understood one another, and had formed a mutual confidence between their two selves, which it would have been dangerous to disturb.

My mate, although a good seaman, was given to a love of grog, which he managed to indulge, either by having a sea-stock of his own, or by making friends with the steward; and one day, when I had noticed that he had been drinking, but had said nothing, as he had carried on the work without committing himself, Charlie came to me and said: "Oh, captain! Mr. Amms (that was my mate's name) is not Mr. Amms to-day: some other person is wearing his clothes, for it was not he who spoke to me to-day, but another man—and the other person looks so strange, too." Instead of severely reprimanding my mate, and perhaps disrating him, I called him into my state-room in the evening, and told him how much better it would be for him not to have anything to do with *that* which stole away his reason and judgment, and so altered his face that even a little child grew afraid at the change; and, would you believe it? Mr. Amms's eyes were wet as he said, "Captain, I will drink no more;" and he never did while he and I sailed in one ship together.

Another time, when one of the boys had been struck by a seaman, and I was doubtful from their different statements what course of punishment to pursue, Charlie simplified the affair by saying: "Oh, captain! it is so wrong to strike one another; tell them it *is* wrong, and *I* know they won't do it again." His child faith became mine, and no harsh decision was again necessary on board my ship.

What a cheeriness he gave to our old craft making each of his favorite nooks and corners little spots of sunshine, I can scarcely tell you. Many a time we played at bo-peep round the skylights and companions, and when he half showed himself from behind the mizzen-mast, and putting his wee hands to his mouth, made a speaking-trumpet of them, and hailed me, asking, "Where are you from?" and ordering me to "Haul away that brace and belay," a light and happy feeling, as of being in green fields, with blue skies above and birds singing all about, came to me, and a thankfulness and sense of blessing of life filled my breast, and made me as happy and boyish as little Charlie was. I remember once, off the Cape, in a calm, his fishing over the stern with a bent pin for the Cape pigeons, making pets of those he had caught for a few minutes, and then freeing them with clapping hands and a "There, pretty pigeon, go away to your own home." And I remember, too, another picture, which was a picture, and beat all I had ever looked on, of a tiny white figure, whose curls hung down on each side of wee clasped hands, like golden fringes over the edges of a dazzlingly white cot, saying.

"Be kind to Captain Bentley, and take us all safe home," while I hid my head with the counterpane on the sofa, and cried—I, who had never prayed nor wept since I had been whipped at school. What magic was in his look and voice to make all our hearts more soft and tender, I am at a loss to describe or account for, but so it was. Even my imagination grew young again, and I pictured to myself, on our arrival in port, a sweet-voiced lady, with Charlie's eyes, thanking me in kind tones for my care of him, and introducing me to a new world of social and homely pleasures.

We had rounded the Cape, and got hold of the south-east trades, and taking advantage of steady winds and fine weather, were busy putting the old ship in order for home. No person on board was idle—there was such scraping and scouring and painting. I occupied myself in cleaning and revarnishing the panels of my cabin, and had given Charlie orders to play on deck for a little, and keep away from the paint-work. We were going about six knots through the water, and all our starboard studding-sails were pulling with a will. I was thinking of the pleasant and favorable voyage we had made so far, and saying to myself, "I must try and always have a passenger with me after this," when, just as I was making a scraped knot on one of the panels show all its rings and convolutions, brown and yellow, one after the other, and admiring the way in which its lines gradually spread until they were lost in the plain wood, I heard, close to me and over my head, the clashing and rattling of the wheel chains, as they dragged the helm hard down—I knew it was *that*—I heard a shout which I can not forget. In a moment I was up. I heard, too, the mate's voice giving orders in a singularly bold, calm, and collected tone that told me all was right there, and then——

Was it a thick black cloud in which my sight was supernaturally enlarged? or was it a great white light that came down on me, and I saw only a rolling world—a confused ship on a confused sea—and *a child* floating out of the wave-hollows, over the whitened wave-tops, and into the wave-hollows, beyond toward the far horizon?

I threw my body over the stern, and heard distinctly several splashes in the water alongside of me. I struck out strongly, heartily, and with a mighty human will that made waves nothing. I blessed God for my strength. I felt no clothes on, no hindrance from them at least, and I struggled through the water, half in it and half out of it, with my eye fixed on one spot, when, now and then, I could see a little speck. "Courage!" I said to myself—"courage! swim coolly; draw long breaths; do not waste yourself:" and I called out, "One moment, Charlie! only one moment, and you are in my arms! Keep your head up; do not fling your arms about; be quiet and have no fear!" and, as I neared, my eyes caught his—*smiling*—and mine became transfixed. I saw nothing more—nothing but his eyes. "Brave arms, do not fail me," I murmured, "a moment more and I save him." I stare fixedly on the spot—I scramble over the water to it—I am at it: it is vacant—and I plunge with what life God has left me. The senses of seeing and hearing are shut up, but stretching down vaguely through the vague water, I touch, with this hand, his little fingers, which seem to close on mine, and shake them.

Then all is blank——

Yes! this horny, old, withered hand touched his the last in this world, and when my poor voyage of life is drawing to a close, and I am making for that port where there are no storms, or quick-sands, or rocks, I believe faithfully, I hope fully, and humbly, as the great cloud-wave overtakes me, out of its depths of darkness will come that little hand, and, clasping mine, lead me with cheerful words beyond the shadow upward toward the judgment-seat.

I was long unwell and in bed, but as I grew better I gradually learned that, along with me, five of my brave crew had jumped into the water; that, cheerily and with a will, those left on board had a boat launched in half the time they would have taken in a quiet harbor in a calm day, and that my mate had reached me in her just as, after twice diving, a good man, called James Acton, had fetched me to the surface; that the rest of my brave fellows were picked up much spent and exhausted; and that, on getting on board again and hoisting the boat, all the former sail was made on the ship in a deep silence, unbroken by one word, which made my mate fancy, as he told me, we had sailed into another world, where there was no land, and but one great sea, with only our old ship on it.

No harsh word was ever again heard in our vessel, no order had to be repeated, or, in many instances, even given. My mates and crew seemed to anticipate all my wishes, and to be always trying to forestall my desires, and their necessary duties. We were not sad, either. Our sun was, as it were, eclipsed; but we had gained the knowledge that it was only an eclipse, and we were not astronomers enough to calculate the time of its passing off, but had faith to believe it would, at some time which had become known to Charlie.

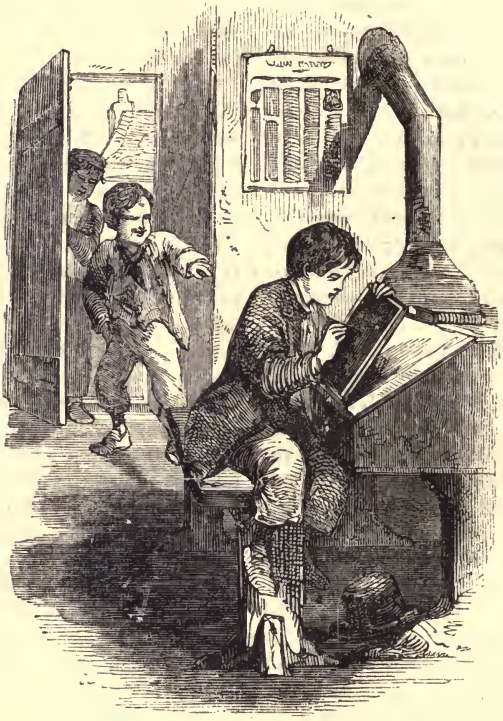
Since then, dear sister, this hand has touched nothing vile or false; it has handled pitch but not been defiled; it has signed no false manifest or duplicate invoice with amended figures on it. It has signed many a bill of lading, beginning, "By the grace of God," whose contents were to me as sacred as a leaf from the Bible. It has put my name to nothing but what was honest and true, and I have tried to keep it from contact with all rude and worldly work as much as I could If, at any time, when gloomy or sad has seemed my solitary life, I have been tempted to lift that glass which might have heated the brain too much—what wee spiritual and invisible hand drew mine down, and made me replace it untasted? Whose, but little Charlie's? Or, if my arm has been raised to strike a blow, what stopped its eager strength from descending, but the little hand which touched it the last warm thing in this world?

THE FAMILY.

The family is like a book—
  The children are the leaves,
The parents are the cover, that
  Protective beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
  Are blank and purely fair,
But time soon writeth memories,
  And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
  That bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves
  Should scatter and be lost.



THE LITTLE ARTIST.

FRED MORGAN was very fond of pictures, and always seemed to find more beauties in them than any one else. From his earliest childhood he loved to have a pencil in his hand, and a picture to copy. When he became a little older he began to draw pictures for himself, of any of the objects in his room or in the fields and gardens around. At twelve years of age, he was quite an artist in the estimation of his mother. He could make a boy so like a monkey that it was almost impossible to decide to which family it belonged. Old Pompey, the house dog, he could put on paper so quiet and sleepy-looking that puss would look at him without putting up her back or stirring so much as one of her whiskers. The way he got along with trees and flowers was wonderful. He could make the beautiful, graceful, weeping-willow near the front door look as stiff and prim as a well-trimmed hawthorn or privet hedge. A rose he could transform to a cabbage; and a tulip or a lily in his hands could be made to look like a goblet or a tin tunnel.

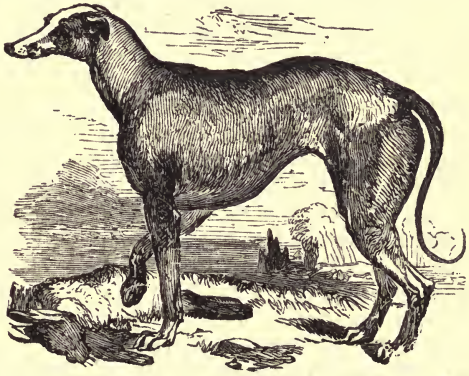
Fred had a little brother, Henry—a smart, noisy, fun-loving urchin, who did not take to books or pictures, and seemed to think that life was only one great lesson in fun, and that boys were

made for nothing but play. With a boy or a girl for a horse, and old Pomp to race along by his side, he was perfectly happy. And, day after day he might be seen racing down the roadside or across the fields, with a whip

in one hand and a two-legged horse dashing on before him, and Pompey curveting round him, barking a regular chorus to the shouts of his playmates, and evidently thinking it was a great pity that boys should not have four legs, so that they could run better.

Henry seemed never to be tired of anything but study. There was not a boy in the neighborhood who could beat him at any kind of boy's play, or even at good, downright work. But when it came to books, to sitting down to anything like still life and thinking, he was good for nothing. He could not understand how Fred should love to sit all day with his books or his paper and pencil, and do nothing but make marks. On the other hand, Fred could not imagine how any boy should wish to be all the time jumping, running, screaming, playing with dogs, horses, and pigs, when there were so many beautiful, quiet things around him—so much to see and so much to learn. So Fred had to study and draw alone, and Hal had to find other boys out of the house to play with him.

One day, in coming home from school, Fred had seen something that interested him very much, and he resolved to do his best to make a good picture of it. He thought he would like, if he could, to write a little poem about it, but his genius did not run in that direction. The scene which so filled his fancy was a fine, large, noble-looking dog, standing in apparent sorrow and uncertainty what to do, over the dead body of another dog, a coarse, rough-looking fellow, but none the less a friend and brother to the handsome survivor for all that. There was something so expressive in the manifest sorrow of the noble dog, such a grieved,



thoughtful, troubled look and attitude, as if pondering whether to lie down and die by the side of his friend, or take up his body and bear it away to

his kennel, that it entirely filled Fred's mind with the sentiment which should pervade a good picture, and he determined to go home and make one. First, he resolved to sketch the thing in outline on his slate, and when he had got that to suit him, he would transfer it to paper and finish it up. Full of this thought, he sat down by the stove in the kitchen and went to work. Entirely absorbed with his occupation, he had nearly finished his sketch, and was getting quite excited with the intense satisfaction he felt in seeing the subject take shape and form under his pencil, and grow out into something like the proportions and expression of life, when suddenly the door was flung open, and Hal and his "horse" came rushing in all in glow with fun, and shouting for Fred to come out and see what Pompey was doing. As soon as Hal took in the scene before him, and realized that Fred was really so absorbed with his slate that he could scarcely hear when he was spoken too, he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Then, after trying to make fun of Fred, in the hope of provoking him to get up and do something, he took a peep at the slate to see what it was that Fred was doing. To his utter surprise, he saw the very thing on the slate which he wanted Fred to see in the road. Pompey was helping the other dog to bring their dead friend home, and they were now pausing to rest by the roadside. Hal declared that Fred's picture was a very fine one, as like as life, and Fred took his slate and went out to take another look, and, if possible, to improve upon his first idea. The result was a very fine picture, as everybody acknowledged; and more and better than that, the two brothers took more interest in each other's amusements from that time forward. Henry found many good subjects for Fred to work upon, and Fred taught Henry to find pleasure in something else than mere noise.

THE QUARRELSOME COCKS.

Two cocks, by fortune cast
  Amid the same domain,
Might all their days in peace have passed,
  And found that peace was gain.

But in their little frames
  There worked so strong a will,
That each opposed his fellow's claims,
  And dealt him only ill.

If one his trumpet blew
  The ample grounds to cheer,
Back on the breeze the other threw
  A challenge loud and clear.

In battles fiercely fought
  Their blood they often shed,
And if a victory either bought,
  'Twas with an aching head.

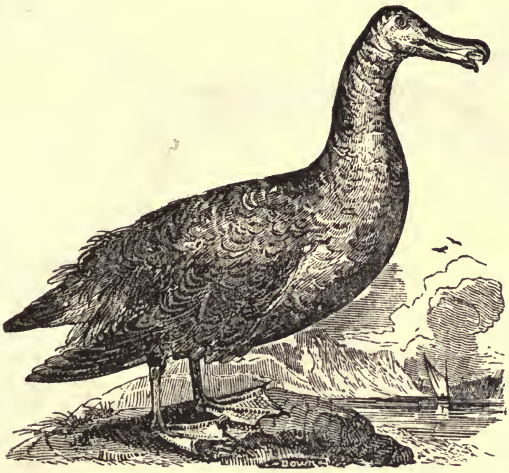
Thus rolled the months around,
  Till, on a hapless morn,
One near his nightly perch was found,
  Disfigured, stiff, and torn,

When, soon, the other knew
  His foe's untimely fate,
He not a sigh of sorrow drew,
  Nor cherished less of hate.

At once, with spur and bill,
  The corse he beat and tore,
And, powerless now to wrong or kill,
  His vengeance burned the more.

If envy, hatred, rage,
  (My kindling feelings said,)
Against the living will engage,
  O let them spare the dead!

THE OLD MAJOR.

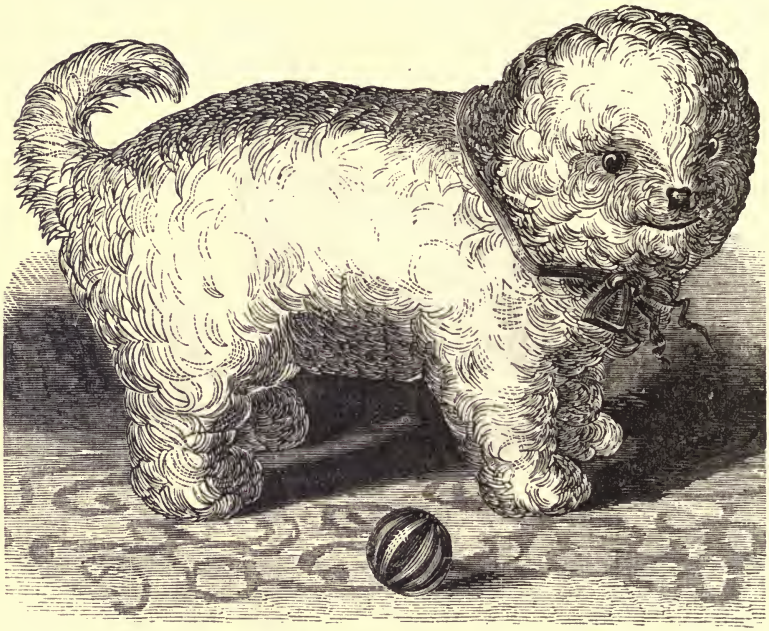


THE CORMORANT.

IT is not probable that any of our young readers ever saw a real cormorant with feathers and wings, though many of them may have seen, here and there, a specimen dressed in broadcloth or linsey-woolsey, or perhaps in calico, silk, or satin. The cormorant is more celebrated in books for a gluttonous appetite, an insatiable desire for *more*, than for beauty of form, brilliancy of plumage, or sweetness of voice. His music is probably more like that of the sea-gull, or the hawk, an unearthly screech, than like that of the nightingale; and his feathers are only a plain, substantial covering, with nothing to recommend it to the eye except its utility.

Whether the cormorant is really the voracious, unscrupulous gormandizer he has been described to be, I am not quite sure. I sometimes think it may be with birds, as it is with our American Indians—they do not write their own histories. We never get their side of the story. They may be, and very probably are, slandered, or, at least, grossly misrepresented by unfledged human writers who do not understand them, and are incompetent to appreciate their true characters, and the part that they are called upon to perform in the great family of God's creatures. However this may be, the cormorant is set down in the books as a great eater, and not over-delicate in his tastes. He is not disposed to be sociable, or to frequent the haunts of men; but lives in wild and solitary places along the shores of the sea. He feeds chiefly upon fish, but is not dainty, and can make a meal of any old carcass he finds, even if it be the leavings of some beast of prey. He is sometimes called the sea-crow, and bears a reputation among our self-appointed critics not much better than that of his country cousin of the cornfields.

To live quietly, one should be blind, deaf, dumb.



A TALE TO MATCH "A DOG'S TAIL."

BY FRITZ.

OUR Rover was as homely a dog as ever gnawed a bone or wagged a tail. His body, long and clumsy, was awkwardly balanced on four short, crooked legs; while his head was set so close to his body, that he could hardly turn round. He was truly a laughable specimen of caninity, as he waddled about the house, stepping as proudly and barking as fiercely as if he were highly delighted with his doggish appearance. No one would have suspected, to look at his demure face, that it hid so much mischief. And how honest looked his big rolling eye, when suddenly he was caught devouring, surreptitiously, the dinner that rightfully belonged to old Tabby!

Many odd adventures has the old fellow passed through. And among them all, not the least amusing was his attack upon our viallge carpenter. One warm summer day, as Rover was enjoying, as well as he could, a quiet nap under the old willow that shaded our back yard, he found his slumbers broken in upon by some one slamming the gate. The lazy dog opened his sleepy eye to see what it all meant, and as his glance fell on the intruder, he sprang suddenly to his feet and gave a low growl of anger. The new-comer was his deadly enemy—the carpenter. With slow step on came the unconscious man. On his shoulder he balanced a heavy load of boards. In a moment Rover saw his advantage, and as memories of flying hammers and blocks of wood flitted over his brain, he felt the moment for revenge had

come. With a mighty effort he made his highest known jump, and seized the poor "unfortunate" by the rear of his inexpressibles. The horrified carpenter felt the sharp incisors, gave a loud yell, lost his balance, and down tumbled boards, dog and all, making a terrible racket. Rover, frightened at this unexpected phase in affairs, quickly crawled forth and disappeared beneath the stoop, carrying with him, however, as a trophy of his encounter, a large fragment of the carpenter's sheep's grays.

But the old dog is now dead; he has finally left this present world where he barked for twelve years, and out of respect to his memory we feel it our duty to tell his only really honest adventure.

It was a fine, clear, spring morning, and Rover, young and happy, was amusing himself with his usual game of ball with quaint, awkward tumbles on the fresh grass. Every moment my brother and myself would stop our work to laugh at his wild vagaries.

Suddenly, as we stood watching his dogship perform, we heard a familiar bark behind us. As we turned around, we saw our neighbor's dog, Carlo, with a flying leap, clear the intervening fence and alight gracefully at our feet.

Rover was highly delighted at seeing his friend so early in the morning, and exchanged with him a few friendly canine compliments. Finally, after a brisk game of catch, Rover politely invited friend Carlo to take a stroll in the garden. He, nothing loth, gave an affirmative nod, and off started the loving twain side by side; Carlo looking down all the while quite patronizingly on the dumpy specimen trolling clumsily beside him.

They passed slowly up the walk, evidently highly pleased at the progress of vegetation. Now they would stop to admire the verbenas, and then to try the soil in a new-made onion bed. At last, however, they ended their walk beneath an old peach-tree. There they stopped, and seemed to be holding a consultation about some very important question. Then, with a very solemn air, Rover slowly commenced to throw up the earth around him, digging faster and more furiously the deeper he went. Carlo, meanwhile, looked on with a curious, puzzled stare, as if astonished at the strange performance. Finally, Rover drew himself out of his now deep hole, and then was solved to the satisfaction of Carlo his mysterious behavior. This was Rover's larder; here he buried his choicest provender, to keep it fresh and sweet. And there, at the bottom of the cavity, lying on the nicest black earth, a juicy bone appears, the meat hanging from it in tempting folds.

Rover, proud of his prize, points out with lifted paw to his interested companion the tenderest mouthfuls, as if trying to awaken his envy and spirit of covetousness. Carlo stands for a moment, gazing eagerly, and then, with a bright twinkle of the eye, a quick jerking of the neck, and a spasmodic contraction of the jaw, he seizes the rich bone, and without saying so much as by your leave, sir, starts down the walk, scattering gravel at every leap; while poor Rover, in his haste to overtake the robber, trips and tumbles along in pursuit. My brother George takes a long pole from the wood-pile, and with loud cries of "Lay down that bone," joins the wondrous race. And I, convulsed with laughter at their strange appearance, scream and roll in the tall grass until George and Rover return, crestfallen at being outwitted by so lean a dog as Carlo.

THE SHAKER SCHOOL.

I WISH you could have seen the little Shaker school-girl that I saw the other day. I fancy that some of the girls who read the MUSEUM would have said that she was not very fashionably dressed; but I beg leave to differ from them, for I assure them that this young lady's attire was remarkable as being the very *extreme* of fashion—Shaker fashion, I mean. Every Shaker lady wears precisely the same, whether young or old; the only difference being that the elder Shakeresses wear a very plain, thin, closely-fitting cap, while the girls wear their short hair under a black silk net. Their bonnets are the same; I presume that all the girls, at least, know the shape of the nice shady bonnets called Shaker-bonnets, or, sometimes, nun-bonnets. The frock is made of a dark, bluish-gray cloth, such as is called linsey-woolsey, I believe; and the little shawl which covers the shoulders is of white muslin. Although this dress is not fashionable, according to the notions of "the world's-people," as they call us, yet it is very neat. I have seldom seen a pleasanter sight than a band of Shaker girls, on their way to school, walking hand in hand, by twos, with their teacher at their head. It was at Watervliet, a Shaker settlement near Troy, that I had the pleasure of seeing it. I spent a whole day there, and enjoyed very much the peculiar ways and looks of this strange people. Everything belonging to them is kept wonderfully neat and clean. In the hall of the house where I went to get my dinner, there hung a dozen brooms and mops; and just behind the door there was a tiny dust-pan and brush, ready to be used if a speck of dirt dared to come in, lurking under anybody's shoe. The floors were so clean that they fairly shone.

But I want to tell you about the school. When I met the quaint procession of girls on their way, I asked the mistress if I might visit her school-room. She replied, very kindly, that she was always happy to receive visitors; so, after a while, when I knew they must be at work, I went over to the little brick school-house. The school-room was not unlike other school-rooms, except that the floor and benches were so very white and clean. You may think that I am supposing that you are not accustomed to clean houses and school-rooms. I don't mean to make such a supposition, of course; but I must say that Shaker neatness is the *perfection* of neatness. They believe that cleanliness is a virtue and dirtiness a sin, and I should be safe in offering the nicest little old maid of a girl among my readers, ten dollars apiece for every speck of dirt she could find in a Shaker settlement. Why, even the barns are cleaner than many houses among us.

But I am forgetting the school.

The mistress welcomed me very cordially, especially when I told her that I was a teacher myself, and loved children. She showed me their nice copy-books, and seemed just a little proud, I thought, of the beautiful copies she had set them. She was a pleasant woman, rather prim, to be sure, but kind-hearted and amiable. While she was talking to me at her desk, there was no playing among the scholars; all sat in perfect quiet—not

studying, for they couldn't help looking at the visitor, but without making the least noise or trouble. It wouldn't have been so, I fear, in some other schools I know of.

After talking awhile with Miss White—that was the schoolma'am's name—she asked the girls to sing for me. So they rose, and one of the older girls started the tune. It was a strange kind of a tune, unlike the tunes I have been used to hear school children sing, but it was not disagreeable to hear. They stood, each with her hands before her, and without moving the elbows, they beat time with a graceful movement of their hands, up and down, the palms held uppermost. In this way they were able to keep perfect time. The words they sang I can hardly remember, for there seemed to be no regular verses or rhymes; they didn't even pause anywhere, but kept on repeating the same lines over and over again, until they finished the song. I remember these words, because they were so often repeated:

"'Suffer little children to come unto me:'
'Twas thus the Saviour said.
Little children, love one another:
Obey the golden rule."

It was a very queer, yet somehow a very pleasant musical exercise.

They sang two or three different songs, and then I talked to them a little while, and made my bow to the ma'am and came away, thinking that it was the funniest school I ever visited anywhere. The little things looked so prim and solemn, as they stood in rows, dressed exactly alike, and all moving their hands in that queer way, that I almost smiled "out loud;" but I knew that would be very impolite and unkind, so I bit my lips, and enjoyed my smile after I came away; indeed, I have smiled ever since, when I think of them.

I must tell you some more about Watervliet, although I didn't intend to write of anything except the school and the children. I only want to tell you of the *cows' names*. In the beautiful large barn and nice stalls for all their cattle—but the cows have the nicest—over the rack of each one is painted her name, and each cow knows her place, and walks right into it at milking-time. I copied some of the names into my sketch-book, because they were such pretty ones. Here are a few of them: "Bloomy, Gentle, Cherry, Clever, Skip, Curl, Bud, Lily, Robin, Berry, Linnet, Violet, Lark, Dot, Dill, Noble, Dove, Beauty, Tulip, Day, Rose."

I haven't room to tell you more about the "Believers," as they call themselves, but I advise you to ask your parents or friends to take you to see them, some time; and I'm sure you will be as pleased as I was.

UNCLE T.

KING COTTON.—Ninety years ago, at the commencement of our manufacturing career, the population of Britain was about eight millions. Now it has reached twenty-one millions. If it were not for cotton, we could not keep our millions in England clustering in masses round the central manufacturing towns. If it were not for cotton, we could not clothe them, and if it were not for cotton we could certainly not feed them.—*Household Words.*

WISDOM.—The short sayings of wise men are of great value, like the dust of gold or the least sparkle of diamonds.

THE TIME TO DIE.

I WOULD like to die in Spring-time,
If the flowers bloomed not so gay,
And the birds, returning to us,
Sang not sweetly all the day.

Or I'd like to die in Summer,
If her gentle, fragrant breath
Sported not so softly round me,
Wooing me from thoughts of death.

I would like to die in Autumn,
But I could not bear to have
Chilling winds come sadly moaning
Round my newly-covered grave.

I would like to die in Winter,
If 'twere not for all its glee;
If the bells, and sleighs, and snow-storms,
Passed it not so merrily.

I would gladly die at morning,
But I always waken then;
And I would not need so soon,
Thus, to fall asleep again.

I would like to die at evening,
But the stars are in the sky;
And I love them—and their voices
Whisper, "Dear one, do not die."

So I'll leave it to the angels—
When they are sent to bear me home;
And whene'er I hear them singing,
I'll be ready when they come.

A SHREWD ARBITER.—A clown who had a fancy for hearing the Latin disputes of doctors at a university, was asked what pleasure he could derive from them, when he could not even know which party had the best of it. "For that matter," replied the clown, "I am not such a fool but I can see who's the first that puts t'other in a passion."

FIRE-PROOF.—Take whitewash and alum, in the proportion of one pound of the latter to one gallon of the former, and give your roofs, or other wood exposed to taking fire, one or two coats, and hot coals will have no more effect than ice on it.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

BACHELORS.—Depend upon it, there is something wrong in the social system of any community where fine girls are left unmarried; especially in a country like this, where even yet, as it was in the days of Doctor Franklin, a second-hand wife, with a ready-made family, ought to be looked upon as a fair capital to begin life with. It may appear strange at first, but such is the fact; and after a little consideration it will not even appear strange, that though it must be harder to support a family than yourself, it is generally done with more ease. We have said a queer paradox, but we shall not unsay it; for it is literally true. It would be easier for a married man to support a family in a given way, than for a single man to support himself in the same way. His neighbors have more faith in him. They see him rooted, as it were, among them; his family are his bondsmen; they are so many pledges to the public for his good behavior. And who that knows much of the human heart would not prefer the indorsement of a good and beautiful wife, with two or three healthy children, to that of an unmarried man for a promissory note?—*Neal.*

DR. KANE relates that when, one day, worn out with fatigue, he turned into an Esquimaux hut to get a little sleep, the good-natured hostess of the wigwam covered him up with some of her own habiliments, and gave him her baby for a pillow.

AN inn-keeper observing a postillion with only one spur, inquired the reason. "Why, what would be the use of another?" said the postillion; "if one side of the horse goes, the other can't lag behind."

To make a happy quotation is a thing not easily done. Cardinal Perron used to say, that the happy application of a verse from Virgil was worth a talent; and Bayle, perhaps too much prepossessed in their favor, has insinuated that there is not less invention in a just and happy application of a thought found in a book, than in being the first author of that thought.—*Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature.*

PHILOSOPHY.—"Uncle Joe," said an observing little boy, "our folks always put up the window when the room is filled with smoke and the wind always blows in so as to prevent the smoke from going out that way; now, where does the smoke go?" "It goes into the people's eyes," was uncle Joe's philosophic answer.

THE COMPLAISANT HUSBAND.—A gentleman seeing his wife in a very sullen mood, asked her how she did. She answered him that she was not sick, nor yet very well. "Nay," quoth he, "then I may even turn thee out of doors; for I only promised to cherish thee in 'sickness or health.'"

ONE of the descendants of John Hancock relates the following incident: "During the revolutionary war, Mr. Hancock gave a grand entertainment to Count d'Estaing, commander of the French fleet. As the time for dinner approached, Mr. H. was informed, by some oversight there was not a drop of milk in the house; and as the lacteal fluid was not as plentiful in the days of war and embargo as in the present of peace and quietness, the deficiency was a matter for grave consideration. Finally, he gave his domestics an order to proceed to the adjoin-

ing common, where the cows of some of the townspeople were quietly grazing, and milk them. This was done, the necessary supply was obtained, and the feast proceeded. The next day, Mr. Hancock gave public notice of his fillibustering proceeding, and stated his readiness to pay all demands for damages; but, under the circumstances, the owners declined any compensation."

Some years since, and before mustaches were as popular as now, a distinguished organist, and leader of one of the choirs in Hartford, sported a huge one. At that time, his salary was raised by subscription, and when the paper was presented to one of the prominent members of the church, he put $25 against his name, remarking, that if the organist would cut off his mustaches, he would make the sum $50. Soon after, he received a neat little package, containing the identical "har" referred to. He promptly "came down" with the additional $25.

"How do you do, Mr. Smith?" "Do *what?*" "Why, how do you find yourself?" "I never *lose* myself." "Well, how have you *been?*" "Been—been *where?*" "Pshaw! How do you *feel?*" "Feel of me, and see." "Good-morning, Mr. Smith." "It's *not* a good morning; it's horribly wet and nasty. A '*good* morning!' I *like* that!" And the parties separated.

What is the difference between a man with a cold in his head and a skillful pugilist?

One blows his nose, and the other knows his blows.

"The German Diet—what is it?" asked the schoolmaster.

"Sour-krout, blood-sausage, pretzel, and lager-bier," said the head of the class.

A young lady's description of a storm at sea: "The sun went down like a ball of dull fire, in the midst of smearing clouds of red currant jam. The wind began to whistle worse than any of the lowest orders of society in the sixpenny gallery of a theater. Every wave was suddenly as big and high as the Italian opera house. The cords of the ship snapped like bad staylaces. No best Genoa velvet was ever blacker than the firmament; and not even the voices of the ladies, calling for the stewardess, were heard above the orchestral crashing of the elements."

Danger of Straining the Eyes in Twilight.—In the London and Edinburgh *Philosophical Magazine* is an account of sudden loss of the power of distinguishing colors, produced by over-taxing the eyes. A sea captain, who was in the habit, when time hung heavy on his hands, of occupying it by working at embroidery, was one afternoon engaged upon a red flower, and, being anxious to finish it, prolonged his labor until twilight came on, and he found it difficult to select the suitable colors. To obtain more light, he went into the companion-way, and there continued his work. While thus taxing his eyes, his power of distinguishing the colors suddenly vanished. He went upon deck, hoping that an increase of light would restore his vision. In vain. From that time to the present, more than ten years, he has remained color blind. Mr. White Cooper, who brought this case to notice, says that, after the great Exhibition of 1851, several instances came under his notice in which the sensibility of the retina was temporarily blunted by the excitement to which it was exposed in that brilliant scene.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

THE statistics of the city of New York show that a very large majority of the crimes committed in this great metropolis are by young men in the vigor of youth, and most of them done under the influence of the intoxicating cup. Nearly all of our murderers are young men. Twenty-five thousand young men die drunkards every year in the State of New York. One of our judges on the bench, in a late charge, said that he had had three cases of murder before him lately, all committed in one grocery and liquor store by young men under the influence of intoxicating drink. These facts should make you stop and think. Why touch that which so maddens the brain, fires the eye, and nerves the arm to commit such deeds of horror and of wrong? for "at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Why touch the poisonous cup which has brought ruin to so many otherwise happy families, and made complete wrecks of so many noble and generous hearts like your own? Take Uncle Merry's advice and example, all ye Merry boys and girls, and never touch a drop of the deceitful beverage.

It can do you no good, even if it could do no harm. It brings disease, crime, poverty, wretchedness, curses, and death. Behold! a worse than living serpent stands ready to fasten its poisonous fangs; to blast the affections; to destroy the intellect, and bring on premature death.

He comes in the mask of kindness and whispers, "Be merry—be social," and proffers the cup of enchantment; but in that cup are bottled fiends, which kill the body and destroy the soul.

Whosoever is deceived thereby, is not wise. Let us be a "cold-water family," pledged to total abstinence and sobriety, and, when offered the tempter's cup, dash it down, and turn to the beautiful fountain of life and health, from whence cometh peace and length of days—to clear, bright, sparkling water.

The goddess of Health here dispenses, with a liberal hand, the beverage pure which God himself has given to

nourish and invigorate his creatures and beautify his footstool. Then put away the sparkling cup, drink deep of this fountain of health; so shalt thou grow up, a blessing to thyself and to thy country.

Do you think me too strong, too earnest? Listen.

I had a friend, one of the early mates of my childhood; one whose genial nature and lovely mind, just budding into life, gave glorious promise of a brilliant future; noble, generous, and kind, beloved by all; we passed the pleasant hours of childhood in sweetest confidence and joy, which now seem like a dream to me so quickly flown and yet so happy.

But he disregarded the advice to "look not upon the wine when it is red;" his social and genial nature led him astray, and before the days came for him to leave the paternal roof, we laid him in a drunkard's grave. And if you could have seen his imploring eye, heard his agonizing wail, witnessed his last, sad, fearful hour, and listened to his cries of horror as he sunk into the grave,

"Hopes faded—flowers strewed all the way
That led him up to manhood's day"—

and as his eye glared with the unnatural fire of earthly decay, and he knew the last struggle of life drew near, raising himself up with a last and final effort, he exclaimed, "It was rum that brought me here, and *why didn't you tell me?*" then, with a convulsive grasp, he fell back in death; and it seemed as if fiends danced over his dying couch and yelled for joy that their mission on earth, with him, at least, was ended—had you seen all this, you would not hesitate to pledge yourself to total abstinence, or cease to warn, by precept and the influence of your example, those in the downward path to ruin. Then I vowed eternal hostility to the wine-cup, and to all that can intoxicate, willing to be called singular, if need be, willing to be deemed unfashionable, if so much that by my influence and example one immortal soul could be saved from the poisonous bite of the venomous serpent, lurking in the "dark beverage of hell," and be pledged to the health and life-giving fountain of clear, cold water, saved to his home, to society, and his God.

JUNE.

THE winds are calm, each breath is balm; skies silver blue, and sparkling dew, with tinkling showers, fill all the hours of joyous June.

The lightsome breeze doth stir the trees—the branches sway in such a way, that one believes the glistening leaves might really be an emerald sea, with waves in tune for jocund June.

The garden bowers, with opening flowers, begin to smile in rosy style, awaking joy that can not cloy: O lovely bloom, some fairy loom hath wrought this web, to grace Queen Mab, at night or noon in jolly June.

What witching winks the scented pinks around them throw, where pansies grow, in velvet snoods and purple hoods: the cowslip's cup is lifted up for fragrant dew, and shining too: the fleur de lis, the rich sweet pea, dear Mignonette and bouncing Bett, the Guelder rose and lilac blows, all nod and bow, while listening how the lily bell rings out a peal, for sweet commune, in light of Lune, with joyous, jocund, jolly June.

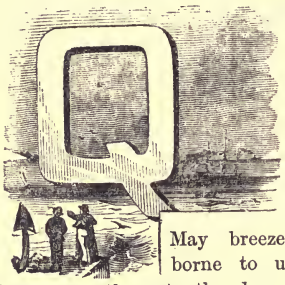
LAURA ELMER.

THE MUSEUM ALPHABET.

A—STANDS for Aunt Sue—full of goodness, you know—
Who finds puzzles for "little" ones, and for "old" folks too.
B—is for bound volume, for which I shall send
When dollars are plenty, and hard times shall end.
C—stands for Cousin Hannah, for Cabinet and Chat,
Which afford us much pleasure—I'm quite sure of that.
D—is for dollar. Oh, haste it away
To the MUSEUM office, and make no delay.
E—is for eyes—Mrs. Black-Eyes; and then
There are Blue-Eyes, and Hazel, and Grey-Eyes, we *ken*.
F—stands for Uncle Frank. He has gone to his rest.
May we meet him, at last, in the "land of the blest."
G—is for Goodrich, who tells us with ease,
Of his travels on land and his trips on the seas.
H—is for Hiram—not Hiram Abiff—for look at his phiz.
'Tis our own Hiram Hatchet. What a *Cutter* he is.
I—oh! that is myself, I will just tell *you* so;
But modesty forbids that the public should know.
J—is for J. N., meaning John Newton Stearns,
Who is kind to the Merrys, as every one learns.
K—stands for Mattie Bell. Oh! that will never do;
I wish her name was *Kate*, and Minnie R.'s too.
L—stands for Laura Elmer, a writer also, too.
Who gives us both prose and poetry
M—is for Merry. Uncles, aunts, cousins all,
Are now in the parlor—I'll give them a call.
N—stands for New York, and for Nassau Street;
That you send there a dollar, I'm sure it is meet.
O—is for Old Major. Though a military man,
We give him a welcome with heart and with hand.
P—stands for Peter Parley, with a story, I know;
Stand back, my dear boys, and don't hurt his sore toe.
Q—is for Queer. Some queer things there be,
In Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer—just look in and see.
R—is for Robert, an uncle most true;
In every good work he has something to do.
S—is for Stearns—I. C., to be sure.
Has he left us? The thought, oh! we could not endure.
T—is for Tim—another uncle, you see,
Who gives us a song, both merry and free.
U—stands for united. One in purpose are we,
Though divided by mountain, and river, and sea.
V—stands for vigilance—to which all are inclined,
Who answers to riddles and puzzles do find.
W—is for Willie H. Coleman. Dear me!
Is he uncle or nephew? I'm sure I can't see.
X—for cross, and for ten, and for all that;
And is used in the problems of our Monthly Chat.
Y—is for yearly. Send one dollar true,
And this nice magazine will be forwarded you.
Z—is for zealous—which we'll be for right;
Now, all my dear Merrys, I wish you over
good-night. AUNT PATSEY.

HAMILTON, ILLINOIS.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



QUIET reigns in our MERRY circle, and we are all so grateful that May breezes have borne to us again from across the water the pleasant greetings of our wandering Sybil. How could you have waited so long, dear coz? You do not know how impatient some of our family have been, these five long months; but one and all hope now that your voice will be oftener heard in the Chat.

FLORENCE.

I flatter myself, dear cousins, that by this time you will not object to receiving a letter from your loving coz in this corner of the world. Can it be five months since I wrote you last? How time flies! You see by the date of my letter that I have left Paris, and am now in Florence. I can hardly believe it possible that the dream of my childhood is fulfilled, and that it is the soft Italian air which fans my cheek. From a child I had always a romantic love for Italy. Italian history was to me like a fairy tale, and the tears have stood in my eyes as I have read the sorrowful tale of Italy's wrongs. But I trust this lovely land has brighter days yet in store for her. However, I must run away from the "Italian question," if I wish to send any messages to my cousins, for I fear my epistle is rapidly verging toward the proscribed limits.

Many thanks, C. M. Gibbs, for your flattering predictions. But a voice from the "Sybil's Cave" proclaims their fallacy.

Gazella: from my experience with Southern girls, I know you have paid me the highest compliment. Nothing could so have flattered my *amour propre* as to be considered worthy of being a "Southerner." I am truly thankful, Annie Drummond, that I have such a strong supporter in the West. I also thought of "sour grapes;" but I remembered there was some such old proverb as "Risk nothing, gain nothing."

Willie Coleman: I accept your hand as cordially as it was offered. (Don't be frightened; I don't mean "for better or worse.") "Pride must have a fall," you know, my dear, and you have descended so gracefully that we must needs forgive you.

Son of the Evening Star: pray tell your mamma that I am a great devotee of hers.

Lizzie G.: you see I have not followed in the footsteps of Nip. Have not I fulfilled my promise to write you from the Old World?

Joyful: do you know we don't live a dozen miles apart? Woodman, spare this "leaf" a moment more. I must say a word to Only Oliver, and I've finished. Would you like to know who Aunt Sue is? Send me your address, then, and I'll tell you. She lives in Brooklyn, and you shall know the rest when you write. Love to Uncle Hi. He is my favorite of the Merry Hydra.

Ever yours, SYBIL GREY.

April, 1860.

Shade of mercury, how warm it is!! Thermometer at 90 degrees in the shade! But notwithstanding the heat, Uncle Hiram, I must take you to task for the way my letter was "used up" in the present number. What is the matter with your typos? It should be as follows: "You doubt the bravery of the Southerners, then. Well, I'll forgive you for your extreme ignorance. My Older cousin, I was truly grateful," etc.

Gazella, you're a clever little "feller." You want my "candid opinion," do you? Well, here it is, *confidentially*. With all due deference and admiration for the Northern girls, I must say that I like the Southern girls the best. I'm a Tennessean, Gazella, as well as yourself. By-the-by, what has become of our other fellow-"*Tennessean?*" Has he departed for other climes, or has the terror (?) of the Southerners, Mrs. Eyes, stared him into oblivion? I'm away down South, in the land of the "cypress and myrtle," listening to the songs of the birds,

as they hail the arrival of spring, while you, uncle, are yet shivering from the departing breaths of winter. But you good (old ?) heart is as warm as our sunny skies, and doubtless your face is as good-humored as my imagination has portrayed it. Your nephew,

HAWTHORNE.

Uncle Hiram's hatchet was rather dull in April, though the printer will have to share his portion of the blame. Uncle Merry opens the door to you this month, and lets you in, as you are not very long this time. Please do not talk much about good-nature; the first of May is hardly over with us yet.

ONTONAGON, LAKE SUPERIOR, *Feb.*, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—

I live on the shore
Of a beautiful lake,
Where the north winds blow,
And sad music make—

Where the coast is lined
With icebergs high,
And stretched in extent
To the deep-blue sky.

Here are masses of copper
Piled up on the dock,
Of many tons weight,
And solid as rock.

We are not as far north
As Kane went, I know
But far enough here
For plenty of snow.

The Indians come in here
With snow-shoes and packs,
And United States Mail
Lashed on to their backs.

There are great many things,
In this far-off clime,
That I'd like to tell
In prose or in rhyme;

And will, if the "Merrys"
Desire me to—
Pledging my honor
That all shall be true.

But I'm fond of reading,
And I'm fond of fun;
So I send you a dollar
For the MUSEUM.

From your nine-year-old nephew,

DELOR C. YORK.

SOUTH BOSTON, 1860.

DEAR MUSEUM:—As it is about six months since I last wrote, I think it is time to "put in a word," if for nothing else, to inform you I'm alive and kicking—foot-ball, or probably shall be, about Fast day. I'm decidedly in favor of physical culture, and carry it into practice by exercise in the gymnasia, boating, etc. By-the-way, C. F. W., call in at the Tremont Gymnasium, between 5 and 6 P. M., and you will probably find me there. Uncle Merry must have worked rather hard after the fire; for when I saw him some weeks after, he looked somewhat "worn out."

Now, Gazella, *please* omit the "handle" next time, do. Caltie, didn't see you at Jamaica Pond. Were you there? Annie E. Drummond: "my love and a kiss!" You won't decline, will you?

What a glorious renewal of the good old puzzling times we're going to have! Sometimes we used to have as many as fifty puzzles in a single number! Think of that! Definitions forever, auntie. We know what can be done in that line, don't we? But "I beg leave to disagree" with you in your reply to J. H. D. I should say decidedly, a *bee* was an animal. See "Worcester, Unabridged." That command from Uncle Joe to "enumerate planets," went a little too deep into astronomy for me.

Daisy Wildwood, shouldn't wonder if somebody in Providence had heard of "Willie F. H." My best respects.

UNION TICKET FOR 1860.

For President.....ROBERT MERRY!
For Vice-President...HIRAM HATCHET!!
For Commissioner of Patent
(puzzles)s.....AUNT SUE!!

Yours in the bond of Union,

OLIVER ONLEY.

There's a constitutional ticket for you! We will have a broad-axe for a platform, the Girls shall all vote, and, as we shall of course be elected, Oliver shall be secretary of state, Hawthorne our private secretary, Sybil minister to Italy, and Willie postmaster-general. Uncle Merry shall receive all his letters free, and we will have a sort of "MUSEUM Homestead Bill" for all. We will also have the Pacific Railroad built through Oregon for the benefit of our friends there. Lucy's letter was a long time on the

way, so we will hear from her, and postpone further arrangements for the present.

OREGON, *Jan.* 1, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HI :—Please lay aside that formidable hatchet, and let us all have our *say* during the holidays; and afterward—well, no matter, only I for one will not grumble then. How *could* we all do without Fleta? Indeed, even Bess, brilliant and spicy as she is, must yield the palm to her; and W. H. C., who has long occupied a high station in the Chat, is completely thrown into the shade.

Carrie, U. C. (not Upper Canada, but up in the clouds), I should like to see your aerial residence, but I have an uncontrollable fear of balloons. So now, uncle, I will not tax your time and patience any longer. Give my love to Uncle Merry and Aunt Sue. Likewise to the host of cousins. A merry new year to you all. Good-bye. LUCY.

BATAVIA, *Jan.* 31, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have written several letters to you under the signature of Adel; but now, with your permission, I will take the name of Blue-Eyes, as there is no cousin of that name, and as my eyes are dark-blue, the name is appropriate. W. H. Coleman, why do you not write oftener? It seems to me that since Black-Eyes' marriage your attendance has not been so regular. Ella S. Beirce, penmanship is proper for both ladies and gentlemen. Black-Eyes, where have you hidden yourself? Nip, the cousins will surely disown you if you do not make your appearance soon. Sybil Grey, I am glad to see you write often, and give us a description of your travels. Young Joe, do not seek to become acquainted with Fleta, she will put you out as she did Hawthorne. Uncle Hiram, looking over the Chats of '57 and '58, I notice many faces that are never seen now. Where are W. H. C. (South), Laura, Bess, Prairie Blossom, and others? Why don't you find them, Uncle Hiram, and stir them up to writing again? Aunt Sue, I send you my love, and tell you I hope to become a regular contributor to the MUSEUM. Farewell. BLUE-EYES.

We "accept and adopt" the change with pleasure, for we have often wondered if there were not some "blue eyes" among the Merry troupe, as they are our special favorite. They have been sparkliug at the door for some time, but are none the less welcome. We should heartily welcome back Bess, Laura, Prairie Blossom, and all our other former "bright particular stars" to our monthly Chat.

CHAMPION, *March* 26, 1860.

DEAR MR. MERRY: — I have essayed seven times to enter the Chat, but have not succeeded. That relentless "hatchet" always descended upon my unfortunate productions and completely annihilated them. I send a few curiosities, enigmas, conundrums, etc., which you are at liberty to publish if they are good enough. Please put me under "Black-Eyes'" maternal care, and tell "Nip" to send along those extracts. But yonder comes that fearful "hatchet," and I must go. Love to all the cousins, and a kiss to Aunt Sue.

BLUE-EYED LORA.

There you are, Lora; the "hatchet" shall not harm you. Uncle Robert will be your "champion." Please take a seat side of Blue-Eyes. What do you say, Mrs. B. E.? We do not know how many pair of eyes she has to look after at present; she can speak for herself.

KEOKUK, *March* 9, 1860.

UNCLE HI :—Will you be kind enough to give me a seat where I can see and not be seen? for I am too bashful to withstand the gaze of your 20,000 sharp-eyed nephews and nieces; although I hope, at some future day, to "scrape up" an acquaintance with some of those bright particular stars of the Chat.

Am I the only representative from Keokuk? Surely the old Indian chief is worthy of a better one than I shall make; but rather than have no representative from our youthful city in the Merry family, I will volunteer, promising, if this be published, that you shall hear from me again. Yours truly,

KEOKUK.

GREENSBURG, KY., *April* 9, 1860.

DEAR UNCLES:—Am I too much of a stranger to hope for a cordial greeting from the Merry group? Already my heart is with them, and fain would I claim relationship not only with the

numerous cousins, but with the uncles, and also Aunt Sue, for whom I have formed a particular liking. I am very much pleased with the MUSEUM, and handle it most carefully, as I wish to preserve it in all its neatness until I get a sufficient number of them to have bound in one handsome volume. But I must not grow too lengthy, lest I be curtailed by the hatchet. Love to all the cousins, not forgetting dear Aunt Sue. Your little Kentucky friend and nephew,

HUGHLETT WILSON.

BROOKLYN, *April* 2.

DEAR MERRY:—When one once has entered in the full room of the Chat, it is hard to be absent a single month; for the "Merrys" are to a new companion as magnet is to steel.

I find, in looking over the bound magazines of our library, that the names of several of the present subscribers are there. That is enough proof to show that the magazine has its attractions. Boys will soon condemn a book if it is not good, and that shows it to be extra.

Lily Parley's poem had its due attention; and as I read, I thought

"Those hours I spent in childhood
Have wandered with the past;
These hours I spend in manhood,
Are fleeing, fleeing fast."

Yours, LUTIA.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

"OUR folks" are getting "waked up" in this department; we are becoming quite lively. I think we shall soon need a page or two more to hold all the good things. Carrie T. Warner has *indorsed* the prize, and pronounced it worth having; so I offer a similar one this month, on the same terms as the last.

FRANK has answered every puzzle in the April number. Will he (or she?) tell me where to address the prize?

I am glad the "definitions" have found such favor in your eyes. Should any one wish to see a particular word defined, let them send it on, with the proviso that it be accompanied by a *good definition*. "*Grasshopper's*" is accepted.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.—AGGRAVATION, COURAGE, CONSCIENCE, COMFORT.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

60. What is the difference between a candle in a cave, and a Highland fling in a tavern? *Eight-year-old.*

NAMES OF FLOWERS, ETC.

61. 1. To border, and part of a gun.
2. An animal, and a sometimes unpleasant occurrence.
3. A bird, and to prick.
4. Young animals, and part of the body.
5. A large box and a fruit.

Oliver Onley.

62. I am composed of 13 letters:
My 9, 2, 12 is part of the body.
My 1, 11, 13, 10 is part of a ship.
My 7, 5, 8, 3 is an animal.
My 6, 4 is an abbreviation for one of the United States.
My whole is an institution of learning in Ohio. *Gertrude.*

63. S01000E 1000EN R 500EA500 2 6RTUE BUT A54E 2 A5050 E650 *Lucy.*

ENIGMATICAL WORDS.

64. 1. Only hair.
2. Cleansing four hogsheads.
3. Iron steamboats. *Adelbert Older.*

65. 1. Transpose a lady's name into what she once was.
2. Transpose one fruit into another.
3. Transpose an animal into a vegetable.
4. Transpose a fruit into a store attraction. *A. A. Ford.*

ANAGRAMS.

66. 1. Treat us ill. 2. Trust Delila. *M. & M. C.*
3. Castiron rope. 4. Cold east rain.
5. Cured rope. 6. Coy appeals.
7. Cedar nets. 8. Coral pine. *Adelbert Older.*

67. Entire, I am a useful seed;
Behead me, I am warm indeed;
Behead again, and all do me
Again and a conjunction see. *Fred.*

68. A word of three syllables take as a catch,
Defined in rotation, *know*, *reckon*, and *match;*
Lest the word as a whole should the puzzlers defeat,
I hereby inform them it means to complete. *X. T. C.*

69. I am composed of 16 letters:
My 14, 15, 16 is a word denoting possession.
My 4, 9, 11 is a weight.
My 3, 6, 7 is a kind of wedge.
My 2, 5, 13, 14, 16 is a boy's name.
My 8, 5, 7 is an abbreviation of one of the months.
My 12, 2, 4, 10 is sometimes considered a luxury.
My 1, 5, 6, 7 is the name of a man who was punished for murder.
My whole has made himself notorious. *Jack.*

70. 1. Transpose a mineral substance into a tree.
2. Transpose an epistle into a sound.
3. Transpose an animal into a deed.
4. Transpose a color into a poet.
Adelbert Older.

COUNTIES IN TENNESSEE.

71. 1. A small nail, and a liquid used in making soap.
2. An article of furniture, and part of a river.
3. The home of a soldier, and an article used for summons.
4. A vehicle, and to wind up.
5. An instrument of war.
6. A nickname, and a male child.
A. A. Ford.

72. My 1, 2, 3, 4 is to sprinkle with salt;
My 10, 12, 15, 9 is often a fault;
My 13, 7, 6, 5 is a species of swelling;
My 14, 8, 11, 9 infest many a dwelling.
My whole is the name of the writer, I ween,
And of letters the number is just fifteen.

COUNTIES IN WISCONSIN.

73. 1. Two generals of the Revolution.
2. A color.
3. Part of a house.
4. Vicious, and a tool.
5. To vibrate. *Fred.*

74. I am composed of 26 letters:
My 23, 5, 4, 19 is an insect.
My 17, 15, 20, 13 is a county in Indiana.
My 16, 24, 7, 26 is very destructive.
My 2, 22, 15, 9 is an article of clothing.
My 8, 20, 1, 3, 14 is a boy's name.
My 25, 18, 26, 12 is part of the face.
My 6, 8, 21, 11 is a numeral adjective.
My 18, 5, 21, 10 is an intimation.
My whole is an old adage.
A. A. Ford.

75. I am composed of 12 letters.
My 11, 10, 3, 4 is much used by farmers.
My 4, 2, 5, 8 is much used in the kitchen.
My 6, 7, 1 is a propeller.
My 12, 9, 2, 1 is a kind of mark.
My whole are great travelers.
Marshall D. Ellis.

Answers to Questions in April No.

34. Of two evils choose the least.
35. Scarlet fever.
36. Three removes are as bad as a fire.
37. Carpet.
38. Charm—harm—arm.
39. CLVII transposed makes CIVIL.
40. 1. Wood. 2. Hardin. 3. Highland. 4. Pickaway.
41. He is footing his Bill.
42.

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

43. Gorilla.
44. Dishonest rulers overthrow a state. (Dis on nest rulers over thro waist eight.) Several answered this—"dishonest *measures*," etc.

To avoid the repetition of names, I will in future credit correct answers in the following manner:

Adelbert Older.—Nos. 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44.
Josiah Joker, Jr.—34, 35, 36, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43.
Ransom Sanford.—35, 40.
Sam.—37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42.
A. A. Ford.—35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41.
Mattie M. Caswell.—39, 42.
Frank.—34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44.

Eddie.—35, 36, 38, 40, 41, 43.
Charlie T. Warren.—39, 42.
Imogen Latham.—35, 39.
Grasshopper.—43.
Laura S. Shepard.—34, 35, 36, 37, 40, 41, 42.
George B. Shepard.—34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 40, 41, 42.
Annie J. Harley.—35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42.
Fred Judson.—35, 36, 37, 40, 41, 42.
Gertrude.—34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 41, 42, 43.
Alpha.—39, 44.
Mary A. E.—34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 40, 41, 42, 44.
Ned.—39, 40, 41, 42.
Pahnon.—35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43.
Fred.—35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43.
C. M. Gibbs.—38, 40.
Carrie T. Warner.—35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44.
H. Bowles.—35, 37, 39, 40, 42.
Hawthorne.—35, 37, 38, 41, 42.

DEFINITIONS.

Mercy.

A Sister of Charity. *Mary A. E.*
The punishment meted out to offenders by the generous. *Frank.*
A pleasing exercise. *Alpha.*
Something never shown to rats. *Ned.*
Heaven's high prerogative. *Anna W. N.*
The hand that streweth flowers in the path of the poor. *Ida.*
A landlord calling for his rent, and giving his tenants until afternoon to raise the money. *Pahnon.*
An obsolete term with creditors. *Hawthorne.*
Love's ripest fruit.
The key inside the prison of justice.
Scratching the head with gloves on. *W. A. F.*

Tongue.

An awful tell-tale. *Ned.*
A powerful weapon. *Frank.*
An expounder of woman's rights. *Mary A. E.*
One of Love's allies. (Love isn't *all eyes.*) *Anna W. N.*
The match to light the fire of mischief. *M. & M. C.*
A sample of perpetual motion. *Bart.*
An emblem of hypocrisy. *C. M. Gibbs.*
A thought sling.
An instrument for spinning yarns.
A white-wash brush.
An organ difficult to tune. *W. A. F.*

Veneration.

The offspring of Love and Awe. *Mary A. E.*
The feeling which prompts a man to take his hat off to the giant oak. *Frank.*
A boy's feeling for his first watch on the first day of ownership. *Anna W. N.*
Homage to silver hairs. *Cornelius M. Gibbs.*
What I experience when I see my mother's Bible. *Alpha.*
A rare "bump." *Hawthorne.*
The tribute of appreciation.
The stars fading before the sun.
One of the lost arts. *W. A. F.*

Respectable.

Anything that society smiles upon. *Anna A. E.*
To owe no man anything. *Alpha.*
External worth. *Lillie F.*
Easier to seem than to be. *Anna W. N.*
To spend all your money for a new bonnet for church, while your stockings are full of holes; showing that your mind is more engrossed by things above than by things below. *Frank.*
A charcoal man in the steady pursuit of his vocation. *Charlie F. Warren.*
A millionaire. *C. M. Gibbs.*
Veneration's master. *Hawthorne.*
A family of thirteen children.
A black cloth coat, white neckerchief, broad watch seal, and gold-headed cane.
Roast beef and plum pudding. *W. A. F.*
This list of definitions! *Aunt Sue.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Adelbert Older.—Thanks for your enigmas, they are excellent. Are not six weeks long enough for puzzlers to untie the knots? Why *didn't* you answer No. 34?

Josiah Joker, Jr.—I should much like to see that "Stone Mountain," and to accept your kind invitation. Yes, I still continue to offer "my heart" for the greatest number of correct answers.

Rose Redwood.—Although your answers were too late for the printer, they are not too late to be credited in my *puzzle account book;* and you are fully entitled to a prize, having answered all the puzzles, minus two items in No. 32. Our friend Oliver Onley lacked two in that, and two in No. 25. So you may fairly "go up head." But, Rosa dear, you have puzzled the puzzler. To whose address am I to send the prize; and to whose account shall "the Publishers" credit the amount inclosed in your letter? Mr. S. says "there is no *Rosa Redwood* on his books."

H. W. Potter is also entitled to a prize for March; being equal with O. O. Although answers may come too late for publication, I give two full months for competition. "First come, first served," however. Is the address you have given sufficient to reach you?

J. L. P.—The charade you sent is a very old one; thanks for your trouble of writing it, but we want only *original* enigmas.

Variable-Eyed Josie propounds an algebraic question for Josiah Joker's benefit; will he send for the letter (with his address)? I do not desire to commence another war with algebra in the puzzle department.

Laura S. S.—Your answer to No. 43 was very ingenious. Hope you will answer *all* next time.

Geo. B. Shepard.—I wish all my correspondents could see your letter to me, and take a lesson from the orderly, systematic way in which you have written the answers.

Nobody.—Your first query has appeared in print before; may I not consider the fact merely a "coincidence of great minds," and believe the last two conundrums original?

Cornelius M. Gibbs.—Thanks for your friendly greeting.

Carrie T. Warner.—I am very glad you were pleased with the prize. Not hearing from you till May, I feared you had not received it. Had you answered 34, you would have been equal with Frank, and should have had a prize; not another heart, but an equivalent.

Oliver Onley.—Please let me know if *your* prize arrived safely.

Jean Quilp.—"What do I mean?" Are you too modest to appropriate a compliment?

Mary A. E.—They say that the President is inaugurated on the 4th of March succeeding leap year, because that date so seldom falls on the Sabbath.

A. A. Ford.—Your answer to 42 was incorrect because it did not add up 15 diagonally both ways.

Eddie's did not add up right, horizontally.

Two or three of my correspondents have sent for solution the problem of the hounds and rabbits. It strikes me that a hound with four legs would find it no difficult matter to catch a rabbit with three legs; but if those 29 rabbits had 116 legs, methinks they might give those 8 hounds a pretty wide berth in "17 minutes and a half," if they met with no *pull-backs.* But see what *Carrington's Commissionaire* says about it.

A-RYTHM-ETIC.—MR. COM:—A comico-mathematical friend, who is quick at figures, and "some" on sums, resolves, as follows, the proposition contained in your last. Yours, BRIDGET.

"If 4 hound dogs, with 16 legs, can catch 29 rabbits, with 87 legs, in 44 minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from 8 hound dogs, with 32 legs, in 17 minutes and a half?"

Answer—

Let the three-legged rabbits, like sensible folks,
Borrow twenty-nine legs from their neighbors;
Then give them a start of a mile and a quarter,
And I'll bet you my hat, if you think that I "oughter,"
That in seventeen minutes—add a half, if you please—
A school-girl will give you the answer with ease:—
(For equation see Fluxions, by Tupper.)
—Just four times two dogs,
Will put four times two tails,
Between four times four legs,
And sneak home without any supper.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Sam, A. A. Ford, Eddie, Lucy, R. H. Loughridge, Pahnon, Fred, C. M. Gibbs,* and *Oliver Onley.*

Answers too late to be credited last month, from *H. C. S. Brown, Rosa Redwood, H. W. Potter, A. A. Ford, James L. Pierrepont, R. H. Loughridge, Nellie F. McKee,* and *Carrie T. Warner.*

THE BOAT-RIDE.

NOW for a boat-ride!" shouted James Williams, as he came in at the front gate, swinging his hat in great glee. "Father says that all hands are to get ready and come down to the cove for a boat-ride." Mr. Williams, several weeks before, had promised the children a boat-ride on the first fine afternoon; and the appearance of James with the good news that the long-expected time had actually come, was the signal for a general exclamation of delight in all quarters. John and Charles left the block-house which they were building in the corner of the garden; Mary and Susan dropped the cat which they had been trying to teach her letters; and Jane, who sat by the front window, hemming a linen handkerchief, put away her work, and got her sun-bonnet ready for a start. Mrs. Williams was very busy cutting out a frock for Susan; but James insisted that they should have no time at all unless his mother went; and so, partly to please James, and partly to look after the children and enjoy the ride with them, she finally concluded to go. In about five minutes they were all on their way to the cove, James acting as a kind of captain to the company, though he found great difficulty in keeping the younger children in the ranks. In fact, he gave up the job with John and Charles, before he had gone ten rods, and let them run to their hearts' content. The cove was only a quarter of a mile from the house, and the party were soon there. Mr. Williams, and Simon the boatman, came down the other path just at the same time, and soon made everything ready. John and Charles were in a hurry to get into the boat, and as soon as they were in, commenced quarreling about their seats. Mr. Williams spoke to them very sharply, and said he should send them both home unless they were pleasant and obliging; and their moth-

er quietly put one on the seat behind her, and the other on the seat ahead, which so mortified them that they kept perfectly quiet for some time. Simon gave James the key to unlock the chain which fastened the boat. James finally succeeded in doing so, and they were soon all aboard and pushed off from the shore. A pic-nic party, in

the edge of the grove near by, cheered and waved their handkerchiefs, and James and his brothers swung their hats in return. The boat was soon quite a distance from the shore; all the children were perfectly delighted. The afternoon was still, and the water was so smooth that the boat glided along charmingly. James declared that the lake was as smooth and level as the parlor floor. Mr. Williams, who always managed to mix in instruction with recreation, asked James whether be supposed the surface of the water was really straight and level like a floor, or whether it was not oval, to correspond with the shape of the earth. James said he knew the ocean was rounding, but he supposed the top of a pond or lake, only a few miles across, was exactly straight. At any rate, he thought it couldn't vary more than a quarter of an inch or so, and that would be of no account. Mr. Williams told him he was mistaken;

that the water curved about eight inches in one mile, and that the curvature was just the same for the same distance on a small body of water as on a large one. James never had thought of the thing in that light, but he saw at once that it must be so; and he immediately commenced making a calculation to find how much the curve would be on the little lake they were sailing on. As it was about three miles long and two miles wide, he supposed the curve would be sixteen inches on a line running crosswise, and two feet on a line running lengthwise. His father smiled, and told him he had figured a little too fast; that the curvature was as the *square* of the distance, and that it was consequently four times as much in two miles as in one mile, and nine times as much in three miles as in one mile. So that the line across the surface of the lake, from side to side, would vary from a straight line four times eight inches, or two feet and eight inches, and the curve of the lake, taken lengthwise, would be nine times eight inches, or *six feet.* And as eight inches was just two thirds of a foot, the rule was to square the distance in miles and take two thirds of the result for the curvature in feet.

James was astonished that the curve amounted to so much, and, carrying out his father's rule, went on to calculate that in six miles the curvature would be (6×6=36, and 2-3 of 36=24) *twenty-four feet;* and in ten miles (10×10=100, and 2-3 of 100=66 2-3), *sixty-six feet and eight inches!*

At this, John, who had just looked up from the edge of the boat, where he had been watching the ripple of the water, laughed well, and said if that was the shape of a pond of water, it would be easy skating in the winter, as it would be down hill every way! His mother just then caught hold of John by the arm and told him he would find it down hill into the water if he leaned over the edge of the boat so far. This frightened John a little, and turned the conversation. John asked his mother how deep she supposed the water was. She replied that she did not exactly know, but would warrant it was deep enough to drown six boys of his size. One of the girls asked how people found out the depth of water. John said he could easily tell if he had a fish-pole. But Mr. Williams told John that his fish-pole would hardly be long enough to reach to the bottom. James said he knew how they found out the depth of water; it was by sounding with a plummet; and if he had a cord and plummet, he could make a sounding himself. In fact, he had got a long fish-line in his pocket which would answer for the cord, if some one else would give him something for a plummet. Mr. Williams said he had nothing which would do for the purpose excepting his large safe key; but he was afraid it would be a very *un*safe key if it was let down to the bottom of the lake. John said he had a big marble in his pocket; but James, after looking at it, said it was not heavy enough for a plummet. Simon told James there was a large hammer in the bottom of the boat which he had used to drive in a staple. James declared the hammer was just the thing; it would hit the nail on the head; and he soon had it tied to the end of his fish-line. As soon as Simon stopped the boat, he took hold of the line and let the hammer slowly down into the water until it touched the bottom. He then tied a knot in the cord where it met the edge of the water, and drew up the hammer. Mr. Williams said,

bravo! but asked James how he was going to measure the line. This took James all aback. He said he guessed he would have to wait till he got home to do that; but just then Jane happened to think that she had a piece of a measuring-tape in her pocket, which she took out and gave to James, and the line was soon measured, and the water found to be twenty-three feet and eight inches deep. James was greatly pleased with the success of his undertaking, and looked toward his mother, who smiled in approbation. But the children were all surprised that the water was so deep; for they said they could see the bottom, and it looked very near. Mr. Williams told them that water was very deceptive as to depth, and that that fact had often been the occasion of persons getting drowned when bathing.

Especially when looking into water obliquely, the bottom appears much higher than it really is, and bathers frequently find themselves beyond their depth before they dream of it.

Mrs. Williams now requested Simon to row them to the west end of the lake, where there was a pretty farm-house, and a green pasture coming down to the water's edge. This took about twenty minutes, the children in the mean time watching the birds as they flew across the lake, and asking their father numberless questions, some of them too difficult for a philosopher to answer.

As they came up toward the west end of the lake, a flock of geese and ducks coasting near the shore attracted the attention of the party. They were sailing about like a miniature fleet of vessels, and every now and then one of them would dive under water and come up and shake itself, to the great amusement of the younger boys.

Pretty soon a couple of lads, in a little scow-boat, hardly large enough to hold a dog, pushed out from around a bunch of bushes and paddled directly in among the fowls. At this they did not start away nor seem frightened, but shook their wings and stretched out their necks, opening their mouths, cackling and hissing as if they considered their peculiar water-rights invaded. This made the little folks laugh louder than ever; for Mr. Williams did not keep water-fowls, and the children were not used to seeing their aquatic performances.

After Simon had rowed them along the shore a short distance, they came to a nice dry beach, where the whole party landed, and spent nearly half-an-hour in roving about in the pasture and getting a cool drink of water out of a cocoa-nut dipper from a clear spring under a big oak tree. They then stowed themselves snugly back in the boat again, and started for home. By this time quite a little breeze had sprung up, and the waves began to show themselves, making the boat rise and fall so much that the girls were really frightened. But Mr. Williams told them that if they would sit quietly in their places there would be no danger, as it was a very light wind compared with what sometimes blew over the lake.

James said he never could understand why the wind should blow stronger at one time than another. His father asked him if he knew why the wind blew at all; after he had explained that, it would be easy to understand why it blew so irregularly. Jane said she knew what made the wind blow; she had studied it at school in Comstock's Philosophy. Whenever it was very warm at any particular place, the air, expanded by the heat,

would rise, and the air around it would rush in from every direction; just as when a bonfire is made, the air on every side would be drawn toward it; and the larger the bonfire the stronger the current of air, so she supposed that the greater the heat in one particular place, the stronger the wind would blow toward that place.

Mr. Williams said Jane had explained the matter very well, and he was glad to see that she understood and remembered what she studied at school. Wind was produced whenever there was a marked difference of temperature between two regions near each other; and as the causes which produced heat and cold were various, and acted very irregularly, especially in this latitude, the wind was consequently extremely variable and uncertain. Wind might be caused by cold as well as by heat; it was the *relative* temperature that produced it. A heavy thunder shower always cooled the air; and, as a consequence, the wind on the earth always blew in every direction *from* such a shower, because it was so much warmer in other places than it was where the shower was prevailing. When the wind blew one way on the earth, it frequently blew in exactly the opposite direction a mile or two above the earth.

Jane said that was the way with the trade winds, which were caused

by the great heat at the equator. That made the wind blow toward the equator on the surface of the earth, and then there was a return trade wind high up in the air, which blew in the opposite direction. Mr. Williams told Jane that the trade winds did not blow exactly toward the equator. Instead of being north and south winds, they were northeast and southeast winds. He asked Jane if she could explain that. Jane thought quite a spell, and finally said she had forgotten how to explain it. Mr. Williams asked her if the earth's revolution on its axis had not something to do with it. Jane said, O yes, she remembered now all about it. If the earth were still, the trade winds would always blow exactly toward the equator; but, as the earth revolved, the winds were diverted from their original course, and became northeast winds on the north side of the equator, and southeast winds on the south side of the equator.

By this time the party had got half way home, and Simon, who sat facing the west as he rowed the boat, told James to see the heavy cloud in the northwest. Mr. Williams said it was a thunder shower, and it was lucky they had started for home as soon as they did. He then took the second pair of oars from the bottom of the boat, changed seats with James, and helped Simon to row the boat for the cove as fast as possible. The wind increased and the shower came up rapidly; but they soon reached the shore, and landed in safety. By walking fast up the lane they all reached the house just as the big drops of rain began to fall, and so escaped a good wetting.

All the children declared they had had a capital time, and James said he had learned more than he ever did before in one afternoon, besides having a splendid boat-ride. T. P.

PRESENTLY.

NEVER say you will do *presently* what your reason or your conscience tells you you should do *now*. No man ever shaped his own destiny, or the destinies of others, wisely and well, who dealt much in *presentlies*. Look at Nature. If she never hurries, she never postpones. When the time arrives for the buds to open, they open —for the leaves to fall, they fall. Look upward. The shining worlds never put off their rising or their settings. The comets even, erratic as they are, keep their appointments; and eclipses are always punctual to the minute. There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe which have been predetermined by the absolute fiat of the Creator. Man, however, being a free agent, can postpone the performance of his duty; and he does so, too frequently to his own destruction. The drafts by indolence upon the future are pretty sure to be dishonored. Make *now* your banker. Do not say you will economize presently, for presently you may be bankrupt; nor that you will repent or make atonement presently, for presently you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by the history of nations, rulers, and private individuals, that, in at least three cases out of five, *presently* is TOO LATE.

A GERMAN writer says that thieves are so scarce in this country, that the authorities are often compelled to offer a reward for them.

A PET CROW.

Miss Jennie Partridge had a crow—
"An ugly pet," you all exclaim—
But tastes will differ, as you know;
She loved her pet—'twas all the same.

Miss Jennie's crow was black as jet;
She called it Jennie Partridge, so
That, by-and-by, she might forget
In saying Partridge, 'twas a crow.

'Tis said—and facts will bear it out—
Lies oft repeated pass for true,
And many a lie thus stalks about
Confirmed each day by me and you.

'Tis said, moreover, love is blind,
And everything we love is fair;
And Jenny was so very kind,
That, black or white, she didn't care.

Jennie, one bitter, stormy day,
This crow found lying at the door;
His half-closed eyelids seemed to say,
"Jennie, I'm hungry, cold, and poor."

She pitied the poor thing, and said:
"Ill take you in and feed and warm you,
You'll share my water and my bread,
And nothing shall disturb or harm you."

She made a cosy nest of wool,
And put it in a cosy corner;
She kept his cup and basket full,
Or else he soon had been a goner.

When first he oped his languid eye,
As if to say, "I'm feeling better,"
Kind Jennie said, "Pray, do not die;"
He seemed to answer—"I'm your debtor."

She took some water in a spoon,
And put it to his quivering bill;
He took a little drop, and soon
Looked up to say, "I'm better still."

And so, from day to day improving,
He soon began to hop about her,
And soon became so very loving, [her.
It seemed he could not live without

And she returned his love, protesting,
Partridge or crow, 'twas all the same;
'Twas love that made pets interesting,
And not the color or the name.

And yet there was one little thing
She owned would do her lots of good;
She never heard her darling sing,
And much, oh, much she wished she would.

One day she brought him in some corn,
Whereat he shouted caw, caw, caw!
While Jennie, looking quite forlorn,
Replied, "O pshaw! my pet, O pshaw!"

H. H.

THE LITTLE BIRDS.

"GRANDPA" sends the following all the way from Missouri. It was written on his 77th birth-day. We think he may well claim, as he does, to be our "oldest boy."

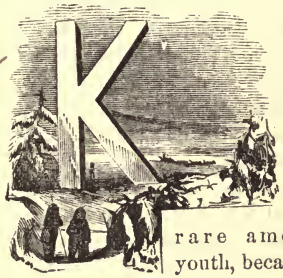
FOR THE MUSEUM AND CABINET.

A little, pretty phœbe bird
Again her nest has made;
I went up to it yesterday,
And she one egg had laid.
She flies about it all the day,
To see that all is right;
And then she lays another egg,
And sleeps away at night.
Just so she comes from day to day,
Till all her eggs are laid;
And then at home she loves to stay,
Just like a quiet maid.
She exercises patience then,
And sits both day and night;
It is her nature thus to do,
Till young ones come to light.
Then she, with sweet maternal love,
Feeds them herself all day;
And when 'tis night, she sleeps with them,
Till night has fled away.
Just so she labors every day,
Until her young are grown;
She has the pleasure then to say,
Her work for them is done.
She comes as oft as spring returns,
And makes her nest again;
She loves the place; 'tis well secured
From thieves and winds and rain.

The place she chooses for her nest
She's occupied for years;
It is so snug, that none will steal—
She has no doubts, nor fears.
When for each year her work is done,
She's seen no more about,
Until another year comes round,
And then for her look out.
I know not where she spends her time
When she is gone from here,
But this I know, she goes and comes,
And does it every year.

GRANDPA.

AMERICAN HISTORY.*



KNOWLEDGE of the aboriginal inhabitants of our country is so rare among our youth, because of the want of proper books on the subject adapted to interest them, that it is with peculiar delight we welcome a volume from that prince of writers for the young, JACOB ABBOTT. We regard him as one of the most successful and useful of writers for the juvenile world; and the book from which we are permitted by the publishers, Messrs. Sheldon & Co., to take the accompanying illustrations, is the first of a series of twelve, the design of which is to narrate the leading events in the history of our country, from its earliest periods to the present time. The aboriginal condition of the country is treated of in this volume, and the character and condition of the native tribes which inhabited it.

We take the following interesting extract in reference to the original peopling of the continent, and hope that all our readers, in search of substantial, as well as interesting reading, will get the book and read it for themselves.

ORIGINAL PEOPLING OF THE CONTINENT.

"On the supposition that the American continent was originally peopled by a branch or branches of the human family migrating from the old world, there have been a great many speculations in respect to the time and the manner of their first introduction.

In the first place, they may have come from the northern part of Europe, by the way of Norway and Iceland, to Greenland, and thence down through Labrador to the lake country, and thus have spread through the whole interior of the continent.

The supposition that they may have come in this way, or at least that some may have so come, is confirmed by the fact that there is a great resemblance between some of the Indian tribes and the Scandinavian nations, so called, who inhabit the northern parts of Europe and Asia.

CROSSING THE NORTHERN SEAS.

In respect to the manner in which these supposed emigrants crossed the seas in coming from the north of Europe on one side, or the north of Asia on the other—for the water which separates the new continent from the old is still narrower on the western side than it is on the eastern—several suppositions may be made. They may have been blown off from their own shores by accident. The people in all those regions live a great deal upon the sea. They make boats of a very substantial character, and evince a great deal of skill and courage in navigating them. In fact, they are compelled to acquire great skill and to exercise great courage in these pursuits, for they obtain almost all their living on the ice-floes, or upon the water between them, and thus they are in constant danger of being caught in the ice and carried away. These ice-floes are kept by the winds and currents in a state of constant motion, and are car-

* From Aboriginal America. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

ried by them hundreds of miles over the sea, and a party caught upon one of them might, perhaps, by making a hut of their boat and killing seals and white bears and other animals that frequent them for food, succeed in making quite a long voyage on such an embarkation in safety.

TRAVELING UPON THE ICE.

Then, again, a whole tribe or congeries of families might undertake to migrate purposely over the ice, to escape from enemies or from famine. They might travel very far on such expeditions, over ice either fixed or moving, with sledges drawn by dogs or reindeer. The Laplanders and the Esquimaux, it is found at the present day, make very long journeys in this way.

THE PACIFIC ISLANDERS.

Scattered over almost all parts of the Pacific Ocean are groups of islands which are inhabited by races of men that are almost as much at home on the sea as upon the shore. A boat for the water is sometimes an object of greater even necessity to them than a hut for the land; and the magnitude of some of the boats which the islanders that are most advanced in these arts are able to construct and navigate is truly wonderful.

Indeed, these islanders, like the inhabitants of the Arctic regions, have every possible inducement to become seamen, and they enjoy every facility for learning and practicing the nautical art. In the first place, there is no possible communication between the different islands of the same group except by water. Then, moreover, between the different parts of the same island the passage is made much more easily by sea than by land, for the water near the shore is almost always smooth, being protected by coral reefs coming up to the surface a short dis-

ARCTIC EMIGRATION.

tance from the land, while the way through the interior is obstructed by almost impassable thickets, or is made rough and impracticable by volcanic rocks, which the savages have no means of leveling or removing.

It results from this state of things that these islanders all acquire a great degree of skill in navigating the seas around them. The children take to the water at the earliest age. They find it always warm, and, as they wear no clothing, it is difficult to say which they love best—playing in the surf upon the water, or in the sun upon the shore.

The children begin their attempts at navigation by means of any floating substance that they can lay their hands upon, almost as soon as they can walk. Shipmasters, who touch at these islands to get fresh provisions for their crews, say that they have known children not more than three years old to swim out to the ship anchored in the offing, having only a cocoa nut, with the husk left on, to buoy themselves up with in the water.

In some of the islands the natives build canoes of great size and of very complicated structure, and capable, some of them, of conveying a considerable supply of provisions. With these they undertake quite extended expeditions, either of war, of commerce, or of migration. Such boats as these must very often be driven far away from their course, and carried by winds and currents to distant lands. It is undoubtedly in this way that the innumerable islands of the Pacific Ocean have become stocked, and it is not at all improbable that similar migrations may have taken place in former ages to the American shores.

FISHING.

The Indians evinced a great deal of ingenuity in their contrivances for fishing. They could make a sort of twine by twisting together the fibers of a certain kind of bark, and with this they could make nets. In setting these nets they used pieces of wood

BOW AND ARROW FISHING.

for floats, and stones for sinkers. In the winter they would sometimes set these nets beneath the ice by making a row of holes in the ice along the line where they wished the net to be placed, and then they would contrive by some means to pass the net underneath from one hole to another, till it extended the whole length of the line, and when in this position the stones would carry it down to the bottom.

BOW AND ARROW FISHING.

Sometimes in the summer they used to take fish by shooting them with an arrow while they were swimming in the water, they themselves standing on the bank and watching till they saw the fish come sufficiently near. In such cases a string was attached to the arrow, by means of which the fish could be drawn to the land and the arrow also recovered.*

It is astonishing to what perfection of workmanship some of the Indians attained in the fabrication of their bows and arrows. The bows were formed of various materials, and sometimes, as, for example, when they were made of substances like horn, they were spliced and strengthened in a very ingenious manner. A Western traveler saw one a few years since in the hands of a chief which was worth the price of two horses, and he actually bought two horses, at twenty-five dollars apiece, to give in exchange for the bow. The string was made of the sinews of a deer.

The arrows, too, were very nicely made. There were two kinds, one for hunting and one for war. A good quiver would contain a hundred arrows, and an expert hunter could, if necessary, draw and shoot fifteen or twenty in a minute, running all the time at the top of his speed, either toward or from his enemy or his game."

* Any young reader of this book, who may feel disposed to ascertain practically what degree of difficulty attends this mode of fishing, may easily make the experiment by heating a large fish-hook in the fire, in order to take out the temper, and then carefully straightening it and inserting it into the end of his arrow, and shooting at any fishes he may see swimming near the shore. Before he succeeds in hitting many of them, he will have to learn something about the refraction of light, as affecting the apparent position of objects seen under water, which boys are not at all supposed to understand.

A PILGRIM'S SONG.

BY H. BONAR.

A few more years shall roll,
  A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
  Asleep within the tomb.
A few more suns shall set
  O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
  A far serener clime.

A few more storms shall beat
  On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
  And surges swell no more.
A few more struggles here,
  A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
  And we shall weep no more.

A few more Sabbaths here
  Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
  The eternal Sabbath-day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
  My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
  And take my sins away!

Bow to destiny. One of these days he may be polite and return your bow.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

BY LAURA ELMER.

CROPPING grass and daisies white
Is our pretty lamb's delight—
Seeking these, and frisking play,
Sometimes gets our lamb astray.

Often when his master, Ned,
O'er the road to school has sped,
Billy—(that's the lambkin's name)
Trots along to do the same.

But they take no lambs at school,
Always "'twas against the rule"—
Billy, Billy, run for home,
Do not take a path to roam.

But he's in a naughty mood,
And he seeks the mazy wood,
Where he saunters on and on,
Till his path for home is gone.

When the storm and darkness come,
How he cries for Ned and home!
Silly lamb, why did you stray
From the home-bound path away?

Children, youths, a lesson learn—
Into unsafe paths ne'er turn—
'Tis but short-lived the delight
Found in wandering from the right.

Shun in little points the wrong,
Every day and all day long;
Never step in paths forbid—
There, are tempest terrors hid.

Burst they when you're lost and lone,
Burst they when you grieve and moan;
But the path of good and right
Leads you safe to realms of light.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

EVERY country has its own sort of national *sport.*

In Spain the sport is bull fights—sanguinary but grand *fêtes* bequeathed by the Moors to the Spaniards.

At Florence and at Rome it is the races of horses without riders.

Among the Russians the *turf* is the frozen water of their rivers and lakes; their *sports* consist in the art of skating with gracefulness, boldness in driving a swift sledge, the splendor of their equipage, the magnificence and profusion of furs, the noise of the little bells, and, above all, the *coqueterie* with which the horse in hand casts his head aside as he gallops.

In Germany, the waltz, pipe and beer.

In the East, the Djerrid exercise.

In Holland, hawking.

In Africa, lion-hunting.

In Bengal, guinea-hen catching, an ingenious *exploitation* of the taste those poor birds have for rum. In other parts of India they have, together with gigantic combats of elephants, tigers, and panthers, pitched battles of thrushes against thrushes, and quails against quails.—*La Presse.*

A WORD ABOUT WILD FLOWERS.

THE SNOW-DROP.

I HAVE to tell you again of another spring flower that makes its appearance very early, sometimes coming up from under the snow. It is the snow-drop, a small, delicately shaped hanging flower of a pure white color, surrounded by pale green leaves. It has a slight fragile stem, and droops its lovely blossom as if it were unable to meet the sharp and boisterous winds of March, and sought for some one to protect and cherish it. It is an emblem of purity and meekness—first, from its color, which is, as I have told you, *white*. It is clothed in a pure and spotless garment. Do you not remember, in reading your Bible, how often reference is made to the pure in heart, and to the redeemed, as being arrayed in white. Look in the Book of Revelations, and you will find a number of passages wherein John heard the Church of God described as sanctified and perfect, like a bride dressed in clean *white* linen, and also that he saw a great multitude of the saints of God who were pure in heart, arrayed in white robes. And we are also told, that our sins shall be as white as snow, that we shall be made white in the blood of the Lamb. So you see from the blessed Word of God, that white is the garb of righteousness or purity, and this is one of the thoughts that this beautiful snow-drop brings to my mind. And then it is also an emblem of meekness from the way in which it bends its pure cups, as it meekly and submissively receives the cold blasts and biting frosts which often visit us in the early days of spring. When I look at it I think of a little child, tender and helpless, looking up to its earthly parents for protection and sympathy, even as this tender flower trusts to the great heavenly Father to be saved from destruction from the storm.

And just so should a little child be clothed in the stainless garment of

purity, like this snow-drop—that is, he should be pure in heart. And shall I tell you how a little child can be pure? Why, by being truthful, obedient, gentle; not vain, but modest; not proud, but humble, loving God, his parents, and friends. And so

should a little child be meek and trusting, bending his head with willing submission to whatever trial may come to his childhood's days, knowing that the great Parent in heaven will take care of him, for He careth for all His children, even the youngest. Do you not remember how beautifully the Saviour alludes to faith in God, in the sixth chapter of the Gospel of Matthew? Read it, and if God clothes and takes care of the lilies of the field, and these pure snow-drops, how much more will he clothe and take care of his human children, for whose delight, and pleasure, and use he has also created the beautiful flowers?

I once saw a young girl who was suffering from a long and painful sickness; her face had become very thin, and pale, and white; her body was wasted away, but her heart was being purified, for she trusted in the Saviour, and she was only waiting to die to be clothed with the spotless robe of righteousness in her heavenly home, which she could never wear on earth. A little girl came running into her room with her hand full of snow-drops, saying to her, "See, dear sister, I have brought you some snow-drops from the garden! there were plenty of purple and yellow crocuses there, but I thought you would like these best, for they were so white, they made me think of you."

The sick sister laid her hand on the head of the little girl, and said to her: "Be like the snow-drops yourself, my child, for it reminds me always of the words of the Saviour, when he preached to the disciples on the Mount: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Oh! thou God, who dwell'st on high,
Hear my childhood's feeble cry;
Make my heart all right within,
Safe from evil, safe from sin.

Clothe me in a garment pure—
Teach me trials to endure;
Like the snow-drops, let me stand,
Kept by Thy protecting hand.

And when life's rough storms are o'er,
When chill blasts can come no more—
Spotless may my vestments be,
That I in heaven my God may see.

A. C. M.

When you have said the word, it reigns over you; but while it is not yet spoken, you reign over it.

Time will teach him who has no teacher.

He who sleeps without supper gets up without debt.

Borrowed dresses give no warmth.

The best friends are those that stimulate each other to do good.

Take counsel of him who is greater, and of him who is less than thyself, and then refer to thine own judgment.

CROCODILE—DRAGON—LEVIATHAN.

IN my opinion that boy is in a very uncomfortable situation—much worse than Jonah was when the "great fish" took him in. Jonah's friend could not have been a crocodile, for the crocodile, though amphibious—at home both on land and in water—would hardly have been called a fish. The crocodile, the largest and most savage of the lizard species now known, is a native of the Nile, and is seldom if ever known outside of his home in Egypt. He sometimes ventures out into the open sea, but is, for the most part, confined to the river and to the low, sandy marshes and islands on its border. The alligator, well known in many of our Southern rivers, is of the same general family, but is by no means as large nor as fierce as the crocodile, though stories have been told of his murderous propensities and his appetite for young negroes.

Though the crocodile belongs to Egypt, it is somewhat singular that the word never occurs in the Bible. The animal is often alluded to, however, sometimes as the dragon, and sometimes as leviathan. The remarkable description in Job applies to him with great force. He is a monster in size, being sometimes twenty-five feet in length. He has from thirty to forty teeth in each jaw, sharp and pointed like spikes, with two or more tusks on the outside of his huge mouth. His body is covered with thick, hard scales, lapping one over the other like shingles, which it is almost impossible to penetrate with an arrow, or a spear, or even with a bullet. Job says of leviathan, that "he laughs."

The mode of taking this monster is by a rope. Whether this is done with the aid of a hook, or with a noose, I am not quite sure; but I think it is with a noose, or something like it. The teeth of the crocodile are so formed, that while he can catch and hold his prey, he can not cut or chew it. He can not, for the same reason, cut the rope with which he is taken. When he takes a pig, or a sheep, or a boy for breakfast or dinner, he is obliged either to swallow him whole, or to leave him under the water till he is fit to be eaten. The female lays her eggs in the sand, and leaves them to be hatched out by the warmth of the earth. But she keeps a good reckoning, and always returns just in season to uncover them, as the young monster within begins to break the shell.

How would you like to go bathing in such a river as the Nile? How do you suppose Pharaoh's daughter managed when she went down into those waters to wash? Perhaps her maidens, who went with her, managed to frighten away the monsters; though the poor boy's mother, in this picture, seems to have little power to scare him, however frantically she screams. No wonder that Moses' mother, when she laid him among the rushes, set Miriam to watch, not so much to see who might pick him up, but to see that leviathan did not pick him up.

MERCY.

'Tis a sweet, a precious gift
  From a Father full of love;
Man to man should mercy show,
  Was the edict from above.

With such tenderness of heart,
  Boundless grace with love and truth;
Forgiveness for the guilty—
  Pity for the sins of youth. BART.

NICE GIRLS.

FROM an uncredited article under this heading, in the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, we condense a few paragraphs that will find a heartier response from more of our bachelor friends than many a "dashing belle" would imagine. "There is nothing 'half so sweet in life,' half so beautiful, or delightful, or lovable, as a 'nice girl.' Not a pretty, or a dashing, or an elegant girl, but a *nice* girl. One of those lovely, lively, good-tempered, good-hearted, sweet-faced, amiable, neat, natty, domestic creatures, met with in the sphere of 'home,' diffusing around the domestic hearth the influence of her goodness, like the essence of sweet flowers.

"A nice girl is not the languishing beauty dawdling on a sofa, and discussing the last novel or opera; nor the giraffe-like creature sweeping majestically through a drawing-room. The nice girl may not even dance or play well, and knows nothing about 'using her eye' or coquetting with a fan. She never languishes; she's too active. She is not given to 'sensation' novels; she is too busy. At the opera she is not in front showing her bare shoulders, but sits quiet and unobtrusive—at the back of the box, most likely. In fact, it is not often in such scenes that we discover her. Home is her place.

"Who rises betimes, and superintends the morning meal? Who makes the toast, and the tea, and buttons the boys' shirts, and waters the flowers, and feeds the chickens, and brightens up the parlor and the sitting-room? Is it the languisher, or the giraffe, or the *elegante?* Not a bit of it; it's the nice girl.

"Her unaided toilet is made in the shortest possible time, yet how charmingly it is done, and how elegant her neat dress and plain collar! What hearty kisses she distributes among the family! no presenting of cheek or brow like the 'fine girl,' but an audible smack, which says plainly, 'I love you ever so much.' If I ever coveted anything, it is one of the nice girl's kisses.

"Breakfast over, down into the kit-

chen to see about dinner; and all day long she is up and down, always doing, and always cheerful and light-hearted. She never ceases to be active and useful until the day is gone, when she will polka with the boys, and sing old songs and play old tunes to her father for hours together. She is a perfect treasure, is the 'nice girl.' When illness comes, it is she that attends with unwearying patience the sick chamber. There is no risk, no fatigue, that she will not undergo; no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion. I have often thought that it would be happiness to be ill, to be watched by such loving eyes and tended by such fair hands.

"One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a 'nice girl' is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is invariably associated in my mind with a high frock, a plain collar, and the neatest of neck ribbons, bound with the most modest little brooch in the world. I never knew a 'nice girl' yet who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses, or a splendid bonnet."

"I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically beautiful, half so intrinsically good, as a 'nice girl.' She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous; but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we lie down to rest." —*Carrington's Commissionaire.*

A PERSON pretending to have seen a ghost, was asked what the apparition said to him. "How should I know?" he replied; "I am not skilled in the dead languages!"

SUNNY HOURS.

A DIAL formed of brass and wood
Within a little garden stood,
And on its face, so bright and fair,
Was graven with much skill and care—
Fitting it seemed among the flowers—
"I only mark the sunny hours."

The rain might pour in torrents down,
The clouds above might darkly frown,
The winds might shriek, the tempest blow,
The storm might seek its overthrow;
It took no heed of storms or showers,
And only marked the sunny hours.

Be this the motto of our life,
In storm or sunshine, peace or strife;
We'll bear no burden from past years
Of disappointments, griefs, and fears;
But while with willing hands we strive,
Our hopes, joys, love shall all survive;
We'll take no heed of fading flowers,
And only mark life's sunny hours.

DAYTON, OHIO. MATTIE BELL.

A MASTER was one day displaying to his servant the grandeur of his estates. Farms, houses, and forests were pointed out in succession on every hand, and the proprietor finally summed up by saying: "In short, all that you see in every direction belongs to me." The servant looked thoughtfully for a moment, then pointed up to heaven, and solemnly said, "And is *that* also yours?"

A WISE REPLY.—A spendthrift, who had nearly wasted all his patrimony, seeing an acquaintance in a coat not of the newest cut, told him he thought it had been his great-grandfather's coat. "So it was," said the gentleman; "and I have also my great-grandfather's land."

A TIME TO WEEP.

A YEAR ago, the shadows of mourning fell deep and heavy on the hearts of the young, through all the borders of our land, when we announced the not unexpected death of Uncle Frank, so widely and warmly known and loved as the children's friend. Another deep, dark shadow has fallen upon us. The sunshine of our opening summer is dimmed again. The season of reviving flowers and returning birds is overcast. There are tear-drops in the fresh-opened flowers, and a note of sorrow in the early bird-song, for the unexpected death of PETER PARLEY! Uncle Frank was so long and so hopelessly sick; he stood so long on the verge of the grave, looking down into the narrow home where we at last laid him, that, sad as was the duty, it was no surprise, when called to close the door upon him forever. But PETER PARLEY was still so seemingly hale and hearty, so fresh-looking and vigorous, though much older than Uncle Frank, that we were not prepared for the tidings of his death. It has come upon us suddenly and painfully. It touches not only the hearts of the now young, but of those who are young no longer, of those who, almost half a century ago, were the readers of Parley's first story books, and the busy rummagers of Parley's first magazines of juvenile literature.

To Mr. Goodrich, more than to any or all other men, the world is indebted for its now extensive and wide-spread libraries of juvenile literature and entertaining knowledge. He was the pioneer and reformer who, with a genial spirit, which won all hearts, and a ready tact which overcame all difficulties, opened the sealed books of learning to the eager and admiring gaze of youth, and brought down stately science, from her tall majestic strides among men, to the toddling paces of childhood. He threw the charm of novelty and simplicity over that which had always before been dull and uninviting. He introduced a new style of writing and illustration. He made difficulties easy, and mysteries clear. To the Temple of Science and Knowledge, which had always before been perched on an almost inaccessible and cloud-capt summit, he raised a sort of Jacob's ladder, or, more properly, constructed a series of flowery terraces, which made the ascent so inviting and easy, that throngs of children, to whom that height had been as forbidden ground, have found their way to it, and made it cheerful with their eager happy faces, and their endless curious questionings. PETER PARLEY will be remembered and loved, when other Peters whom history calls great will be forgotten. Children, and all who love children, will hold his name in grateful remembrance for all time to come.

Mr. Goodrich was the author of a goodly number of books, in various departments of literature, besides those which were specially designed for children. He was a poet of no ordinary ability, and has left behind him some fine specimens of genius in this line. He has a large place in thousands of families, as a familiar teacher of natural history. His travels were somewhat extensive, and his experience of the world large and instructive. Of all this we shall probably have in due time a complete memoir from the hand of his son, or some other competent person.

CHARLIE'S FIRST HORSE.

BOYS love horses and dogs by a sort of natural instinct. They can't help it. Is it equally a natural instinct in boys that leads them always to tease a dog and whip a horse? Or is it only one of the fruits of depravity? It may not be easy to decide which, and it is not a matter of much importance. It is, however, a trait universally developed, along with the love for these animals. See how Charlie begins with his wooden horse! How heartily he lays on the whip! and how he laughs in his heart to think of the patient suffering of the poor beast! He wonders why he does not kick or run, and is almost afraid, every time he lays on the whip, that something dreadful will happen. But still he lays it on, till, by-and-by, in a sort of sulky, impatient fit, he turns away to something else, and calls his horse a stupid, lazy fellow.

Even the tender-hearted, amiable Ellen is more amused than pained at Charlie's earnestness in whipping, because she knows it does not hurt the horse, and does not know that it hurts her pet brother, by cultivating in his heart a spice of cruelty, or disregard of the feelings of his pets. His mother understands it, and would like much to see him more gentle. Well, we will not moralize much about it now, but just tell you about this first horse of Charlie's. At first, Charlie was delighted with the toy, and was quite willing to drag it about; but after a little while he thought it was of no use to have a horse that he could not ride.

He resolved that he *would* ride, at all events. So he saddled his horse, and flourished his whip for some minutes; but all in vain. Then he took his horse into the garden, and tried him there, but with no better success. At length he took it into his little head, that even a wooden horse might be able to run down hill without being dragged; and finding a long plank, with one end on the ground, and the other on the fence, he mounted with some difficulty to the top; and then, fixing his little horse as well as he knew how to, he took his seat, lifted up his feet, and said, "*Get up!*" But, much to his surprise and vexation, he got down, and that very quick. The plank not being laid very evenly, the little horse rolled off at the side, and tumbled Charlie head first on the ground. Charlie cried most lustily. His mother came out to comfort him; but he would not be comforted. He was not much hurt, but was vexed; and that is worse than being bruised. He did not try that experiment again. He gave his horse to his little baby sister, and said he would not have a horse which he could not ride. Whether he ever got a real live horse to ride upon, I don't know; but if he did, I am sure he whipped him more than was necessary.

TONGUE.

A source of so much mischief,
  Of pleasure and of pain,
A perpetual motion,
  It strives with might and main.

Creator of confusion,
  What dire mishaps befall
The luckless one who happens
  To feel this scourge of all!

Bart.

THE BABY'S TEAR.

Stay, little tear, and do not dim
  Our darling's bright blue eye;
She'll need you soon enough to ease
  Her heart of many a sigh.
What is it tells of future years,
  Or can of sorrow speak,
So plainly as that pearly drop
  On baby's velvet cheek?

It emblems sadder ones to come,
  The griefs of after years;
It tokens heavier heart-aches,
  And silent burning tears.
Then softly wipe the moistened eye,
  The source of sorrow seek—
There's a cause for those bright tear-drops
  On baby's velvet cheek.

Minnie R.

Brooklyn, E. D., *May 9th*, 1860.

Slander.—"I understand," said a deacon to a neighbor, "that you are becoming a *hard* drinker." "That is a slander," replied the neighbor, "for no man can drink *easier*."

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

AFTER two weeks of absence from the city, we are again at our post, to greet our little friends of the Monthly Chat. We have had a pleasant time while away, yet find it a great pleasure to be at home again, and open so many letters from all parts of the country. Our trip has been to the White Mountains, from whose tops we looked down upon the world, or a very respectable portion of it. In Portland we were welcomed by the kind hospitality of our friend G. W. Woodman, who, with his family, did everything to make our stay pleasant and agreeable. The Merry cousins of Portland may well be proud of their forest city. The clean, shady streets, attractive drives around the city, the cordial welcome of its inhabitants, the interesting temperance and Sabbath-school meetings, the beautiful sail among the 365 islands of the bay, and numerous other pleasures, are all engraven upon the memory, never to be forgotten. We shall expect to hear from our Merry little sprite, who was so busy with the French anecdotes, that her teacher thought she would have to "wait a little longer" before reciting. Jimmie must not forget the promise to write to Uncle Merry.

In company with a large number of delegates to the National Division, Sons of Temperance, which had been in session in Portland for a week, we took the Grand Trunk Railroad from Portland to Gorham, N. H., and from thence a coach, eight miles to the Glen House, arriving about sunset.

This large and commodious hotel is situated in one of the loveliest spots in New Hampshire, at the very base of Mount Washington, and in full view of its summit. Here, away from the toil and bustle of the city, the traveler finds a quiet home, amid the finest scenery in the land, which only those who have seen can appreciate. Mr. Thompson, the gentlemanly proprietor, devotes his time to the comfort and entertainment of his guests. This is by far the best approach to the Mountains, and we retired early, to be ready for the ascent on the coming morning.

"Up in the morning early,
Just at the peep of day,"

our party started for the Tip-Top House, 6,285 feet above the level of the ocean, and distant about seven miles from the Glen House. A carriage-road to the top has been commenced, and is nearly half completed. The present method of ascending is by well-trained horses, kept expressly for the purpose.

Robert Merry, feeling that one of his age would find it rather difficult to hold on to a horse in riding up so steep a hill, grasped his crutch, and started with the foot passengers. His companions were so agreeable, the beauties of the route so enchanting and magnificent, that the vigor and freshness of youth returned, and he arrived at the "Tip-Top House" but little behind time, and with less fatigue than many of the horsemen.

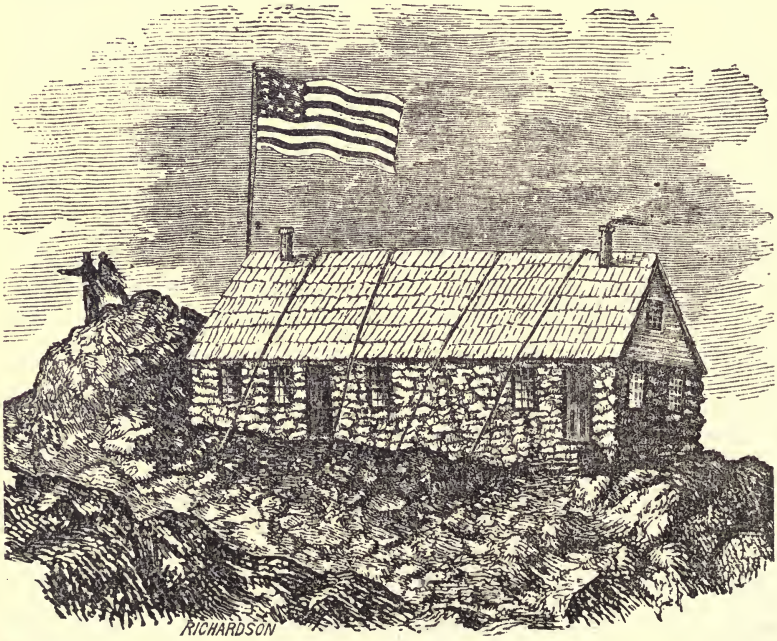
The view from this point was truly grand. On every side rose the majestic hills, with their solemn look toward heaven; below were variegated forests and wide-spreading vales, nestling in their midst beautiful lakes and streams of clear, bright, sparkling water. We wish all of the Merry family could breathe the inspiring air and drink of the cooling, refreshing streams of these noble mountains. It was the 15th day

of June, and yet snow-banks appeared on several of the mountains. In fact, in some of the deepest ravines it remains usually till the last of August. The National Division, S. of T., held an extra session here, and were welcomed to the State by J. N. Stearns, Grand Worthy Patriarch of Eastern New York, but a native of New Hampshire, and for years a member of the order there. Responses and addresses were made by R. Sterling, of North Carolina; T. J. Evans, of Virginia; F. A. Fickardt, of Pennsylvania, and others. B. D. Townsend, of South Carolina, presented a series of resolutions, which were adopted, and our company of about seventy-five commenced the descent. The threatening clouds had already betokened rain, and before we were aware of it, a thunder-shower was upon us. It was truly sublime to see the forked lightning flashing and leaping from hill to hill, and to hear the rumbling thunder above and below, reverberating among the distant hills. Every one was delighted with the excursion, even though tired and wet, and we reluctantly turned our steps from the mountains. It was a trip worth all the toil and labor which it cost, and will long be remembered.

"Where'er our wandering footsteps roam,
To thee our fond affections cling—
Land of our love—our childhood's home—
Land of the cliff and eagle's wing!

"How proudly stands the mountain height,
That overlooks the vales and streams!
In youth it shone to bless our sight—
In age it lingers in our dreams.

"'Tis in the mountain that the heart
Resolves its thought and purpose high,
To act the just, the noble part,
For God, for truth, and liberty."



THE SUMMIT HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAINS.

There are very many things we would love to tell you about, but with so many bright eyes glistening all around, and so many Chatterers waiting impatiently to be heard, that we will stop and listen to them; first of whom comes our "social" friend from Georgia.

SOCIAL CIRCLE, GA., *May*, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:—Many thanks for the cordial welcome you gave me in last month's Chat. Come South this year, Uncle, and stir up the Georgia boys. I am glad to see that Josiah Joker, Jr. (*alias* Georgian), is waking up. Call again, Miss Louise E. Fletcher. Nip, why *have* you kept silent so long? Some one remarked to me in the Chat not long ago, that you were "no more heard from;" but I am truly glad that it is otherwise. You must write often, now, to atone for your contemptuous (?) silence.

Hawthorn, give us your "paw." When I read B.-E.'s letter, I expected nothing else but a "political war" in the Chat. I "grasped my bow and dug up the tomahawk," and rushed on the wings of the—mail, to the arena of the Chat; but, fortunately, Uncle Hi met me at the door, hatchet in hand, and demolished CORNELIUS M. GIBBS.

Well, Cornelius, as you do not stay "demolished," we let you in to *our* social circle. The thorn will not hurt *your* "paw."

STRONGVILLE, *March* 10.

DEAR MUSEUM:—I have been a subscriber for some while, but have never written to the MUSEUM. Dear cousins, I am a *strong* advocate of woman's rights, that endless theme of praise, and I concur with Sybil Grey, that we are in danger of spoiling W. H. C. I never did take any part in the praises showered on him. Women are a great deal smarter than men, and girls a great deal smarter than boys. The lords of creation are getting so spoiled now-a-days, that they demand as a right what we bestow upon them as a favor. Now, I move we stop flattering their vanity by injudicious praise, and if they want anything to do, let them discuss the theme of woman's rights. Willie, I do not mean to cast you utterly in the shade. But for fear you will get scared, I will stop.

MISS OPHELIA STRONG, of Strongville.

You have made rather a *strong* case of it, "Miss Ophelia," but Willie is able to answer for himself. We think it right that women should have their rights, but it is not right that they should have any rights which rightfully belong to the men.

SLEEPY HOLLOW, *May* 15, 1860.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS:—I will not detain you long with the few words I have to say, so I hope that you will let me speak uninterrupted by Uncle Hiram and his wonderful hatchet, that he expects to cut his way through the world with.

Good afternoon, Daisy. With your permission I will occupy this seat at your right hand, as it seems to be the only unoccupied seat at present. Although you would be *wild*, perhaps sitting near a sober youth, like myself, for instance, may have some influence toward taming you. Uncle Merry, I should think that you would sometimes need a speaking trumpet to converse with your distant nephews and nieces. If you possess such an article, I advise you to use it when speaking to Violette, for she seems to be rather deaf, at least that is what I understand by her last sentence.

Love and good-will to all. I remain a Merryite. ADRIAN.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have read the CABINET for quite a long time, but have been rather afraid of the hatchet. But now I think I see your pleasant face, for I know it is by the way you write. I am sorry I have not written to you before, but hereafter I will try to write monthly, and I hope some time to get acquainted with some of my 20,000 cousins. From your new niece, and I hope an acceptable one,

EFFIE HARRINGTON.

HAMPTON COTTAGE, *May* 11, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—Will you not admit a mere correspondent to the Merry Chat? Or is your number too large to do so? Do not make me wait *too* long, for I am naturally of an impatient turn of mind, but very seldom saucy! But now I have made up my mind to be *ever so good* if you will only let me in.

How do you do, friend Willie H. C.? Don't be frightened; I only wish to

scrape an acquaintance with you on the strength of our "cousinship," which, by-the-by, I prefer to penmanship, to which Uncle Hi responds Amen. Now, good Aunt Sue, do intercede for poor Chatterers, for they do not say half they intend to, before—down comes that *sweet* hatchet. *Au revoir.* May I come again?

SAUCY NELL.

Come again.

Hark! an echo from the "Eolian Grove"—and—what have we here? Is Josie crazy, or only cracked? Uncle Hiram lays his hand instinctively upon his hatchet, but feels somewhat indisposed to use it. We must let her have her say out this time, but ———

EOLIAN GROVE, *April* 9, 1860.

KNOCK! KNOCK! Here stands at the door of the Merry parlor a pale, shrinking, wee creature, asking for admission. Ever and anon comes to her eager and expectant ear the hum of a hundred voices—while

"Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of Oriental flowers,"

sweep music's witching strains, mingled with the

"Never weary beat of *tiny little feet.*"

List! there is a pause in the music—the last note is dying slowly away—now is the time to make my *entrée.* Heavens! what a glare from chandeliers; I am almost blinded. How strangely dissonant that rich peal of silvery laughter sounds to my ear! Mr. Hatchet, where are you? Yes! I see him now. I'll approach him and, with my most graceful curtsy, make known my business.

"Good-evening! sir. Have you any objections to my becoming a member of the gay throng of cousins who monthly crowd your parlor?"

Remember, *Uncle,* the Scriptural injunction—"Be not forgetful to entertain *strangers;* for thereby some have entertained *angels* unawares;" and *I'm quite sure it would be* verified in this instance.

I do believe he is muttering something about "behavior," "usefulness," "ingratitude," etc. "Oh! sir, I will promise you to be on my *best* behavior; and when I am I'll wager almost anything I'm *unparalleled.* And as to rendering myself useful generally, I can prepare an iced lemonade to suit your taste exactly, run for your meerschaum, and when you return home after the toils of the day, cross (?), dispirited, and wearied, I am mistress of a power which can exorcise those evil spirits, 'dissolve care—sooth distraction and almost *despair'*—and that power is—Music."

"Enough! you are, I believe, a right clever, useful little girl; so I'll enter your name on my books, on six months' probation. If you have not, at the expiration of that time, been — thunder and lightning! But—*there's* a seat for you."

Bravo! what a happy *dénouement* of this affair I have effected! A fine view I have of my fair and noble cousins! I'll look around and see if I can recognize any.

What magnificent creature, I wonder, is that? "She is straight and slender as hazel twigs, and (I'm certain) sweeter than their kernels." I am quite sure that must be Sybil Grey. And then that little fairy near, whose eyes are "deeply, darkly," beautifully blue, with magnolia bloom, and wealth of sunny curls. Who can she be? Daisy Wildwood?

I guess I can steal a few furtive glances at the boys without Uncle Hi's seeing me? My! I was not aware that he had so many "children of a larger growth among his nephews. That young gentleman by the door has what I would call a *striking* face—gray eyes, large mouth, great breadth and airiness about the forehead. See! what earnestness and grace he displayed in flinging that "tumbledown lock" back—he's a a lawyer, take my word for it; aren't you, Hawthorn? Beside him stands the "lion" of the evening, *alias* Mr. Willie H. Coleman. I'll wait until after I have had an introduction. I wonder if he is a merchant; he appears as one.

But "I've stayed too long, forgive the crime," Uncle Hi—and I had really forgotten my practicing. I will try and finish that air Anglais—"Home, sweet Home," by Thalberg, before I return, so that I can play it for you. With kisses and love to you all, I'm off for "Eolian Grove" and the far, sunny South. While I send "back on the wings of the zephyrs" to

Each, to all, a fond good-night,
Pleasant dreams and slumbers light.

VARIABLE-EYED JOSIE.

BOSTON, *May* 31, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—How much better the Chat is conducted now than it was in 1850. Don't you think so, Uncle Merry? For in those ancient times the enigmas, etc., were in among the letters, as were also the answers. And then, also, during the last few months, Aunt Sue has given us a scrap-bag, which, as I said before, I think is an improvement.

Sybil, are you going to volunteer to Garibaldi? Uncle Joe, I never saw your face, so I really can't tell. Ol. Onley, where were you yesterday? Afraid of the thunder, or struck by lightning? I was there exercising, etc., from 4 to 6½, and didn't see you.

But enough for now; so, following the example of Lora (don't be afraid), I remain your nephew,

C. F. WARREN.

Certainly Uncle Merry thinks so, and we are all under very many obligations to Aunt Sue for her valuable aid in making our little MUSEUM a welcome monthly visitor.

OUT WEST, *Near the Place where the Sun Sets, May* 8, 1860.

DEAR HAWTHORN : — I have often thought I would like to get acquainted and have a talk with you, but as our homes are widely separated, I had hitherto supposed the desire to be very unlikely to be gratified. But the thought just now popped into my head that perhaps it would reach you through the medium of the Chat. (That is not a forbidden word, is it, Master Willie?) The Yankee girls do not seem to be favorites with you; didn't you have pickles for supper the day you penned that derogatory remark concerning them? But I am not a Yankee girl; they must fight their own battles. Candidly, now, if a glossy, ringletted, black-eyed maiden, or a golden-haired, blue-eyed darling stood before you, could you repeat that remark? But after all, Hawthorn dear (oh, what have I said!), would not a brown-haired Western girl, with a smiling look in her honest dark eyes, be your favorite? one who delights in riding, fishing, etc., but still is sufficiently civilized? I suppose I must not take up too much room, so I will sign myself your very good friend,

ELLIAN.

FOND DU LAC, *May* 10, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HI :—I have just perused the May number of the MUSEUM. Glancing over the Chat, I caught sight of my own name in a letter from the "fair one" who disguises herself under the *nom de plume* of "Homely Face." My dear coz, don't allow your conscience to trouble you for fear of having eaten me, for here I am, the same "bouncing Betty" that I was six months ago, save that, perhaps, two inches have been added to my length, and four to my breadth.

Uncle, did you know that I have been spending the winter in Brooklyn, right under your very nose? I came near trundling my hoople over to your office, to call on you, but you know time flies so when one is visiting—I soon found myself on my way home, almost before I knew it. But, Uncle Hi, the fear of that terrible hatchet cuts short the story of your poor little

PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

And so you have been in Brooklyn all winter, and not so much as called upon your Uncles? Were you afraid of that other "two inches in length and four in breadth" which Homely Face left? or couldn't you get your "hoople" across the ferry? We shall not be very fond of calling at your place after this.

GREENVILLE, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I like the MUSEUM more and more every number that I get. I like the Chat better than any other part of the MUSEUM. Not many take the MUSEUM in Greenville, but I am going to try to get some subscribers. I don't like to be idle while all the other cousins are sending in lists of subscribers. I like the letters from Fleta and Black-Eyes, they have some life in them. I don't see many of their letters or Mattie Bell's lately. They seem to neglect their old friend.

Uncle Merry, I don't think it is fair for the cousins to call the Uncles Mr.; it sounds too formal. Why do the cousins say love to the *twenty thousand?* as if there were not more than that number, when they keep sending in new subscribers all the time. I hope I shall get some before I write again. This is long enough for any one twelve years old, and may be too long. Good-bye.

NELLIE VAN.

AKRON, *March* 12, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE, AUNT, AND COUSINS :—I have kept still as long as I can, waiting for you to answer my question whether a lady's writing should be called pen*man*ship or pen*woman*ship. I should like to have Aunt Sue's opinion on the subject. I am glad to see that some of the cousins have noticed it, *i. e.*, Black-Eyes and young Joe. I think if we call a lady's pen*lady*ship, we ought to call a gentleman's pen*gentleman*ship, don't you? I should like to hear from Oliver Onley and Fleta Forrester once more. I should like an introduction to Oliver Onley, Willie Coleman, Blue-Eyed Minnie, Miss Nippinifidget, etc., etc. Black-Eyes, if your arms are not full, I should like to have you take me. E. S. B.

Right; pen-woman-ship, *alias* quill-female-vessel.

ROSE VILLA.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM :—I don't know what I should do without the MUSEUM. Whenever I feel weary I get the MUSEUM, and soon become so interested in it that my weariness soon passes away. Is Lily Parley a niece of Uncle Peter? Come, Lily, and sit by me, and we'll have a nice little chat, all to ourselves. How do you do, Caltie? What has become of Fleta? So we have a new-comer, a *joyful* niece. Well, truly this is a Merry family. But brevity is the soul of wit, so I must close. LIZZIE G.

Yes, Lily is a genuine Parley, of the old *Goodrich* stock; first *good*, then *rich*, rich in goodness, and good for riches.

TEMPLE GROVE, *May* 17, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HI :—I have long wished to write to you, but have been afraid of your hatchet. But as I see many have ventured near it I have become more courageous. Do you think that there is room for me to enter that parlor? If there is, please seat me next to Fannie R. Has Blue-Eyes left our band? I suppose I may say *our* band if you will own me as your niece. EVA V.

MALONE, N. Y., *May* 20, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I have come! What say you to that? Do I not understand the art of introducing myself? Well, I can tell you why I am so bold. I have long wanted to get acquainted with all your bright little nephews and nieces, and, but for fear of the hatchet, I should have been pleading for admittance into the Chat long ago. Now, perhaps, you will not wish to receive another *chatterbox* into your family, but I *do* hope you will, for I know you can not get along without me, although *I am wild*. Now, do not disappoint the blue-eyed romp, MERRIE MEG.

We have a box large enough for all the Chatterers, where they can feel at home and be as Merrie as they choose. So come in, Meg; you will find it easy to get acquainted with our Merry family.

April 23, 1860.

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I have already tried brevity, and have failed; this time I condense. I must, however, beg leave to say that I heartily concur with W. H. C. as regards the "hatchet" and the "basket"—would suggest that Uncle Hiram, as he is so *very sharp*, might contrive a machine for condensing his young friends' effusions, rather than "curtailing" them so ruthlessly, as the sad experience of many will testify.

J. J. B. W. thinks I am a linguist. I am not only that, but also an algebraist. By the aid of that science, I am enabled to translate his sentence as follows: Joseph Somebody (by substitution) not to be *come at* in the swamp.

As I am comparatively quite a stranger, please introduce me to Mattie Bell, Fleta, and all of the fair cousins. Your affectionate nephew, HARRY.

ELLEN M. DELANO. We will send the portrait of Uncle Frank to all those who commence with the July number, if they will remit the dollar for the coming year in advance to us at once. Send along all the answers which you solve in each number, even if you do not find them all out.

IDA E. LANE says she has taken the CABINET nearly eight years, and has only written once. Come in, Ida, and next time tell us about what you were afraid the hatchet would clip short.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY.—A concise elementary treatise on the sun, planets, satellites, and comets. By Prof. Mitchel.

Published by Phinney, Blakeman & Mason. This work, by this faithful and popular teacher of astronomy, is one of his best efforts, and is especially adapted to the multitude, rather than the select few who usually read an exclusive scientific work.

The study of the heavenly bodies is a most interesting one at any time, but made tenfold more so by the clear and concise, yet interesting and beautiful manner in which it is presented in the book before us. It simplifies and makes popular a science hitherto too little understood, but one which will receive a new impulse by this addition to its already large number of volumes.

THE FLORENCE STORIES.—Two volumes of this series are upon our table, entitled "Florence and John," and "Grimkie," bearing many features of resemblance to "Rollo's Tour in Europe," and written by that most popular writer of juvenile books now living, JACOB ABBOT. These are exceedingly useful books, as well as intensely interesting, and must have a wide circulation. These volumes commence with Florence and John upon the banks of the beautiful Hudson, and contain graphic accounts of their varied adventures, as well as valuable lessons of every-day life on shore and on the water. They make valuable additions to every library.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

AS we go to press early this month, I had intended to reserve the prize decision until August, but Oliver Onley, that *unmitigated solvent*, has answered every question in the May number. No one can *exceed* that, so I can only promise another prize to all who do the same. For further particulars see notices to correspondents. I again offer a heart-puzzle to the one who sends the greatest number of correct answers. A second prize to the same person will consist of a gold pen.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.—WIFE, TIME, SCANDAL, IF.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

76. Two A's, two E's, two R's, and M D,
If placed in right order a river will be. *Lutetia.*

NAMES OF FLOWERS.

77. 1. What children are fond of, and a cluster of hair.
2. The Emperor of Tartary, a vowel, and a measure of distance.
3. A female name, and a metal.
Parvus.

78. I am composed of 32 letters:
My 7, 2, 9, 8, 16, 18 is a vegetable.
My 1, 5, 12, 13 signifies to gather.
My 4, 25, 19 is what we all do.
My 6, 15, 26, 31, 21 is an adverb of time.
My 21, 23, 8, 32, 24 is a river in Europe.
My 3, 10 is a pronoun in the objective case.
My 28, 11, 14 is the imperfect tense of an English verb.
My 30, 22, 29, 19, 17 is a cause of much sorrow.
My 17, 20, 27 is an article of food for a certain class of quadrupeds.
My whole is a passage of Scripture found in the New Testament.
Geo. B. Higbee.

79. What letter will make liquor complain? *C. M. Gibbs.*

80. I am composed of three syllables: in sound my first is a name, my second is a nickname, my third is a nickname, and my whole is a kind of examination.
Anna W. N.

81. Spell, with two letters, something that all children have.
Geo. B. Higbee.

82. Once in a minute, twice in a moment, yet only once in a man's life. What is it?
Josiah Joker, Jr.

83. I am composed of 5 letters: In me may be found—1, a relation; 2, a propeller; 3, an interjection; 4, an adjective; 5, a pronoun; 6, a conjunction; 7, a preposition; 8, a fluid; 9, cattle. Entire, I am a tool. *G. B. Higbee.*

84. Entire, I am a girl's name; behead me, and I am much thought of in England; again behead me, and I am used by gamblers. My 2, 3, 4, transposed, is seen in many a street. My 1, 2, 3, transposed, is seen in a hovel. *C. F. Warren.*

85. What geographical name of eleven letters is spelled with but four different ones? *Oliver Onley.*

86. Sixty less ten,
With six plus an E,
Arranged in right order
Show what none should be.

87. What letter would change an animal into a fish? and what letter would change that fish into a metal? *G. B. Higbee.*

ANAGRAM.

88. 1. GRASP ME ALL, LORA. *Oliver Onley.*
2. POLL LED A PIPER. *Henry A. Danker.*

89. I am composed of 12 letters:
My 1, 4, 3 is a tree.
My 9, 2, 12, 6 is an inclosure.
My 10, 11, 5, 6 is a title.
My 5, 8, 7 is an animal.
My whole is a distinguished traveler.
Blue-Eyed Lora.

90. In Rome my first denotes a man,
My second is a snare;
My whole you in the Zodiac scan,
Though 'tis not only there.
X. T. C.

91. What Scripture name, of six letters, is capable of four different transpositions, inclusive? *Adelbert Older.*

92. When was B the first letter of the alphabet? *Josiah Joker, Jr.*

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

93. 1. A city in Switzerland.
2. A city in France.
3. A town in Bavaria.
4. A river in Africa.
5. A city in Spain.
6. A territory in North America.
7. An island in the Baltic Sea.
The initials form a city in Europe, and the finals the country in which it is situated. *Frank.*

94. I am composed of 6 letters: In me may be found—1, a girl's nickname; 2, a kind of fluid; 3, part of the human frame; 4, a fable; 5, wrath; 6, a boy's nickname; 7, an uncomfortable companion; 8, learning; 9 and 10, two interjections; 11, 12, 13, 14, four verbs; 15, a pronoun; 16, a garment. Entire, I am a very useful article to housekeepers. *G. H. Higbee.*

95.

Answers to Questions in May No.

44. From εν and θεος. God in us.

45. Maranham.

46. 1. Bluebell. 2. Fox-Glove. 3. Sweet-William. 4. Butter-Cup.

47. Every cloud has a silver lining.

48. Because they toil not, neither do they spin.

49. St. Helena.

50. Israelites.

51. Box-ox-O! (Oliver Onley says "bo!" I hope he didn't mean to be personal!)

52. H, because it makes ale—hale. (Theta, Charlie F. Warren, and E. W. Hall ingeniously suggest "Letter B," let—her—be.)

53. Celery.

54. Pumpkin pie.

55. LIVID.

56. Cart, car, tar; cat and rat; car, art, arc.

57. T-O-P—top.

58. Moss-rose.

59. Milton, Wright, Rockafellow.

Fred Judson answers No. 50.

Theta.—44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59.

OLIVER ONLEY.—44 to 59 inclusive.

J. A. Q. Q., and O. H.—46 to 59 inclusive.

Adelbert Older answers all but No. 45.

Eddie.—46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 56, 58, 59.

C. F. Warren.—44 to 51 inclusive, 53 to 59 inclusive.

C. M. Gibbs.—46, 48, 52, 56, 58.

M. D.—46, 48, 52, 56, 58.

E. W. Hall—45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 53, 54, 56, 57, 58, 59.

Ned W.—44, 46, 48, 51, 56, 58.

Anna W. N.—All but 45.

Frank.—All but 44 and 45.

Mary A. E.—43, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 53, 54, 56, 57, 59.

Alpha.—46 to 59.

Daniel P. and Willie W. W. answer No. 50.

DEFINITIONS.

Candor.

A word much used by good-natured friends to express the malice that is in their hearts. *O. H.*

A faithful dog's expression of affection and dislike. *M. A. H.*

Sometimes a bitter medicine to take. *Frank.*

Often antagonistic to politeness. *Mary A. E.*

Honesty's door-plate. *Alpha.*

Praising the strength of the horse that kicks you.

The reflections of a looking-glass. *W. A. F.*

Sometimes a name for impertinence. *Anna W. N.*

ENIGMA.

The gymnastics of the mind. *O. H.*

Woman. *Ned W.*

An idea masked. *Frank.*

Something written with invisible ink, which can only be brought to light by a certain *solution*. *Mary A. E.*

A fact enveloped in mystery. *Alpha.*

A nut to be cracked by the "wisdom teeth." *Emily.*

Imagination on a frolic. *C. G.*

A hard knot with both ends tucked in.

A whetstone for curiosity.

A woman's choice. *W. A. F.*

Wit's whetstone. *Anna W. N.*

Remorse.

The trail of the serpent. *O. H.*

A convicted felon's sensations after receiving a hope of Divine pardon. *M. A. H.*

Guilt's wages. *Alpha.*

Elder brother to repentance. *Frank.*

Sensation experienced when thinking of the money spent in tight boots. *Ned W.*

The shadow of justice.

Thorns in virtue's hedge.

The bee under the stolen honey-comb.

An undying death. *W. A. F.*

Yesterday's legacy. *Annie W. N.*

Hope.

The silver lining of sorrow's cloud. *Mary A. E.*

The heart's winter's blankets, and summer's ice. *Alpha.*

The child of faith.

The crutch of the weary. *Frank.*

The mainspring in life's watch.

The motive power of a hungry dog's caudality.

A pretty bird with long wings, and tail too short to hold salt.

A painter of dissolving views.

A chief singer in the choir of heaven. *W. A. F.*

The motive power of existence. *Anna W. N.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Theta.—I am very glad the "gentle jog" produced such "shocking" yet "favorable results." Were my correspondents all as clever as yourself I should soon be "heartless." Have you received the prize safely? Why did you not send some *definitions*.

G. B. Higbee.—How is it you found the April puzzles so difficult to solve, when you are so ingenious at making riddles? The prize I offer is a mechanical puzzle, that may be sent in a letter. If the same person wins a prize a second time, of course I should substitute something equally acceptable.

Blue Bell.—Your answers for April came rather late, but there were *eleven correct ones* when they *did* arrive. Will you send real name and address, if you would like to receive the prize you have won?

In defense of D. N. White's enigma, let me say that that "place" is mentioned

between fifty and sixty times in the Bible.

Annette.—I have turned your letters over to Uncle Hiram. We'll see what *he* says on the poetry question.

Charlie F. Warren.—All right but one. See remarks to J. W. L.

M. A. H., and *O. H.*—I shall be disappointed if I don't hear from you every month.

A. A. Ford.—Were you aware that you have sent me duplicates of the very enigmas published in June? You need not think because you don't see them immediately in print, that your favors are lost. Thanks for contributions to the "Scrap-Bag." Answers 42 and 43 came too late to be credited.

M. D.—I shall expect a longer list of answers next month. Your initials suggest the "*faculty.*" Glad you like your pencil case.

Adelbert Older.—Thinks "Lettie A. Stow's" anagram very easy, and inquires if it would not make a good answer to a certain enigma in the Chat some time ago.

Eddie.—Your enigma was out of joint somehow; No. 9 was not used at all. I would have corrected it for you, but did not know the middle name.

J. W. L.—A hearty welcome to any of the "try" family. I have kept your address in case you win the prize *this* month.

John A. Q. Quackenboss.—Very glad to hear from you. Give my love to Auntie.

J. L. Pierrepont.—Could you not manage to send your answers a little earlier, if you wish to see them properly credited? I can only give them a "too late" notice the following month, if they come after the "Drawer" has gone to the printer's. Your April answers only lacked one of gaining a prize.

Parvus.—Ditto. What has "Frank" done to the "Buckeye Boys?" See remarks to J. W. L.

M. M. W.—I have no hatchet, basket, or scissors, but a kind welcome for all.

W. A. F.—Thanks!

Ella Sabin.—How old are you? Did you find out the enigma all alone?

C. M. Gibbs.—Your answers arrived in good season for May. Are you not going to try for the prize? Answers to *home-made* puzzles all count.

Oliver Onley.—It is a decided imposition for you to win a prize every month! You've had my "heart," perhaps now you would like my "lute;" fortunately "my heart and lute are" *not* "all the store I can give to thee." Hope the gold pen reached you in a state of *unsmashedativeness.* And now about that "bee" question (not the "to be, or not to be"). I referred to *Webster's* "Unabridged" upon whom Willie H. C. and I pin our faith, and he says: "Bee, an *insect* of the genus Apis. [See Apis.]" So I went to "see Apis," and Apis was "a genus of *insects* of the order Hymenoptera." I admit that a bee is of the *animal kingdom*, so let us compromise and call it *generically* "animal," but *specifically* "insect."

Henry A. Danker.—It was really refreshing to see your *hand o' writ* once more. Where *have* you been, and what have you been doing, and who have you seen, and what did you say to them? So you challenge Adelbert Older to find out your anagrams. I'll "second" you. That feat of "Poll's" is rather severe.

E. W. Hall.—I am sorry there were not three more correct answers to your list, they were so nicely written. I have saved your address.

Sarah (Kanesville).—Come a little sooner next time, won't you?

Anna W. N.—Only one short of the prize. Don't give it up.

Frank.—Pretty sly! See if I don't find you out.

D. P. W. and *W. W. W.*—Call again, and stay longer.

Love to *Lilly, Blue-Eyes, Fannie, Black-Eyed Charlie, Mary Hayes, Lucy, Sybil Grey, Blue-Eyed Lora, Hughlett Wilson, Gazella, Daisy Wildwood*, and *Busy Bee.* (Do not the last three names suggest ll sorts of poetic fancies?—the soft-eyed gazelle cropping the daisies in the quiet wood, while the humming bee sings symphonies—and so forth.)

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *G. B. Higbee, Parvus, M. M. W., C. F. Warren, Judy, Adrian, Eddie, Adelbert Older, Fred. Judson, H. A. Danker, E. W. Hall, Sarah*, and *Daniel P. W.*

Correct answers received too late for notice last month, from *Theta, G. B. Higbee, Annette, Blue-Bell, J. A. Q. Q.*, and *O. H, J. L. Pierrepont, M. M. W., Sarah*, and *T. F. W.*

DOG STORY—NOT IN DOGGEREL.

DEAR UNCLES:—I have two dog stories to tell, and I will vouch for the truth of both of them. One of his dogships, whom I propose to immortalize (the hatchet remaining *in suspenso*), was a fellow-passenger and companion in tribulation for three months aboard a cod-fishing vessel, whither I had fled for refuge from the attacks of disease and—the doctor's pills and potions. I thought for some weeks, though, that I had "jumped from the frying-pan into the fire," but no matter about that now. After my "safe" return I was telling this "tale of the ocean" to a company of quite young but very attentive listeners, when I perceived that a pair of very roguish-looking eyes seemed to claim the floor. I stopped when I got through with my story, as every good sailor always does, when the owner of the eyes only wished to inquire if that wasn't a *fish story!* But this is Dog-Story No. II. The fact is, that in those dreary days and weeks of sickness, before "the divinity of the seas" relinquished his hold upon his poor suffering victim, I got so inverted that I have been inclined to spin my yarns by inversion ever since. I ought to tell Dog-Story No. I. first, and so I will.

Right across the way, my nearest neighbor had a dog named Flora. "Was she pretty and cunning?" I hear from several of the *nieces.* Yes, she was both, and a "dear sweet little creature" into the bargain, if we may trust to the repeated assurances of her little owners. In fact, I am sure I've heard their mamma, a grown-up woman, use the same expressions, with numerous other terms of endearment that *some folks* are accustomed to apply to their children. But let that pass; I do not really think that Mate or Jule had any occasion for jealousy in regard to their mother's attentions, for she was a most excellent and judicious mother. But Flora was "one of the family," and I have no doubt was per-

fectly contented with her position as such.

Flora knew a great deal for a dog, for she was only a dog after all. I've seen in the great city of New York a delicate-looking and richly attired lady walking the street with a little ugly-looking dog in her arms snugly reposing on lace and silk, while behind followed a coarse-featured and not over neatly dressed domestic, bearing in her brawny arms one of the most beautiful babies I ever saw! I never could understand that.

Flora always was very quiet when

company was present, and never *spoke* except when spoken to. But when called upon to show how much she knew, she would perform to the satisfaction of all present. I do not think their praises made her vain, and hence I conclude that some dogs are not like some children that I know of.

Little Flora always seemed unusually quiet on Sunday. It may be she was patterning after her little friends—a very suggestive thought to the young folks, if not to their parents.

She had a *thousand* cunning tricks. You know the young enthusiasts always say a "thousand," or "lots," or "ever so many." I presume they all have the same numerical value.

But the concluding events of Flora's life were the most interesting. There was an addition to her cares and duties, "the cunningest little things you ever *did* see," as was averred over and over again. I think their names were Charlie and Hattie. I fear that too many hands prepared their food, and that many nice, but very unsuitable, bits, found their way to the stomachs of their little dogships. I think that sweet-cake, preserves, candies, etc., "are not fit for the dogs," and am not sure but that "and other folks" ought to be added. Any way, Charlie was shortly taken sick. Flora removed the invalid from their common bed and very tenderly cared for him in a distant corner of the room. I presume she thought the disease "contagious," but did not, therefore, desert her poor helpless one. By-and-by Charlie died. Then little Flora took up his dead body, carried it to a corner in the garden, and buried her dead from her sight. A short time after Hattie also sicked, was removed to the same corner of the room, and tended with the greatest solicitude till she died. Again the sorrow-stricken mother carried forth her dead to its burial. Alas for poor Flora! "The light of her eyes" had gone out forever. She pined away till death came and released her from her sorrows.

A TRUE HERO.

THE Bible tells us that, "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." Heroes are not always generals, or soldiers, or giants. In our common schools, or even in our nurseries, there are many as brave and noble spirits as ever walked the deck of a ship, or commanded an army on a battle field. Your true hero is one who dares always to do right under any and all circumstances.

If you knew George Hammond, as I do, I am sure you would all agree with me in calling him a hero. He is a brave boy. He is never afraid to act right out the principles in which he has been educated. In the school to which he belongs, there are several boys much larger and richer than he, who have a great deal of influence among all the other scholars. They think much of themselves and their money, and contrive generally to make all the school think as they do, or, at least, whether they think it right or not, to act just as they wish them to act.

Where a score or two of boys are brought together in one place, there is always plenty of room for fun, and something to spare for mischief. No good teacher, no sensible man, would object to the fun, so long as it did not degenerate into mischief. George was as fond of fun as the gayest of them all, and was always ready for his share of it. Some of the larger boys thought that the true spice of fun was mischief, and were never content with an afternoon's work unless somebody's orchard had suffered, or somebody's windows were broken, or perhaps some feeble boy or lame old woman was tumbled into a ditch, or in some other way annoyed and vexed. George had no relish for any such fun, and sometimes contrived to defeat it. One afternoon, on returning from a nutting expedition, the boys made a call on old Mrs. Trench, who kept, in front of her door, a small table, covered with apples, nuts, cakes, candies, and many other things for sale. It was planned by Charles Morton, the largest of the boys, that while they should be buying some candies, and talking with Mrs. Trench, some one should tie a string to the leg of her table. The other end of this string Charles should wind round his foot, and when they were ready to start away, the table would be upset, and all the things scattered on the ground. George Hammond protested against it, and said it was a shame to cause the kind old woman so much trouble, just for a moment's fun. But they would not listen to him. They were determined to have their fun, at any cost.

The string was tied to the table leg, and Charles had got his foot well entangled in the other end of it. All the little purchases were made, and the boys started off with a shout, expecting to hear old Mrs. Trench scream out in her astonishment. But—how is it? The table stands firm, and Charles Morton lies sprawling on the ground, crying out with pain, while all the other boys but one are running away homeward at the top of their speed, and shouting so loud that they can not hear poor Charles. That other boy, who did not run, is George Hammond. He stood in front of the table and put his foot on the string, so that when Charles attempted to run, it threw him down, instead of upsetting the table. Charles saw how it was, and was very angry, but he did

not dare to say a word there, because he was afraid that Mrs. Trench would inform the teacher of what he had done. He resolved to have his revenge upon George. At another time, I will tell you what that revenge was.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

BY FLORA LINWOOD.

"LITTLE bird, with eager wing,
Stopping now and then to sing,
Children, I have heard, should learn
Lessons new, at every turn;
Can you, in your chirping way,
Tell me something new to-day?"
Then the little bird sat on a cherry-tree,
And loudly and merrily warbled he;
Glad strains he poured from his scarlet throat,
But the child understood not a single note.

"Busy bee, from flower to flower,
You've been flying for an hour;
You will very weary grow,
If you longer labor so.
Can you, in your humming way,
Tell me something new to-day?"
Then the little bee hummed in her loudest strain,
And buzzed round the boy again and again;
Then flew on her shining, black wings away,
And he was no wiser for all she could say.

"Gentle breeze, along the grass,
Very softly do you pass;
Bird and bee I can not hear;
You are closer to my ear;
Can you, in your rustling way,
Tell me something new to-day?"
Then the gentle breeze toyed with his brow so fair,
And lifted the curls of his shining hair,
And rustled the leaves of the tree overhead,
But the child understood not a word it said.
Little boy, you need not say,
You can nothing learn to-day;

Bird, and bee, and wind can teach,
Without any need of speech;
Gentle lessons, good and true,
They are ever giving you.
For the little bird sang in his joyous glee,
And you should be grateful and glad as he.
The bee did not trifle her moments away,
And you should be active in study or play;
And like the light breeze, as it softly sped,
Let your voice be gentle, and thoughtful your tread. Z.

CHARLES' SELF-DENIAL.

ONE cold morning in January, Mrs. Fleming heard her boys talking in an adjoining room. It was so early that the gas was yet burning, but the lessons had been learned, and the older of the two was trying on a pair of skates.

"You can wear them, can't you?" asked the younger boy.

"Oh, yes—they fit me pretty well."

"Are they not your skates?" the mother, who had taken a seat by her children, inquired.

"No, they are Charley's," continued Willie.

"Why are you putting on his?"

"I am going to let Willie wear mine," said Charley, "so that Henry can wear his. I can't skate very well, and Henry and Willie can, and you know Henry hasn't time to skate only in the morning. They will enjoy it more than I should, and I can have a good time with my sled."

Charley did not know how happy he had made his mother by his desire to make his brothers happy, but God knew and was pleased with his kindness.

How much better it would be if we always remembered that the happiness of others is as valuable as our own, and if we can secure it to them by a little self-denial on our part, we are no losers, but we gain quite as much as we give. Charley enjoyed more himself than he would if he had not lent his skates to his brother.

ANNA HOPE.

WHEN the Chinese want to describe a person who pretends to be very brave, and makes a great parade in order to show his courage, they say that "he is cutting off a hen's head with a battle-axe. A coward who boasts of his courage, they call a "paper tiger." They compare a person who pretends to be what he is not, to a fox who tries to look as noble and strong as a tiger. If a person is ignorant of books, they will say, "Turn him upside down, but not a drop of ink will come out of him."

THE COUSIN'S VISIT.

"GEORGE," said Willie to his brother, "how do *you* think our cousin looks? I am every minute thinking if he looks like you, or like anybody that I know."

"O, I don't think how he looks—it is time enough when he comes," said George.

"I am thinking it over, too," said Willie, "if he is good, and will not make trouble about playing, or riding, or anything. I have got my toys and tools and hooks all in good order, as mother would say, and now I wish he would come."

"Well, it is only two days for the appointed time," said George; "so be patient, Willie; if he stays all summer, you will have so much play that I am afraid you will not sit any longer quietly in the garden with me, and listen to pretty stories, and dig away with me at Robert Merry's puzzles, as well as our garden-plots. When cousin Charley comes, I think I shall lose you, for you will be all for play."

"O no, not quite," said Willie; "I am sure Charley will like to hear the stories; if he hasn't wit enough for that, I shall not care much about him, any way—but I know he will, and pick puzzles, too. But come, George, let's go now to the arbor, and you read me more about plants from your botany; it is as good as a story. How can such a beautiful thing as a pink come from such a little black thing as a pink-seed? What does it find in the dark ground to get that beautiful color from?"

"It is wonderful," said George. "Well, I will go with you now; and of course Trip must come, the good doggie." So they sat in the arbor, which was overhung with honeysuckles and climbing roses. Trip looked very knowing, and kept his eyes on the boys till he grew sleepy; then, taking it for granted that all

was safe, he dropped away in a snooze, just where the sunshine mixed in among the leaves, and left the shadows to move in the breeze. Willie listened so intently, that he was sleepy, like Trip; but tea-time came, and the next day came and went, and the second day came the cousin.

Mr. Merlan was an American, but he had long resided in England, where he had been married, and where Charley was born, who had never yet been in this country. Mrs. Merlan had been buried some three years, and now little Charley was to become acquainted with his aunt and cousins. He proved to be a clever little fellow, looking more like himself than anybody else; and not even as shy as Willie, who hung back a bit when they actually came. Very soon, however, the boys were the best of friends; and both had one excellent trait—they never needed urging to get up early in the morning, but were like the birds, up and out among the plants; and when the country breakfast, of muffins, or rice-cakes and fresh eggs, was ready, with the pure milk, they were ready also, with cheeks like ripe peaches.

Mr. Merlan was so happy to be in the country with three such good boys, that he became like a boy himself again, and ran races with the youngsters, and taught them to play ball, and many gymnastic exercises. He taught them the names of the different trees in the woods as they rambled about, so that ever afterward, as soon as they saw the leaf of any tree, they could instantly tell if it were oak, or beech, or maple, etc. He learned them the names of the pretty birds that came so near the house and made their nests. The bluebird, with its *Marie Louise* (as the ladies call that shade of blue) mantle and curly-q song, was a great favorite, though the thrush, with its brown back and speckled breast, was agreed by all to be ahead of everything for song. When his clear notes ring out, no one can help listening, and for a minute everything is forgotten but its sweetness.

There was a nice pond, just a good ride distant, from Garden Cottage, which was the name of this pleasant residence, where Mr. Merlan often took the boys, and among them all, they would fill a basket with the little *flat* fishes—a plenty for a pan breakfast.

The boys were learned many ways, to interest leisure hours, which should tax their taste and ingenuity, and produce something which should really gratify a refined taste and afford continued pleasure; this is no waste of time. One of these ways, which he told them, while they sat under the oaks, was worth remembering, and practicing by my young, or even *elder*, readers.

"In the winter, when all is somber gray without," said Mr. Merlan, "suspend an acorn, in the warm parlor, by a thread over a hyacinth glass filled with water; and the acorn placed so as nearly to touch the water, will send roots downward to the water, and tiny branches upward, so that a miniature oak will be the beautiful result. Pretty baskets and picture frames, made of acorns and pine cones, are charming when they are well shaped and varnished.

"Many curious things can be made of the roots of shrubs or branches of trees. I have seen quite a curious *dog* cut from a branching shrub-root, while it was left mostly in the shape in which it grew. A head was cut on the large or body part, and

branches had *spread* something like legs and tail, so by ingenious *whittling* they were brought into such shape as you would see in an instant was a dog. Another coiling root had a snake's head whittled out and glass eyes inserted, which would make one start, so like life was it.

Any boy that has a set of tools can make a pretty flower-stand, if he has patience and ingenuity, by sawing a piece of board into an oval shape, a foot and a half long and a little more than one foot wide, and nailing little sticks, about three inches in length, with the bark left on, and the upper ends cut to a point; nail these sticks, after slanting the lower end, by *whittling*, all round the edge of the oval board. A large carpet tack is sufficiently strong. Then make the stem or standard of a large stick with a handsome bark on it, and fix it into a block, for a foot; and then put some strips of bark slantwise from the stem to the block, and then varnish the whole. Pass a wire near the upper end of the sticks, which made the border, to keep them steadily in place. This will even do for a rustic work-table."

Do not think there was not any real studying, at Garden Cottage, by the boys; but every one knows how that is done, effectively, by bending right down to it, in its time, with a determined will; these boys were not behindhand, but I am only telling of the pleasant times, when study was over. Happy and healthful were the dwellers at the Cottage, and the cousin's visit was never forgotten by any of them.

THE NAMELESS OLD WOMAN.

"There was an old woman lived under the hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there still.
Baked apples she sold, and cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman that never told lies."

I WISH to direct your attention particularly to some brief points of excellence in this remarkable poem. And I may also be allowed to make a few humble suggestions, by which, undoubtedly, the learned and talented authoress would have profited, had she existed in this enlightened age. Observe, in the first place, the comprehensiveness—her previous history, her employments, her place of residence, and her whole character, summed up in the space of four lines.

Yet it may not be inappropriate to suggest here, that there is an omission which the authoress would probably have remedied, had she lived to revise her works.

The name of the old woman is not specified, and I have often imagined that persons of inferior judgment, happening to stumble upon any antique lady, situated in the circumstances described, should rashly conclude her to be the veritable old woman. Now, had Nancy Griggs, or Hepsy Parker, or any smooth and euphonious name, that suited the fancy of the authoress, been substituted instead of the phrase "old woman," which occurs twice, this difficulty would have been obviated; for it is not likely there would be two persons of the same name living in precisely the same circumstances. The condition, "if she's not gone," in the second line, might seem almost unnecessarily expressed, while totally true, and entirely indisputable; but still I admire the forethought which made it so perfectly lucid and simple, that we have not even the labor of drawing an inference, much less of supplying a hypothesis. "Baked apples and cranberry pies." I can well imagine the dear old woman, good soul! drawing forth from the oven (Query. Was it a brick or stove oven?) her pans of delicious, juicy apples, and her beautifully browned pies. How many times was the weary traveler refreshed by a tempting draught of milk! It does not mention here that she kept a cow, but of course it is understood. Had I been this old woman, it seems to me I should have preferred a residence commanding a more extensive prospect; for example, half-way up the hill; but no doubt she had more common sense than to think about such trivial things as prospects. The crowning excellence of the whole piece is the delineation of character. "She's *the* old woman," thus implying what is probably the case, that there was never but one such person. She never cheated her customers, never told them that her apples were not burnt when they were, or that her cranberry pies were not sour when they happened to be deficient in saccharine quality. Not she. It is useless to speak of such slight points as the beauty of the language, and the superior rhythm. These, every one must see for himself. One thing, I must own, surprises me. It is, that with the authoress' general refinement and elegance of expression she should have allowed the harsh term "lies," to obtrude itself. "False assertions," or "fallacious statements," are much preferable phrases. We regret these minor points the more, as

the thing is, in the main, so well executed. We would close with a request that our readers would re-peruse the poem, and judge for themselves whether the criticism is correct.

BLUE-EYED MINNIE.

SIMILAR IDEAS OF DIFFERENT AUTHORS.

ONE of the most elegant of literary recreations is that of tracing poetical or prose imitations and similarities.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

Macaulay, in his ballad of the Battle of Naseby, writes:

Oh! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the north,
With your hand, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?
Oh! evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sat in the high places and slew the saints of God.

These lines are certainly derived and nearly resemble parts of the first three verses in the sixty-third chapter of Isaiah, which read as follows:

Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?

I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in my anger, and trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment.

Hood, in his "Whims and Oddities," has the following:

"Blessed be the man," says Sancho Panza, "who first invented sleep;" and a blessing is it that he didn't take out a patent and keep the discovery to himself.

Saxe, a humorous American poet, changes this into rhyme as follows:

"God bless the man who first invented sleep."
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him also that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, or try
To make it, as the lucky might,
A close monopoly by patent right.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a poem entitled The Voiceless, says:

Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

Similar to these lines, and conveying nearly the same idea, are the following, written by Mrs. Gray, an English poetess of some celebrity:

Oh! woe for those whose dearest themes,
Must rest within the bosom's fold.

SAMUEL WILSON, JR.
DAYTON, OHIO.

THE TRUE PRINCE.

You are a prince, with princely spirit;
A ruler, if you rule your heart;
A titled heir, if you inherit
Of Virtue, Wisdom, Truth, a part.

A TRUE STORY OF A SQUIRREL

SOME of the young Merrys may like to see an extract from a letter from my brother in Virginia about a squirrel which he had; and so I take the liberty of sending it to the MUSEUM. Yours, respectfully, B. D.

"I am mourning the loss of a dear little companion that has been staying with me for a few weeks past, but has now gone, never to return. I expected he would visit New York soon, and make his home there, but that expectation is blasted now. I have not mentioned him in any of my previous letters, because I wanted you all to be surprised by his arrival. How vain are all our plans! I hear you already wondering who this companion can be. Listen, while I tell of him and his name, for that is all that is left in my possession of the Right Hon. Fox Squirrel, F.R.S. (Fellow of the Rodentia Society), High-climber in the Court of Woods, Chatterer to foreign Ambassadors, etc., etc.

"I am feeling very S. A. D. about the loss of my charming little pet. He was so tame that I had allowed him full range of my room; had his box in one corner, to which he retreated whenever I went out, but at the sound of my step, would always run out to meet me, mount to my shoulder in an instant; run about my neck, making a sort of purring noise, somewhat like a cat, to express his joy at my return. After having his play, would crawl into some of my pockets to sleep. Sometimes he felt a literary turn. When I have been writing, and he sitting on my shoulder, he would watch my pen in the most abstracted mood, then suddenly run down my arm, seize the pen with his teeth, as if he had

some bright idea he was in haste to record. One day he mounted to the upper shelf of my book-rack, thinking, I suppose, his lofty genius was worthy of a place *above* the learned works beneath him; but, alas! like most young aspirants after fame, when he reached the highest point, in a silly freak, bit one of the cords, and dumped himself and books in a pile on the floor. Very early one morning, before light, I felt something soft nestling by my cheek, and, waking, found my pet trying to make a nest with my hair. He had the freedom of my room, and sometimes went out into the yard, but I never allowed him this privilege, unless I was near.

"He frequently went to the village with me on my shoulder, or in one of my coat-pockets, with his head sticking out, but never attempted to leave me. One day, when going to the farm, I shut him in my room, leaving the window open a little; but when I returned, I found it had been pushed higher, and Dickie gone. I think the cat or dog must have got him, for it is not likely he would go off and not return. Your affectionate brother,

"S. A. D."

"My little squirrel came home last evening. I found him in the yard, coming to the house. He was so glad to see me that he hardly knew how to express his joy; he sprang on to me, and after having a good play, crawled in my coat-pocket, and went with me to spend the evening. Nothing will tempt him to leave me. He is now sitting on my shoulder, quietly sleeping.

"His return was very unexpected to me. I had no thought of ever seeing him again. Yours, etc.,

"S. A. D."

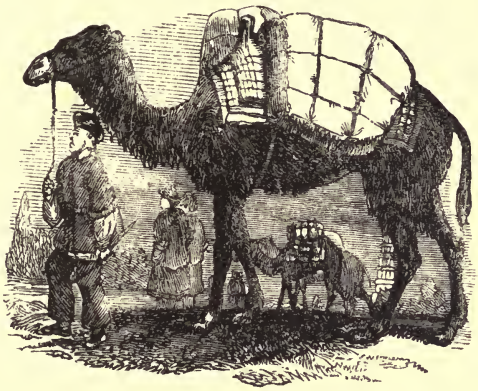
THE RIVER JORDAN.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Utica *Herald* thus describes the river Jordan:

A line of green, low, forest trees betrayed the course of the sacred river through the plain. So deep is its channel, and so thick is the forest that skirts its banks, that I rode within twenty yards of it before I caught the first gleam of its waters. I was agreeably disappointed. I had heard the Jordan described as an insipid, muddy stream. Whether it was the contrast with the desolation around, or my fancy that made its green banks so beautiful, I know not, but it did seem at the moment of its revelation to my longing eyes the perfection of calm and loneliness. It is hardly as wide as the Mohawk at Utica, but far more rapid and impassioned in its flow. Indeed, of all the rivers I have ever seen, the Jordan has the fiercest current. Its water is by no means clear, but it as little deserves the name of muddy. At the place where I first saw it, tradition assigns the baptism of our Saviour, and also the miraculous crossing of the children of Israel on their entrance into the promised land.

Like a true pilgrim, I bathed in its waters and picked a few pebbles from its banks as tokens of remembrance of the most familiar river in the world. Three miles below the spot where I now stand, the noble river—itself the very emblem of life—suddenly throws itself on the putrid bosom of the Dead Sea.

GREAT SERVICES.—Great services are like the larger pieces of gold or silver money, which do not often pass from one person to another. Small attentions are like small coin, which is continually passing.—*Diderot.*



YUSUF'S CAMEL.

BY ROB ROLLINS.

YUSUF'S camel was a very old camel indeed. He had long been one of his master's most faithful and useful servants. Many a heavy burden had he borne; and now he was bending under one which not only camels are obliged to bear, but also their drivers; and not only camel-drivers, but also kings and emperors—that of age. He was blind, had but two or three teeth, and walked as if he had the gout. But no gout had he. No, Yusuf's camel had never enjoyed the luxuries of life; he had always been accustomed to the very hardest of fare; and often, when toiling in the burning desert, he had spent whole days without any fare at all, excepting fair weather, of which both he and his master had seventeen times as much as they wanted.

And as he waxed old, he waxed helpless and useless accordingly; and when, at last, he had passed the bound and had grown worse than useless, Yusuf naturally began to think of ridding himself of the burden. He was a poor merchant, and found it extremely difficult to support himself, much less his old camel, which did not so much as lift a single one of his great, funny toes to help himself! It was as expensive to keep him as it would have been to keep one in the morning of life—and more, for whatever else had failed, his appetite had not, and he ate like a very elephant. And so, forgetting his old services, Yusuf actually had the ingratitude to harbor murderous intentions toward the poor, innocent, old gormandizer!

But when he had led him away to a secluded spot, and stood before him with the long, bright steel which was to pierce his heart in his hands, the old fellow looked so docile and unsuspecting, that Yusuf's heart was moved with pity; and tears filled his eyes as he looked upon the rugged, bony form which had borne his merchandise so many miles.

"Poor, poor old Hunchback!" said he, "thou shalt live—I can not harm thee."

But a thought of the future, and his scantily filled purse, crossed his mind, blowing away his pity like chaff

before the whirlwind. And turning away his face, he made a plunge with his knife — heard the old creature groan, and fall, and then, without so much as bestowing a look upon the body, took to his heels and ran home.

The next day, thinking that he would at least give his old friend a decent burial, he took a spade and pickaxe in his hand, and directed his steps toward the scene of the tragedy.

Judge of his astonishment when he saw not the slightest trace of the body, excepting a few drops of blood! He looked all around, but could not discover so much as the shadow of a hair!

"Some good man has chanced by here and superseded me," said he at length, reflectingly. A small patch of fresh earth near the blood confirmed him in this conjecture.

"But how, in the name of Comparison," said he, "could he squeeze a camel into that little hole? He must have been the same man the Christians tell about, who made a camel pass through the eye of a needle! But, by Allah and Mohammed! I don't believe he did. I'll dig, and see."

And to work he went, and dug like a burrowing marmot, until all out of breath, when he stopped to rest.

"He hath buried him deep enough!" said he. "I fear, notwithstanding the Prophet tells us beasts have no souls, that my poor Hunchhack has gone down where wicked spirits go!"

And at it he went again, as if he hoped to overtake him before he arrived at the undesirable destination.

Cluck! —what's that? His spade had struck upon something hard; not Hunchback's head by any means, nor yet his mountain back, for it had a ringing sound, as if it was of metal.

Then did Yusuf dig? Ay harder than he ever dug before. Visions of the shining yellow dross, for which he had toiled so earnestly all his life, flitted before his eyes; and the earth flew out of the hole in a regular fountain! He has loosened it — almost lifted it; a little more digging upon *that* side, and—out it comes, a real, genuine pot of money! Yes, that thing, that he had thought existed only in the "Arabian Nights," that was almost a poetical monstrosity—he actually hugged in his arms! Oh, how he gloated over it! how his eyes glistened as he dived his hand into it and taking up a handful, let the golden coins slide out again, as a miller does his meal!

"Old Hunchback! I owe this all to thee," he exclaimed, as he returned homeward—"thee! whom I slew, because, forsooth, I grudged thee a little straw!"

The fame of Yusuf's wealth went throughout the land, and many came to visit him and view his palatial residence, and Hassan, a neighboring pasha's son, was proud to be betrothed to the daughter of the wealthy Yusuf Bey. Yusuf was happy and proud. But with the admiration that arose in the hearts of men, arose also envy.

In the stillness of midnight, a robber broke into his house and began to finger the gold and silver with quite as familiar an air as if he had slaved all his life to earn them. But a beast, which the robber had left outside, in stumbling over a hollow vessel of metal, made such a noise that Yusuf awoke, and seizing his yataghan, hastened to defend his property. But the robber proved stronger than he, and soon held him in his power.

"Now, you old death's head," said he, in a very polite and amiable man-

ner, "just you give me every para you own, or by the holy Fatima! I'll make you swallow this cimeter."

With a groan, poor Yusuf told him to take his gold but spare his life, and the robber obeyed with an alacrity which would well become a tyrant's menial. After forcing him to open all his coffers and secret drawers, the ruffian seized his trembling victim by the throat.

"You have seen my face, and would recognize me if you ever saw me again, which, I swear, you shall not do!" said he; and was about to cleave his head from his body—when the animal without stumbled again over the vessel; and the robber, who had not heard the noise before, imagining it to be the neighbors come to Yusuf's assistance, instantly dropped all his treasure and scuttled away like mad!

Yusuf pursued him to the door, and saw him hurrying away with a limping camel, whose well-known form caused him to exclaim in astonishment,

"Old Hunchback! is it indeed thou? Hast thou come to life again? and is it to thee I owe the preservation of my life?—*thee*, whom I would have slain, because, forsooth! I grudged thee a little straw?"

The sun was hastening to his couch, and the chills of twilight were creeping over the earth. But Yusuf's daughter—the delight of his soul—the only relation he had in the broad world, returned not, and his heart was pierced with sad forebodings. She was wandering in the forest, and had lost her way. She wearied herself in searching for an opening, but met with no success, and at last sat down upon a fallen tree to weep.

"Oh, my father! what wilt thou do if I die in this wilderness?" exclaimed she in bitterness of soul. "Dearest Hassan! must I leave thee forever—shall I never see thee again? Oh, Allah! avert this calamity, I beseech thee, and send one of thy servants to lead me safely out of this dark forest and restore me again to the arms of my father!"

As she said this, what should come blundering and stumbling through the bushes but a blind, lame old camel.

"Allah—I thank thee," she said, as she mounted the—to *her* eyes—beautiful young creature.

On the camel went bumping its poor old head against almost every tree it met, until at length it came into the open fields, and ere long was in sight of Yusuf's dwelling.

The amiable and sorrowing father, like the Prodigal's father in the parable—saw his daughter afar off, and ran and fell upon her neck and kissed her.

"And is it *thou* again, Old Hunchback?" said he, with his eyes full, caressing its old battered cranium, "is it *thou* again, to whom I owe all my happiness? thou, whom I would have slain, because, forsooth! I grudged thee a little straw?"

As the happy Yusuf and his daughter were leading home the old Hunchback with all the honors of a Roman conqueror, they saw a young lad running toward them with:

"Bana bakh! good friends! the camel, if you please!"

"And what would you with the old Hunchback, my lad?"

"Not only have I to do with *him*," answered he, fiercely, "but also with *thee*—thou old thief of the world! That camel is the property of my master, who found him bleeding in

the field, and who sent me searching through the forests for him!"

"What may be thy master's name?" asked Yusuf.

"Abdallah-Mahn—the richest man in Arabia. He buried a million *grouches* in one spot alone! The same spot where he found this old brute—which you had best deliver into my hands before he see you and chastise you well for the delay you have caused me."

"I think, my fine fellow, that he will take good care to keep out of *my* sight," answered he. "I am Yusuf, whose house he would have robbed, and whom he would have slain, had it not been for this good old Hunchback, whom I love as my own mother;" and he kissed him.

"*Ahjib! Insh-Allah!*" exclaimed the stripling, as he flew like a cannon-ball over the fields and disappeared in the forests.

If every one had treated their old horses, and even their old *grandmothers*, as tenderly as Yusuf did old Hunchback after this, this tale would never have been written.

He hired servants to attend to all his wants, and let him guzzle down his enormous meals without the least demur.

And when, at length, like a shock of corn, he was filled with *years*, and was gathered to his fathers, both Yusuf and a young cypress-tree wept over his grave!

GO AHEAD!

Though before you mountains rise,
Go ahead!
Scale them—as you surely can.
Let them proudly dare the skies;
What are mountains to a man?
Go ahead!

YOUTH IS THE TIME TO SIGN.

I asked a blooming, sportive boy,
"Say, will you come and sign?
Health beams within thy glistening eye,
Now is the golden time." [head;
But "no," he cried, and shook his
"Now is the time to play—
I can not, will not, yet," he said,
And bounded on his way.

I asked him when a youth; but then
He stopped me with alarm:
"Nay, leave the pledge for grave old
A drop can do no harm. [men—
Youth is the time for mirth and joy,
I'll live thus while I can—
Your sober scheme perhaps I'll try
When I am quite a man."

I asked a man of middle age—
How gleamed his fiery eye!
Such tearful signs his frame betrayed,
They gave a sad reply.
For many years had firmly fixed
The tyrant iron chain;
His *all* for drink he'd madly risked—
To ask him now was vain.

I questioned next an aged man—
A miserable form;
His course of life had nearly run,
Each short-lived pleasure gone;
"Alas!" he cried, in accents wild,
With anguish on his brow,
"*Would I had signed it when a child—*
I can not do it now."

YEARS AND VIRTUES.

Why should we count our life by years,
Since years are short and pass away?
Or why by Fortune's smiles or tears,
Since tears are vain, and smiles decay?

O! count by *virtues*—they shall last
When life's short, fitful race is o'er;
And they, when earthly joys are past,
May cheer us on a brighter shore.

LITTLE EVA'S KITTEN.

BY TRUTH INMAN.

LITTLE Eva had a kitten,
Like the kitten in the song—
Different from all other kittens,
Quite unable to do wrong.

Such, at least, was Eva's fancy,
Although, very strange to all,
No one else, of all the family,
Thought of Kitty half as well.

Some declared they'd caught her drinking
From the milk-pans on the shelf;
Others said they'd even seen her
From the table help herself.

Eva thought 'twas through ill-nature
That her darling was abused;
What a little gentle creature,
Of such faults to be accused!

To her breast she clasped her kitty,
And with many a loving word,
Said it was a shame and pity
That such slander should be heard.

In the dining-room, one morning,
Eva had a great surprise—
Entering quickly, without warning,
What a vision met her eyes!

Puss, who'd come the first to breakfast,
Found it dull to wait alone,
So she thought, just for amusement,
She would try to pick a bone.

Up she sprang upon the table,
Looked to see what she could find,
When a savory roasted pigeon
Chanced to suit her dainty mind.

Now this pigeon was intended.
As Miss Puss was well aware,
For a very different person,
Yet she did not seem to care.

On she went, her feast enjoying,
Till she heard the opening door,
When, afraid of being punished,
Down she leaped upon the floor.

"Oh, my kitty," cried poor Eva,
Shocked and grieved as she could be,
"Is it you who have been doing
All this mischief which I see?"

Eva tried to hide her kitten
Still as she before had done;
Yet the strength of her affection,
With her faith in puss, was gone.

By degrees she ceased to pet her— [ed,
Sometimes joined when others blam-
Till she seemed to quite forget her—
Of her favorite grown ashamed.

I have known some little children,
Having friends who loved them well,
Yet, through acts of disobedience,
Out of their affections fell.

Children who remain ungrateful
And deceitful to the end, [tience
Wound the heart and wear the pa-
Of the kindest, tenderest friend.

PICTURES FROM OLD MARBLEHEAD.

BY BLUE-EYED MINNIE.

MARBLEHEAD is built on a peninsula, almost an island, is as compact as a city, with but little more room for agricultural employments, and producing rocks as one of its principal crops. A stranger would be struck, on first entering the town, by the narrow streets, the quaint and irregular houses, and the old-fashioned, standstill look of almost everything. This very primitiveness and irregularity is one of its greatest charms to any thoughtful mind, appreciating relics of the olden times. Formerly inhabited by a class of enterprising fishermen, who built their little dwellings down by the wharves and beaches, and left their families, to earn a living on the briny deep—too often the inhabitants watched and waited for the boats to reappear, watched and waited in vain, till hope at last died out in utter despair. Or worse still, with no power to save, they saw them sink in the blue waves, almost before their eyes. Now the shoe business is almost as thriving there as in Lynn, and many active men have grown wealthy in this way Formerly the distinction between patricians and plebeians was as great as in ancient Rome, or in feudal days. Now the lower classes are rising by their own energy, building handsome residences toward the interior of the town, and no longer to be despised for their influence. Some whose shoe-shops, like little cockle-shells, might be seen perched upon the rocks, now own fine stores in the main street. There are many objects of interest to a stranger and an antiquarian among the remains of the Revolution. The building now used as one of the banks, is one which Col. Lee had made for his residence. It is in the finest style and elegantly finished without and within. The exquisite carvings in oak over the fire-places were brought from England expressly for the house, as was all the furniture, the papering, and the cedar-wood for the windows. Here Washington was received on his visit to the town, and said it was the finest private residence he had ever seen.

A WORD TO THE MERRY FAMILY.

BY COUSIN WILL.

MY DEAR COUSINS:—Please permit me to introduce myself to you with the least possible ceremony, and to assure you that, although you may never even have heard that you have a cousin Will, I have, nevertheless, a sincere affection for you all.

I have noticed that some of my cousins are disobedient to their parents, and so I have undertaken to write you this letter. Only this morning Mary's mother told her to lay aside the book she was reading, and help her sister arrange the breakfast-table. "I will," said Mary; but she still sat reading. A few minutes after, she was again bidden to do the same thing, and made the same reply. At last her mother took the book from her hand, and Mary very reluctantly went about the work.

I have exposed Mary, not because she is worse than several other of my cousins, but because her conduct is very much like theirs.

Children don't like to be found fault with, so I will say nothing more about Mary, only that I was very much pleased to hear her say, when she came in from school, "Mother, shall I take Lizzie while you get tea, or is there something else you would rather have me do?" I never saw her look so lovely in my life. Her face is plain, generally; but then it became really attractive. It is so much pleasanter to see little girls ready to do what they are directed to, and even glad to anticipate their parents' wishes, that it is almost a wonder that any one should so forget herself as to disobey, or even to hesitate about obeying.

There is Benjamin. I hear him laughing now in the barn. His father told him to pile some wood, and he has gone at it very cheerfully. He don't always obey readily; last night he wanted to go and play ball on the play-ground. His mother asked him to get an armful of wood, and then she wanted a bucket of water. "Oh, dear!" said Benjamin. "Can't John get it? I have to do everything." "No," said his mother; "I want it now." "I promised to come right up, and perhaps they will choose somebody in my place." "Very well, Benja., I will get it myself." Benjamin was ashamed, and ought to have said, as his good angel prompted him, "No, mother, I will do as you want me to;" but he had'nt quite courage to do that, and so he started off, but not with the cheerful, happy face with which he came in, a few minutes before. It is very seldom, however, that he behaves thus. At almost any other time he would have done a dozen errands, if he had been in ever so great a hurry; and if he had lost his place in the game, he would have been, perhaps, a little disappointed, but would have had no unkind feelings about having so much to do. It makes me laugh to hear a little boy or girl complain about some little errand they have to perform, when, if they would only do it cheerfully, it would seem no hardship at all.

I hope all my cousins will not only obey their parents, but do it cheerfully. Why, if they should try to see how much they *can* do, they would make themselves happier, and would be surprised to find how much easier and pleasanter it is to do right than to be unkind and disobedient.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

POLITENESS.—We want a little refinement in America. The people in the north of Europe are much more civil and polite. According to Mr. Baird, the Swedes excel the French in the polish of their manners. The common working people wish each other success in their daily toils. When a Swede meets a friend, he thanks him for that pleasure which he had when he last saw him. In Norway, every one says, at the close of the dinner, "Tak for mad"—thanks for the meal; and the reply is, "Well bekom-me"—may it do you good. The rudest peasants, when they pass each other, always speak and take off their hats; like the Swedes, they wish each other prosperity. Mr. Baird says: "We wish that there were more of these, and other appropriate forms of civility, among our people. It would do us good. We should not see men passing each other without deigning to give each other a kindly look, and a kindly salutation, or even a nod of the head. There is nothing more true of us, as a nation, than that we are a rude people."—*Hampshire Gazette.*

I DON'T THINK I CARE TO GO TO THE ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC.—The subjoined extracts from a letter written by a gentleman engaged in the survey of a railroad route across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and published in the Salem *Register*, give a vivid impression of the delights of camp life in that tropical region:

"I find the burden of my song is only home—home—home. I can write only in the most desponding strain, for I am sick and weary of this life in the wilderness, deprived of every comfort; subject to every possible annoyance; almost nothing that a hearty man can eat; nothing at all that an invalid can relish; warm water from a half dried-up brook to drink; dry, parching heat, for it is the heat of ten months' dry season, and no relief in anticipation, for I don't know when. I have been for weeks almost a cripple, with ulcers all over my legs, not able to wear shoe or stocking, nor even a bandage; but they are now nearly healed. I have had the intermittent fever, but am convalescent. You may try to imagine how I fared in the camp. Half of my party have been in camp at once, disabled from field duty. I pine for home. I am wasted and thin, more so than ever in my life. The wild beasts are nothing. We are more anxious to see them than they us; and occasionally we are gratified at the sight of a tiger, puma or American lion, tapir, etc., crossing the path and hastily retreating or reposing in his lair in the wild recesses of the rocks, whither our line of survey takes us. But the insects are intolerable—lizards, scorpions, tarantulas, garripatos, nijuas, moyaquils, fleas, etc. I could fill a page with their names. They give us no peace day nor night. The party come in from the woods covered with ticks. They fasten themselves to the skin, bury their heads, and when pulled off often leave their heads in. The chigos insinuate themselves under the skin, generally about the toes, under the roots of the nails, lay their eggs, and ere you are aware of it there is a sack full of eggs as large as a pea, which must be carefully extracted, or you have an ulcer. It is necessary daily to examine the feet with great minuteness, and you never see a native, or a group of them, but they are picking out chigos. The

moyaquil is a worm which eats its way in—in—to the bone—into the bone, and if not discovered, grows to the size of your little finger, and you lose a leg, perhaps. But the fleas are the worst enemies to peace. You fight them in vain; you scratch, and irritate, and tear your flesh; you go to bed, and get up again; you are distracted—crazy. Can human nature stand it long?

"I must confess my very great disappointment. Everything was misrepresented. We heard about the profusion and delight of tropical fruits, and find almost a barren desolation. We see scarcely any fruit—now and then an orange or plantain; they are cultivated on some parts of the Isthmus, but it is not our fortune to find them. It is wild, scraggy vegetation, impenetrable thickets of thorns or some useless growth, and is in parts, and about here, almost the only country I know of, or ever heard of, that does not produce something useful. But I have said enough on this score. I would like to present a pleasanter side of the picture. The climate is not unhealthy, nor is the heat excessive. The natives are lazy, dirty, thieving. The country is distracted in its politics, and local feuds disturb the quiet of even this secluded district."

The Saints and Martyrs of Society.—There are Florence Nightingales of the ball-room, whom nothing can hold back from their errands of mercy. They find out the red-handed, gloveless undergraduate of bucolic antecedents, as he squirms in his corner, and distill their soft words upon him like dew upon the green herb. They reach even the poor relation, whose dreary apparition saddens the perfumed atmosphere of the sumptuous drawing-room. I have known one of these angels ask, *of her own accord*, that a desolate middle-aged man, whom nobody seemed to know, should be presented to her by the hostess. He wore no shirt collar—he had on black gloves—and was flourishing a red bandanna handkerchief! Match me this, ye proud children of poverty, who boast of your paltry sacrifices for each other! Virtue in humble life! What is that to the glorious self-renunciation of a martyr in pearls and diamonds?—*Dr. Holmes.*

Noble Spectacle.—There can hardly be a more sublime spectacle presented for our admiration than that of a young man, who, urged on by the impulses of struggling intellect, starts boldly from the trembling ranks of obscurity and want, determined to battle his way, through every obstacle, to honor and renown. Thank Heaven, that though the gifts of fortune are denied to such, they possess that God-like principle within, before the irresistible energy of which the most formidable obstacles become as cobweb-barriers in the path which honorable ambition points out.

Outrageous Bigotry.—A prominent clergyman of Brooklyn lately refused to perform the burial-service in the case of an aged gentleman of high standing, who had been for many years a member of his church.—*Carrington's Commissionaire.*

[Why should he? He wasn't dead.—A. S.]

The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

A man in the Detroit jail wishes he had the small-pox, so that he could *break out.*

The gentleman whose lips pressed a lady's "snowy brow" did not catch cold.

THE TWO GRAVES.

In the churchyard, dim and gray,
Never comes the light of day—
For the yew's funereal gloom
Leaves no golden sunbeam room.
But the snow, so white and cold,
Wraps each grave in purest fold,
And the pale drifts silently
Flit, like clouds of summer sky.

While the winter breezes wail,
Sweeping from the lowland vale,
Where the sadly-sobbing blast
Blew so fiercely as it past,
Lies a lowly, humble grave;
But no branches o'er it wave—
Only the dark heavens look down
On that mound so bare and brown.

Lieth there a slender form,
Golden locks with sunlight warm;
Eyes alive with azure light—
Lips of love, and rose-cheeks bright;
And a heart so kind and true
Never earthly mortal knew.

In the early autumn hours
Died she, with the dying flowers;
And the brazen-throated bell
Sounded its remorseless knell
Over her so young and fair,
Now forgotten, sleeping there.

* * * * * * * *

Where the ceaseless surging waves
Boom above the ocean caves,
Wakened not by wild alarms,
Stirless in the hushful calms,
Slumbers he, unmoved and cold—
Rest how deep for heart so bold!

Where a thousand ships go down,
Where the wide main rules alone,
On the greenly-gleaming billow
Sleeps he now—his only pillow.
Careless of the brave young form,
Dash around him wave and storm;
And the brown curls of his hair,
Once caressed with tender care,
Tossing in the current's flow,
Damply shade the earnest brow;
Closed and dimmed the laughing eye,
Sparkling once so merrily,
While the sea-weeds float and wave
All around his ocean grave.

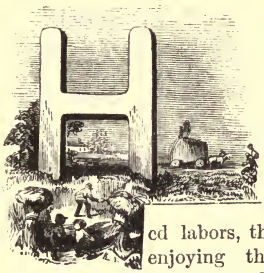
Thus they sleep—the sister, brother,
Far, alas! from one another;
One beneath the drifting snow—
One the lone sea hideth low;
Many weary miles apart
Lieth now each loving heart.
Who can tell what anxious grief
Found in death a dumb relief?
Who can tell how wearily
Looked she ever to the sea,
Watching for the white-sailed bark?
Ne'er it passed those waters dark.

Oh, the ways of God are strange!
Far beyond our vision's range;
Patience, with thy longing eyes,
Silence those rebellious cries;
Wait, and in a future land
Thou shalt know the loving hand—
Know it through thy woes and fears,
Though thine eyes are dim with tears,
Find thy treasures all above
Guarded by eternal love.

Blue-Eyed Minnie.

Happy Combination. — There is nothing purer than honesty, nothing sweeter than charity, nothing warmer than love, nothing brighter than virtue, and nothing more steadfast than faith. These, united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, the holiest, and the most steadfast happiness.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



HOW busy every one is this month in the country! The farmers at their varied labors, the children enjoying their sports, during vacation, in the woods or fields, playing hide-and-seek among the grain sheaves, or helping gather in the hay, and the dusty traveler, fleeing from the heated city to enjoy the pure, invigorating air and delightful scenery of the country.

Our trip to the White Mountains of last month only served to increase the desire for "more;" so bidding good-bye to 116 Nassau Street, with modest carpet-bag in hand, we took our departure by the way of Albany and Saratoga Springs for Sandy Hill. The quarterly session of the Sons of Temperance was held there, which we attended, and had an excellent meeting.

Early the next morning our friend U. G. Paris harnessed his horse and took us over to Lake George, a distance of about twelve miles. The morning air was bracing, and the ride a delightful one, through Glen Falls and a charming section of country, beautifully variegated with hill and valley. Our long-cherished desire was at last gratified, and the silver waters of this crystal lake were before us, in some respects the most beautiful lake that sleeps on the bosom of the earth.

Fort William Henry Hotel stands at its head, and from its broad piazza we could look out upon the emerald hills and the placid surface of the lake in all their beauty and loveliness. We could look from nature up to nature's God, and here, if nowhere else, the heart bows in humble reverence, as we see his glorious works. There was a grandeur and magnificence about the White Mountains, but a beauty and quiet loveliness about Lake George that wins the heart and elevates the soul.

The waters of Lake George are so pure and beautiful, that the Indians called it *Horicon*, or Silver Water; but the pious French Jesuits, who had settled on the shores of Champlain, called it *San Sacrament*, the Lake of the Holy Sacrament.

The bottom of the lake is a plain of yellow sand; and so transparent is the water, that you can look down fifty feet, as you lean over the side of the boat. The bright, beautiful expanse of water reflects the beauties of the surrounding loveliness in its calm, clear bosom till you can almost imagine the hosts of heaven were mirrored in the crystal lake below.

The little romantic steamer "Minnehaha," Captain Gale, was ready to take us on our trip through the lake, and as we stepped on board of her, the well-known lines of Longfellow were upon our lips:

"In the land of the 'Dacotas,'
Where the falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley—
There the ancient arrow-maker
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone—
Arrow-heads of chalcedony—
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,
Hard and polished, keen and costly.
With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter;
Wayward was the 'Minnehaha,'
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter;
And he named her from the river,
From the waterfall he named her,
'Minnehaha,' 'laughing water.'"

The lake is thirty-six miles in length, and from two to three wide, is studded

with about three hundred and sixty-five islands, and will amply repay you all for a visit. After a very pleasant three hours' ride, we reluctantly left our steamer and took the stage four miles to Fort Ticonderoga. The whole route across the lake and to this point was full of scenes of historic interest. We lingered long among the ruins of the old fort where, in 1775, Colonel Ethan Allen surprised the British commander, and "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" demanded the surrender of the fort.

Our grandfather was in the battle of Ticonderoga, and to us the ruins had a peculiar interest. We visited the powder magazine, the trenches, and the crumbling walls, and, taking away some relics for our cabinet, hastened to the landing to take the boat for Rouse's Point.

We were surprised to find such fine steamboats on Lake Champlain, equal in comfort and convenience to almost any on our waters. There are three first-class boats on the lake. Ours, the Canada, Captain Chamberlin, was large and commodious, and has excellent accommodations. The lake is a hundred and twenty miles long and about thirteen wide, and is dotted with many beautiful islands, while on the east rise the majestic Green Mountains, and on the west a ridge of hills covered with thick, green foliage, altogether making it a very pleasant ride at this season of the year. This is the direct route from Montreal, and is deservedly popular.

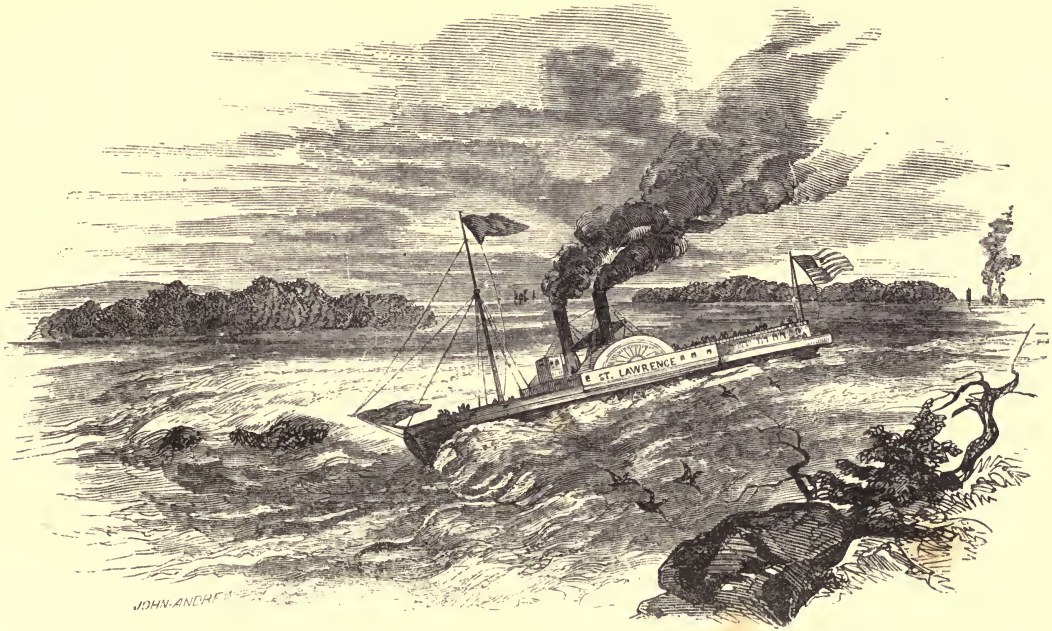
At Ogdensburg we found our young friend Geo. H. Higbee, the puzzle-maker, busy keeping books for his brother's large establishment.

From this place the American Express line of steamers took us up the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario to Oswego, and we had an opportunity to pass the far-famed Thousand Islands by daylight. This, too, is a charming route, the boats affording to the business man or the pleasure traveler all the facilities of a first-class hotel, while the route all along the St. Lawrence offers ever-varying attractions in grandeur of scenery and comfort of passengers.

The hills that surround Lakes George and Champlain here entirely disappear, and we find a level surface of country. The water is very clear and bright, the air pure and bracing, and the trip from Montreal to Toronto and Lewiston one of the finest in the country. Our boat, the Ontario, Captain Estes, is neat and comfortable, and we were pleased to find some of the Merry family aboard. Wherever we find them, they are full of life and joy, and we do not believe there is another such family in the world.

The descent of the rapids between Ogdensburgh and Montreal is the most exciting part of the whole route. They rush onward at the rate of twenty miles an hour. When the vessel comes within their influence, the steam is shut off, and she is carried along by the force of the stream alone. Experienced pilots are at the helm, and accidents seldom, if ever, occur.

But much we would like to say must remain untold. After a short stay at Oswego we took the railroad for Syracuse, and from there home. We can decidedly recommend our route as one of the best in the country for a pleasure trip. Take your maps, boys and girls, and trace this route backward. At Syracuse take the Oswego and Syracuse Railroad to Oswego, and follow down Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence—we should go down the Rapids next time—to Montreal, then up Lake Champlain to Ticonderoga, Lake George, Saratoga Springs, and from thence to New York. The mountain and lake scenery, with the surrounding islands, is unsurpassed. The farming country looks finely, and as we saw men and boys hoeing corn, cutting grain, and haying, we envied them so much that we stopped awhile where one of our friends was cutting grass, threw aside our cane, and begged the loan of his scythe for a few minutes, and as it swung through the grass, we



STEAMER DESCENDING ONE OF THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

almost fancied the days of youth returning. He remarked, "Pretty well done for an old man; I guess you have mowed before." And he "guessed" right Robert Merry *had* mowed before.

But here comes Willie, just in from a tramp among the hills and shades of old Connecticut, with a wooden nutmeg in each hand. The country is truly delightful, as we can testify from rare experience, for we have enjoyed it much the past season.

BROOKLYN, CONN., *June* 5, 1860.

Well, Uncle, I have bid good-bye to New York and nastiness, municipal monkeries and metropolitan muddiness; and now luxuriate in the pure air, green fields, and fresh milk of this pleasant section of "goodlie Connecticut." I wish you might look upon the noble avenue of ash and elm-trees, meeting my eyes at this moment, and stretching along the highway in all the pride of early summer. But pictures of country beauty would only excite longings that can not be gratified, in the minds of poor city folks, and I forbear.

Sad news came to us in May. Over the memory of beloved Peter Parley will be shed many and many a tear, not by children only, but by thousands standing in the prime of manhood and womanhood, who years ago passed unnumbered happy hours in reading the stories of the good old man. The MUSEUM will ever hold in remembrance its founder and life-long friend.

Who can resist the eloquent pleading of "Violette?" I can't, for one; so here I am, on bended knee, before "my Uncle," beseeching that she be allowed a place within our circle. You dare not refuse—Violette, walk in!

Dear Nip, I have gone "to the hills and far away," and am ready for the gallop, but *you* are not here. By the way, how do you know that we two be of an age?

I feel honored, Sybil Grey, in that you have written my name under the skies of Italy. Though the owner may never breathe the balmy air of which you speak, he can feel that his name has floated upon its softness, and be content. It wouldn't frighten me very much if you *should* take my hand "for better or worse." Try it, and see.

I admire the "try-again" spirit of "Blue-Eyed Lora." Seven times unsuccessful, yet persevering, to meet success on the eighth attempt. Uncle H., how could you "cut her out" so?

Hurrah for the "Union Ticket," especially as I have a share of the spoils! If the Merrys don't get their MUSEUMS promptly, after I enter upon the duties of my office, may I commit *hari-kari!*

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

Willie, your petition is granted. Violette shall hereafter be one of our ever-present circle. What do you say, Violette? "My dignity has been fearfully shocked by the invitation to sit on the bureau. Please let me sit by Blue-Bell." Well done, modest Violette; and so our little flower desires to blush unseen amid the valley, or on "old Long Island's sea-girt shore." *Your* request is also granted, and we shall look for you among the most lovely retreats of our monthly wanderings.

CHICAGO, *June* 11, 1860.

DEAR 20,000:—I am *very* glad to address you once more. Nip, I admire your spirit. I like spirit about as well as you do. Willie Coleman, *don't* be challenged by a girl. Let her know you can beat her riding.

Black-Eyed Charley, I think you and I ought to come in for a share of the girls' esteem, and not let Willie Coleman have it all, don't you think so? I always took a fancy to Blue-Eyes. Oh, by-the-way, I wonder if our blue-eyed cousin is not Blue-Eyed Mary.

Uncle Hiram, who are you going to cut next with your hatchet? Uncle Merry says you have been sharpening it. I hope you won't hit me. I shall take good care. Yours truly,

DANIEL H. BURNHAM.

CHICAGO, *June* 4, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I know my numerous epistles must "tax your patience," but isn't Oliver Onley enough to excite any one's indignation? and mine can no longer be restrained.

The *idea* of his sending me such a message. Why, I actually *blushed* when I read it. Oliver, I *do* "decline," most decidedly.

Nip, you have confirmed my suspicions as to R. W. R., and I am certain his name is R. W. Raymond.

Sybil, you will always find in me "a strong supporter." I should like to have the same information proffered to O. O.

Uncle Hiram, do you remember at the last Presidential election, what brilliant effusions appeared in the Chat? Where *are* those old subscribers—Alice B. Corner, Black-Eyed Laura, Bay State, Dodt, John Weldon, Jr., etc.? I hope the approaching campaign will arouse them, for Willie H. C. and Black-Eyes seem to be the "sole survivors." Good-bye.

ANNIE E. DRUMMOND.

GROTTO OF JASON, *June* 11, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I want very much to write a long letter, but in that case Nip will have to lend me her head. Will you please introduce me to Blue-Eyes. I never had the pleasure of her acquaintance. My cap is set for *her*, if some of my worthy cousins have not made a previous engagement.

Uncle, allow me, "if it will not disturb the harmony of our circle," to ask the side each of my cousins take as politicians. Please do not tell which side you are on, or you, either, Uncle Hi, for I fear that the 20,000 will flock to your standard if you do.

Please give my *love* to the *girls* and *respects* to the *boys*. Tell Nip I like her spirit, and hope she will get along well until I hear from her again. Boys, I hope to meet you all at 116 Nassau Street one of these days. I am, most truly, your nephew—one would think old enough to be your *grandfather*,

SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

Our ever-welcome friend, Black-Eyes, comes again, with her lap full. We are always glad to see you. No, you would hardly pass by on the other side, would you? When smitten on one cheek, always turn the other. Certainly, *you* ought to have learned that by this time.

June 29, 1860.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNTS, AND COUSINS:—It *does* seem some time since I spoke with you, but, Blue-Eyes, I have not been hidden in any place. I was just sitting still, listening to the rest. But you know they say a woman can't be still *very* long, so I may be excused for breaking the silence. Don't sharpen your hatchet, Uncle.

Am *I* a terror to Southerners, Hawthorne? I am sorry. I don't see why I should be. I hoped some day to visit "the land of the 'cypress and myrtle'" myself, but if I am a terror to the inhabitants, farewell to that hope.

Good, Oliver! You have done the Merry family an incalculable favor by giving them a ticket they can't help voting. Among so many they might have felt bewildered, but you have set all right.

That's right, "Blue-Eyed Lora." Sit right here by me. I, too, like blue eyes, Uncle dear, and you would not wonder if you could look into one pair I wot of—the only pair I have to look after, except "Blue-Eyed Lora's."

Thank you, Gazella.

Too bad? Of course it was, Daisy W. And I'll not *very* soon forget it. Wouldn't he feel bad if *I'd* pass him by some of these days? Or maybe he would commend me for it, calling it "returning good for evil."

Aunt Sue, couldn't you make *one* lot of puzzles, so easy we *dull* ones would stand some chance of winning your heart? Please. Don't cut me off, Uncle, I'm done. With much love to all,

BLACK-EYES.

Chirping in the wildwood,
Plucking bright June flowers,
Cricket, blithe and merry,
Spends her summer hours.

CLINTON, *June* 2, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—This second day of summer is as lovely as the roses of which June is said to be the month. I hope you and all the Merry cousins have enjoyed it as much as I, for I have been into the woods this afternoon, picking flowers.

Lutia, was it the printer's fault or yours that St. Helena (in your enigma in the April number) was placed in the Pacific Ocean, or has it really been moved? I live in the country, and am, *perhaps*, therefore, behind the times, though they do so many wonderful things now-a-days, that *perhaps* the islands have been moved for all I know to the contrary.

Carrie, "Up in the Clouds," do you ever condescend to visit poor mortals?

If so, I'd like to have you visit me, and —but I must finish. Your loving

CRICKET.

HAVILAND HOLLOW, *June* 11, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HI :—Having taken the CABINET for more than two years, and wishing every month to become one of the 20,000 (and as often fearing to try, lest that terrible "hatchet" should descend upon my unfortunate head), I have now gained courage enough to solicit a seat at the table. May I come, Uncle, or must I be content to read of the pleasures of the "Chat," and myself be thrust aside. Hoping to be admitted, I am your affectionate niece,

DEW-DROP.

We can never get along without our little Dew-drop, and shall look for you every morning, as the sun comes over the eastern hills. Do not stay in the "Hollow," but let us see you glisten on the highlands as well as in the vales.

SOMEWHERE IN ILLINOIS, *May* 8, 1860.

DEAR AUNT SUE :—I wonder if I may peep into the dear old parlor. I often hear you giving a welcome to others. I mean to try. I see that for Sybil Grey is predicted the B. P. Starship. I don't know what to think about that, there are so many equally deserving, and here steps in our blessed "Nip," to dispute the title. I suppose Black-Eyes must be satisfied with being the B. P. of Mr. B. E. Sam Wilson is named as a candidate for the poet laureate's crown. I nominate Fleta Forrester as a rival candidate. Now I have a proposition to make. Suppose, dear Auntie, you furnish a subject, and Sam and Fleta each write a piece of poetry upon it, let Uncles Robert and Hiram be the committee, and the writer of the superior poem be crowned; or perhaps a better plan would be to let all the *Museo-Cabinites* who wish compete for the prize. "No more at present" from your affectionate niece,

ANNETTE.

We say agreed. The proposition is a good one. Aunt Sue will please furnish a subject, and let the whole Merry family compete. We are always glad to get good poetic articles.

PARENSVILLE, *April* 9.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I wrote to you a long time ago, and as I was not chopped in pieces, I venture again. I don't know what has become of all the Merry family. Their letters are all dated a good while ago, and as I was afraid the Chat would flag, I thought I would come in to help enlighten the scene. I live in a kind of a country town, though by appearances it will not be so long, for they have torn down a good many stores and built new ones. They are now tearing down the old Franklin House, and it is expected that a splendid new hotel will be erected in its stead. Your affectionate niece,

INA CAREY.

The reason why some of our letters have old dates is because we have so many, we are often obliged to let some of them lie over for want of room, and we try to give them all their turn as early as possible. If we did not chop them down very closely, we could not make room for one half that are received

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PLEASANT VALLEY, *June* 20, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I take the liberty to call you Uncle, for I presume you are Uncle to all who take the MUSEUM. I am six years old, and mamma said that if I would speak on the stage at our school exhibition, she would give me a gold dollar. I did speak, and here is the dollar, which I send you for the MUSEUM this year ; and mamma is going to give me one dollar more for not drinking tea or coffee this year, which I will send to you for the MUSEUM next year.

Direct to your nephew,

CHARLIE LAIRD.

What do you think of that boys?
You'd scarce expect one of *his* age
To speak in public on the stage,
Much less in speaking earn a dollar,
Though the example's good for *all* to follow.

CHESTNUT GROVE.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY : — Here I am again, waiting for you to open the door, so that I can step in a few moments, and have a little quiet chat with you

and all of the Merry cousins, aunts, and uncles. When you come this way, in your round of visits, we will be very happy for you to come and see us. We have a beautiful country, and you will be welcome. You shall hear from me again. Good-bye. I remain your loving niece, SOUTHERN LILY.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

HENRY A. DANKER wishes to know if H. B. P. will favor the Puzzle Drawer with "another tough enigma." Meanwhile he offers to the cousins one constructed after her model. I can testify, however, that H. A. D.'s is not so difficult as H. B. P.'s, as the former I solved immediately, and the latter failed me *in toto*.

Adelbert Older takes the prize for June, having answered every puzzle, question, and item correctly to the letter; but for him, H. A. D., Henry Bowles, and Mary A. E. would each have won a prize. I offer the same again for July.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION. — MISCHIEF, INNOCENCE, MIRTH.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

96. I am composed of 25 letters:
My 6, 19, 18, 9, 10, 7, 4, 12 was an eminent jurist and legal writer.
My 12, 15, 17, 21 is a musical instrument used both in ancient and modern times.
The bee is said to sleep upon the fragrant blossoms of the 16, 2, 4, 2, 13, 11.
My 23, 22, 15, 20, 25 may be either theoretical or practical, adequate or inadequate, distinct or confused, common or uncommon.
My 5, 14, 16 is a river of Europe.
The exquisite flowers and shells of my 6, 7, 8, 2, 14, 5, 3, 1, 2, 14, 8, 2 were permitted to adorn the paintings of Domenichino and Dolci.
My 24, 14, 14, 20, 14, 14 is so fleet a racer that he is hunted on horseback, and taken with the lasso.
My 6, 14, 16, 24, 21, 25 is of the order of Capuchins.
My whole is the name of a hero.
Henry A. Danker.

97. My first we oft do with regard to our friends—
Should fail not to do for each gift that God sends.
Take it backwards, pronounce it, and then you will speak
A word of less use in the English than Greek.

My second is something you surely must be
Before you can draw out a sentence from me.
Spoken backwards, you'll mention the name of a place
Known to fame from its service to one of our race.

My whole is an adjective, good in its way,
That ought to describe the attempts of each day. *Kruna.*

98. I am composed of 22 letters:
My 2, 13, 15, 12 is in every person's clothing.
My 3, 11, 12 is a boy's nickname.
My 4, 9, 19 is a place of entertainment.
My 12, 1, 6 is a Scotch name for son.
My 7, 8, 14 is a pronoun.
My 16, 22, 14, 10 is an article of clothing.
My 17, 10, 5, 1 is a girl's nickname.
My 15, 21, 20, 18, 22 is a plant which grows wild in Egypt, the seeds of which are aromatic.
My whole is a good maxim.
Daniel P. W.

99. My first with the dairy-maid often is found, [around;
My second on summer days frolics
And so does my whole, over mountain and dell, [you must tell.
So now, gentle reader, my name
Loving Blue-Eyes.

100. Take four letters, and make five different words out of them, using all four letters each time.
M. M. W.

101. I am composed of 16 letters:
My 7, 5, 6 is a boy's nickname.
My 3, 2, 13 is a wild animal.
My 1, 9, 16 is a repository.
My 10, 14, 4 is a number.
My 7, 8, 11, 15 is a beautiful animal.
My 14, 12, 2 is what nobody wishes to be.
My whole is the name of a great adventurer. *Bell Butler.*

102. Which five letters form a sentence of forgiveness? *Hawthorne.*

103. What is the difference between a saw-horse and a seen horse? *Nobody.*

104. My first is an interjection; my second a pronoun; my third an interjection. What is my whole? *Lizzie G.*

105. I am composed of 7 letters:
My 6, 3, 4 is a beast of burden.
My 2, 4 is a pronoun.
My 1, 6, 5, 7 is sometimes an uncomfortable "blessing."
My whole is a native of a foreign country. *Bob.*

106. What figure is that, half of which has the same value as the whole? *R. H. Loughridge.*

107. I am composed of 16 letters:
My 2, 12, 16, 14, 6, 9 is what every one should be.
My 15, 5, 7, 11, 1 is the name of a gum.
My 8, 15, 13, 14 is a name for surface.
My 11, 4, 5, 3, 16 is a girl's name.
My 13, 10, 3, 1, 6 is a game.
My whole is the title of a beautiful song. *Lola.*

108. Entire, I signify treatment; behead me, and I become an herb; again, and I am an unlimited period of time. *Parvus.*

109. Once transposed, I am not I, no;
Again transposed, I am on it, no;
Change me again, I am no not I—
What am I, then? I wait your reply. *M. and M. C.*

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

110. 1. A fungus.
2. A large bird.
3. Something often seen in my whole.
4. A farming utensil.
5. A pronoun.
6. A brook.
The initials and the finals form something highly prized. *Cornelius M. Gibbs.*

111. Why may the possessor of a dime be considered a wealthy person? *Harry.*

112. Entire, a loud and deafening din;
Behead me, and I soon begin,
Through haste and recklessness, to sin.
Again cut off my head, and see,
I'm now transformed into a tree. *Lucy.*

113. When are a window and a nutmeg alike? *Adelbert Older.*

114. I am composed of 22 letters:
My 17, 2, 19, 20, 21, 7 is cunning.
My 16, 14, 4, 6, 1 are troublesome blessings.
My 5, 18, 17, 1, 8, 15, 6 is a philosopher.
My 7, 4, 9 is a word that often gives pleasure.
My 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 is an ancient Egyptian city.
My 21, 22, 3, 20, 21 is a follower of Diogenes.
My whole is an old maxim. *Parvus.*

TRANSPOSITIONS.

115. 1. THESE DEMONS was a great Grecian orator.
2. O! PERPLEX A DEAN was a celebrated English poet. *Young Joe.*

Answers to Questions in June No.

60. One is a taper in a cavern, the other is a caper in a tavern.

61. 1. Hemlock. 2. Cowslip (several have cleverly added *catnip*). 3. Larkspur. 4. Coltsfoot. 5. Chestnut.

62. Kenyon College.

63. SOME MEN ARE DEAD TO VIRTUE, BUT ALIVE TO ALL EVIL.

64. 1. Buttresses. 2. Washington. 3. Hardships.

65. 1. Abby—baby (H. A. Danker also adds, Ruth—hurt, Rose—sore). 2. Lemon—melon. 3. Ape—pea. 4. Peach—cheap.

66. 1. Illustrate. 2. Illustrated. 3. Incorporates. 4. Declarations. 5. Procedure (it also resolves itself into *Reproduce*, as several of my

clever correspondents have discovered). 6. Apocalypse. 7. Decanters. 8. Porcelain.

67. Wheat—heat—eat—at.

68. Consummate.

69. Captain John Brown.

70. 1. Rock—cork. 2 Note—tone. 3. Cat—act. 4. Drab—bard.

71. 1. Bradley. 2. Bedford. 3. Campbell. 4. Carroll. 5. Cannon. 6. Jackson.

72. Cornelius M. Gibbs.

73. 1. Washington and Lafayette. 2. Green. 3. Door. 4. Badax. 5. Rock.

74. A cat in mittens catches no mice.

75. Railroad-cars.

Adelbert Older answers the whole 16.

Mary A. E.—62 to 75.

H. A. Danker.—61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 70—1.

Harry B.—61, 62, 63, 64, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 65—1, 66—2.

Bella B.—61, 62, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 70—1.

Clara.—61, 62, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 70—1.

Nannie Hyatt.—61, 63, 65, 67, 68, 69, 71, 72, 73, 75, 70—1.

Fannie E. Johnson.—61, 62, 63, 64, 67, 69, 71, 72, 73, 74, 65—1.

Charlie F. Warren.—62, 63, 65, 69, 71, 72, 61—3, 70—2, 73—3.

C. M. Gibbs.—63, 67, 68, 71, 72, 61—2, 65—3, 70—1, 73—3.

Sam.—63, 67, 69, 72, 73, 61—1, 65—2, 70—2, 71—1.

Fred Judson.—71, 72, 73, 61—2.

M. D.—60, 61, 68, 71.

Annie E. Drummond.—61, 63, 71, 73.

Ike.—62, 71, 72, 73.

E. W. Hall.—61, 62, 63, 67, 68, 69, 71, 72, 73, 74.

Orange Street.—62, 69, 71, 72.

DEFINITIONS.

Aggravation.

To puzzle out Aunt Sue's rebus all but the "rulers," and then give it up.
To be scandalized because you have a mind of your own.
To kiss a pretty girl's cheeks, and get paint on your lips.
Not to be able to find out who Aunt Sue is. *Clara.*
Touching the string that jars. *E. Cahill.*
The toothache. *Bella B.*
Not to get the MUSEUM when we expect it. *Fred Judson.*
A scolding wife. *A. Older.*
A Jersey mosquito. *Grasshopper.*
Lying sick a-bed on the Fourth of July. *Annie E. Drummond.*
The feather that breaks the camel's back.
Losing your wig while chasing your hat.
A flea on your back when your hands are in dough. *W. A. F.*
To have a fair cousin send me a kiss *through the Chat.* *Oliver Onley.*

Courage.

To do right in the face of ridicule.
To live down scandal. *Clara.*
An unmarried woman of forty telling her true age to an admirer. *E. W. Hall.*
Valor in the cause of right. *E. Cahill.*
To say "No" when evil companions are urging you to do wrong. *Bella B.*
Soul steam.
Moral starch.
Wearing last year's bonnet.
Popping the question. *W. A. F.*
That which sustained the man who ate the first raw oyster. *Frank.*
To say "I was wrong." *Mary A. E.*

Conscience.

A good and faithful friend, if listened to.
A machine that requires delicate handling. *Clara.*
The guardian of the soul. *E. Cahill.*
The inward monitor. *Bella B.*
Our good angel. *C. M. Gibbs.*
An emblem of elasticity.
An unwelcome friend. *Adelbert Older.*
The bell on the gate to forbidden paths.
The soul's eye, often injured by winking or squinting.
A great ghost-raiser.
"What will people say?" *W. A. F.*
An inward schoolmaster. *E. W. Hall.*

Comfort.

An easy chair, plenty of time, and MERRY'S MUSEUM. *Clara.*
The height of the sluggard's ambition. *E. Cahill.*
To have the baby sleep all night. *Bella B.*
The foe of fashion. *A. Older.*

An arm-chair, soft slippers, pretty wife,
no debts, hurrah! *Milton Goodenow.*

"A little farm well tilled,
A little house well filled,
A little wife well willed."

An inward purr.
"My debts are paid."
"The baby's asleep." *W. A. F.*

To find duty a pleasure. *Mary A. E.*

To get that which we have not.
E. W. Hall.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Saucy Nell.—Your answers for April were entirely out of date; the lists were closed.

Willie B.—Don't be "bashful." You have as good a right to "guess" as any one.

Ellie A. Mather.—You will see that you were quite correct. What a pity you did not solve No. 55!

Eddie.—You have two full months in which to compete for the prize (from the first of May until the first of July—from the first of June until the first of August, and so on), although your answers may be too late to be credited in print. The words you did not understand are explained in answer 64.

Clara.—Bravo! If you hadn't the key to a lock, you'd try gunpowder, wouldn't you? I *did* "laugh at the portraits"—couldn't help it; *he* had such a bald head, and such a jacket! I am sorry you were late with your May "definitions," which were very good.

Bella B.—The last remark applies also to you. It is positively refreshing to get hold of your prettily-written dispatches. Refresh us often.

H. W. Potter.—I hope you received the prize. You came within two of getting a gold pen this month.

H. Bowles.—Your answers to 52 and 54 were very ingenious. Placing St. Helena in the Pacific Ocean was a decided mistake; I don't know whether it was Lutia's fault or mine, but I will shoulder it, as I should have corrected it. Forgive me this time, and I'll be more careful in future. You did, indeed, come near taking my heart.

Orange Street.—The puzzle you speak of would do very well if it was all in keeping. You did not send the answer to your enigma.

Uncle Joe.—A. A. Ford wishes to know if there is no shorter method of solving your "LIVID" puzzle than by the use of quadratic equations.

Howard.—The printer did it, not I.

Milton Goodenow.—Your rebus is too easy. All the puzzlers would guess it at a glance. We are obliged to publish enigmas, etc., in turn, so as to give all a chance.

Sam.—That's right—"half a loaf is better than no bread."

Annie E. Drummond.—Certainly, we shall be glad to "accept French puzzles," *providing they are original.* Your answers are very nicely "arranged," only there were not enough of them.

Kruna.—Bravo! We'll trouble you for a few more of the same kind.

Rosa.—I am glad you liked the heart-puzzle. If you win a second prize, it will be a gold pen. Respects to "mother."

Oliver Onley, in view of having won two prizes, threatens to retire from the ranks. We can not allow that, Oliver.

Ellen L. de L.—Yes, you "guessed" correctly; they say "Yankees don't guess until they are sure;" how was it with you, Nellie? You must send more answers for July.

E. S. B.—We don't sail with either of the "ships" (page 28), but call our craft chirography.

CARRIE T. WARREN is the only one who equaled Oliver Onley in answering all the May puzzles. As she has won a second prize, I shall send her a gold pen.

Ellie A. Mather, *Howard*, *Frank*, *Mary A. E.*, *S. H. M.*, and *Ned* answered 15 out of the 16. *J. A. Q. Q.* and *O. H.*, *Eddie*, *Pertine*, *H. W. Potter*, and *A. A. Ford* answered 14.

Correct answers also received too late for credit (?) from *E. W. Hall*, *Cricket*, *Clara*, *Forget-me-not*, *Imogen Latham*, *Bella B.*, *Jennie Dickens*, *Regis Stevens*, and *Sam.*

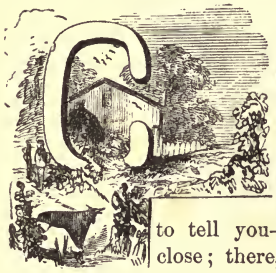
Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Charlie F. Warren*, *Clara*, *H. A. Danker*, *Forget-me-not*, *Imogen Latham*, *H. W. Potter*, *C. T. Warner*, *Fred Judson*, *Orange Street*, *C. M. Gibbs*, *M. D.*, *A. Older*, *Milton Goodenow*, *Kruna*, *Sam*, *E. W. Hall.*

Love to "little sister Lady."

I challenge any one to make an anagram (on any *one* word *found in Webster's Dictionary*) that I can not find out.

AUNT SUE.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.



COME, boys, and gather round the table, for we have something new to tell you—not too close; there, that will do; give all a chance, for the weather is too warm yet to be very much crowded.

Do you see Susan milking old "Whiteface," who stands quietly chewing her cud, and brushing off an occasional fly? See her air of self-complacency, as the generous pail is rapidly filling up, and the clear, white froth foaming over the top! What a beautiful whiteness it has! The days of olden time come fresh to mind, when I used to love to occupy Susan's place and assist in doing the milking!

But what I wish to tell you of is this, that in this age of progress and invention, somebody—I do not know who—has invented a milking machine, a sort of "milking-made-easy" contrivance, which, if successful, will overturn all our ideas of primitive life and inaugurate a new era in the dairy department. Henceforth Susan's "occupation's gone," and the process of milking is to be done by machinery—not exactly by a steam-engine, nor by water-power—though that is in favor with milkmen now-a-days—but a machine driven by hand-power. In short, a hand-pump, moved like the hand-bellows, with two handles, and performing the operation on the principle of an air-pump suction.

What will our farmer-boys say to that? and a good many of the Merry boys are scattered all over the land on our farms, and, if I mistake not, some of them have to help do the milking. To-be-sure, you get a good bowl of warm milk to drink after the chores are all done up, and that is worth all the trouble it cost.

The inventor says that "the milk is drawn and conveyed by a conductor into the pail in a marvelously short space of time, say three minutes for an ordinary cow, milking entirely clean, and without injury—in fact, to her advantage, as it is beneficial to have the work done quickly, and the machine is intended to do it quicker than it is possible to do it by hand." It is said, also, that the cow stands this machine milking more gently than by hand.

At any rate, the contrivance is an ingenious one, though its practical working I can not vouch for, not having seen it. It is simple enough, consisting of two diaphragm pumps, made of tin and india-rubber, so arranged as to be easily taken apart for washing. If it is a practicable invention, the farmers will hear more of it. There is one machine that never failed me, and that is a good pair of hands, which have done a good business in the milking line; and should this new machine come into general use, it is hoped we shall all be earnestly engaged in some good and proper business, because you know that there is always found "something for *idle* hands to do." Our friend Laura Elmer has sent in some lines which may be out of place, if not inserted soon. Here they are:

THE FAMILY FRIEND.

Pleasant-eyed Moolly
  Stands chewing the cud;
Pat comes with pail shining,
  For the pure white flood.

"So, so," he says kindly—
  Moolly steps the right way—
Good as master of dancing;
  Her position 's *au fait.*

Oh, her tail comes whisking,
  To brush off the flies;
Be careful, "Old Daisy,"
  For Patrick has eyes.

And now she seems hearkening,
  As the milk strikes the pail;
And her look seems saying,
  "I'll not let it fail."

Strip, strip—the pail's brimming—
  What beautiful foam!
Thank you, good Daisy—
  To your pasture now roam.

Go find the sweet cowslip—
  Eat the grass fresh and green,
And drink from the brooklet,
  So sparkling and clean.

THE SNAKE'S EGGS.

As Richard paced the furrowed land,
  And sang to cheer his toil,
The plow disclosed a serpent's eggs,
  Left hidden in the soil.

A while he marked the curious things,
  Their number, form, and hue;
Then grasped again the sturdy plow,
  And raised his song anew.

O had the youth a moment stayed,
  Those fragile eggs to break,
He might at every blow he aimed,
  Have crushed a dangerous snake.

Too oft, alas! our heedless minds
  O'erlook the favored hour,
When we may smite an evil dead,
  Ere it has grown to power.

THE OLD MAJOR.

IN order to reach perfection it is necessary to have either very faithful friends or implacable enemies; since we must be made sensible of our failings, either by the admonitions of the former, or the invectives of the latter.

OUR SURPRISE PARTY.

HAPPINESS is two-fold; we enjoy once, and once again the radiant image is reflected from the mirror of memory upon other hours. How vividly the bright, eventful days of childhood are remembered!—days that stand out like mile-posts in our child-life. I remember, and never can forget, the glorious holidays, visiting days, and gatherings of frolicking cousins that we used to have; but one of the happiest and best was our Surprise Party. I lived with my grandmother then, having arrived at the dignified age of fifteen, which I thought entitled me to the position and honors of a young lady. But the subject was very differently regarded by my grandmother and aunts, who still looked upon me as a little girl, and seemed to be quite vague and indefinite as to the time when I should claim any other appellation. However, I had my own opinions on the subject, as you may suppose. Grandmother was one of those old ladies that everybody said was very pretty when she was young, and we did not doubt it when we looked at her smiling, happy face and figure, more erect and graceful than any modern belle. A kind of halo seemed to surround her that radiated hope to all within her influence; and though she had seen sixty winters

melt before the coming spring, and though affliction and trouble had often come to dwell in her household, yet she was cheerful and happy. She had long since dropped her anchor in the deep waters of God's love, and her soul was steadfast. Was it not a pity that one so good and hopeful, so generous and open-handed, could not have an abundance of this world's goods? But grandmother was not rich, and sometimes had to struggle hard that she might not be *very poor*. My grandfather was lost at sea, and left no legacy but those jewels which the old Roman matron possessed: those were Mary, Annie, and Mortimer, who, at the time of my story, were real grown-up aunts and uncle, but who seemed more to me like an older brother and sisters. Aunt Annie was especially dear to me, for she could glide into my feelings and sympathies as fully as one of my own age. Aunt Mary was kind, but I could never get so well acquainted with her. Mortimer was the youngest. He was away at college, except vacations, and then he supported such an amount of sophomore dignity, that I generally took the character of "puss in the corner" when he was at home. Ambition was the besetting sin of the family—an ambition which the crushing hand of poverty could not crush out. The chilly winds of adversity deepened and strengthened it, but *never* subdued. Mary's aspirations grew into living beauty on the glowing canvas, and Annie reached hers in that native language of the soul-poetry.

Mortimer's had been a life-long struggle for an education, that he might win a name and competence for those he loved. Alas! the promised reward of such aspirations is ever dancing in the dreamy future. Clouds rest upon the present—black clouds portentous of coming storm. In a small back basement, in one of our crowded cities, you might have seen how dark such clouds can be. Grandmother held in her hand an open letter from Mortimer. The tears that fell fast on the paper told the story within. Mortimer was almost blind, and must give up study, or be ruined for life. Mary had just come in from a long walk; she had been from house to house to find scholars in drawing and painting, and obtained just *one* in return for her efforts. She looked tired and disappointed. At a little table in the corner sat Aunt Annie, leaning over her manuscript, almost lost in a dream of authorship.

The announcement of a letter aroused her. They listened, and grandmother read till tears choked her utterance. It was too much. Aunt Annie threw down her pen, put her arms round grandmother's neck, and sobbed aloud.

Mary took up the letter, and stood pale and speechless, the very picture of despair. It was not only the affection of Mortimer that called out such feeling; it was the accumulation of sorrow and long smothered grief, which only needed the slightest pressure to unlock the fountain. To this hour grandmother had been sustained, but her endurance gave way as one after another disappointment fell, like raindrops, into their humble home. Real want stared them in the face, and clamored for supply; the last coal was burning in the grate, and scarcely an article of food promised another meal. She had seen her children's prospects blighted, their repeated efforts answered by defeat; their talents limited and undeveloped for want of means, and no wonder that the heart-swellings of despair should rise

and choke for the moment every nobler feeling.

Oh, the soul-struggles of aspiring genius, yearning for sunlight and warmth! The world never knows or hears it, but its beatings are felt and echoed in the almighty bosom of our God.

"My dear children," said grandmother, "when will the light come? It is so dark to-night, it must come soon;" and as she bent over the letter, a sudden gleam of hope brightened her face. "He feedeth the young ravens when they cry, and shall he not take care of us? God has never forsaken me, and I do not believe he will now that I am old."

"Never," echoed another voice, from one who had just entered. It was my great-aunt Jane, who generally appeared and disappeared without any ceremony to announce either. She was a wonderful woman, possessed extraordinary talents in the executive line, and seemed to have a magic power of getting everybody out of trouble. "There," said she, emphatically, "I am quite relieved; I have just sent half a ton of coal to a poor widow woman."

"It will be a godsend on such a night as this," interrupted grandmother; "I wish some one would send me half a ton. I have borrowed of our neighbor, Mrs. Nichols, all day."

"Why don't you wish for a whole ton?" said Aunt Jane; and then she turned abruptly to Annie, and asked her "when she expected to hear from the poem she had lately finished?"

"I am afraid it will not be accepted," said Annie, despairingly; "I expected to have heard long before this."

Just then the door-bell rang, and grandmother and Aunt Jane were called to the parlor to see company. This parlor was not one of modern spaciousness, lined with mirrors, but a plain, ordinary room, made attractive by the tasteful arrangement of its simple furniture and Aunt Mary's paintings. In a few minutes grandmother came hurrying down, exclaiming, "Do, girls, come up stairs; the parlor is full of company, and I do believe Aunt Jane has invited them. She took them right into Mrs. Nichols' rooms, and when I asked her how she dare take such liberties, she only replied, 'Don't ask me any questions.'"

We started unanimously. Ring after ring announced new comers, till we found ourselves literally besieged with friends, uncles, aunts, cousins, and adopted cousins. Never was surprise more complete. The whole house flew open before the magic command of Aunt Jane, who went about looking very wise, as if she were the author of all this sudden shower of happiness. Mary forgot her pictures, Annie her poem, and grandmother's face was completely lighted up with enjoyment.

Cousin Will declared himself master of ceremonies, crowded all the company into one room, and said no one should make their exit without his permission. Now commenced the fun in good earnest; girls and boys, old folks and young, all joined in one grand frolic, that made the house fairly ring with merriment. In the midst of it all, Aunt Jane announced "that supper was ready;" and, sure enough, a fairy feast, without hand or touch of ours, was spread out before us.

We ate, drank delicious coffee, and were merry enough. Then came more fairy favors. There was an abundant supply of coal deposited in the cellar, and grandmother found that she had borrowed her own coal all day. The

pantry was stored with good things. A purse of gold found its way into grandmother's hands, and tears into her eyes. But the best of all was to come. Aunt Jane said she had a poem she would like to read if she could keep us still long enough. She said it had been published very recently in most of the prominent literary journals, and an extraordinary fame predicted for the authoress. She had not read many lines before Annie looked anxiously toward the door, as if she would have given worlds to be absent. The traitorous crimson flushed her pale cheek, and her dark eyes shone with strange triumphant beauty. She started, hoping to slip out unperceived; but cousin Will was at the door, and would not let her go. There stood the poor girl, a martyr to her own fame! All eyes were upon her, and congratulations burst from every side. Cries of "Go on! go on!" hushed the tumult, and Aunt Jane finished the poem. The last period rounded off with a shower of applause. When it had subsided, cousin Will presented Annie with a note, inclosing a check from the publisher; but, like a cruel Will that he was, made her promise not to open it till all the company were dispersed. Such an arrangement was objected to as decidedly tyrannical; but Will argued that in virtue of his office as master of ceremonies, Aunt Annie should obey. But the happiest moments will slip and glide away forever; and now the impatient sleigh-bells tinkling at the door, suggested the hour of departure. Grandmother had a blessing and a good-night for every one; but all agreed that Aunt Jane ought to be blessed the *most*, for she had prompted the whole affair.

And now the good-nights flew from lip to lip, with no slight sprinkling of kisses by way of variety. Again and again good-night sounded on the clear, frosty air like chiming-bells, as one after another jumped into the sleigh, and slid away on the sparkling snow-track. When at last the merry voices died away, we rallied round grandmother to talk it all over.

"Every cloud has a silver lining," said she. "Let us never distrust our heavenly Father any more." But we had so much to say, that I can only stop to tell you that Annie's mysterious letter not only inclosed a check for gold, but golden promises for other poems yet unwritten.

The result was golden, too, for I never saw Aunt Annie look pale any more, nor Aunt Mary discouraged, nor the coal anywhere else but in the cellar. C. A. K.

THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.

"WHAT is the ninth commandment?" said a teacher to a boy in Sunday-school.

"'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.'"

"What is bearing false witness against your neighbor?"

"It is telling lies."

"That is partly true; and yet it is not exactly the right answer—because you may tell a lie about yourself."

Then turning to a little girl, he said, "What do you say it is?"

"*It is when nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told of it.*"

"That will do," said the questioner, amid a roar of laughter from the school.

The little girl had spoken queerly, but underneath her odd language was a pretty clear perception of the true meaning.

THE PALM-TREE.

THE palm-tree abounds in Palestine, though it is common in warm climates, and is one of the most useful of trees. The finest grew about Jericho, hence it was called the City of Palm-Trees. The palm has a long, straight body, but, strictly speaking, no branches, though near the summit from forty to eighty leaves spring forth in the shape of branches, and are so referred to in several places in the Bible.

It yields abundantly; a single tree sometimes bearing fifteen clusters of dates, weighing fifteen to twenty pounds each.

There are many uses to which this tree is applied; the Arabs mention two hundred and sixty. In Egypt, Arabia, and Persia, the inhabitants depend much on its fruit for their subsistence. The branches referred to by John (xii. 13) relate to the long leaves which shoot out from the tops, and which were often carried about as the symbol of victory.

THE EGYPTIAN VULTURE.

THIS bird, from its abundance in Egypt, is called "Pharaoh's Chicken," and is about the size of the raven. It follows the caravans in the deserts, in large flocks, in order to feed upon the camels and other animals which perish in those hazardous marches, which are fatal to the lives of so many; not only from the heat and drouth, but from the piercing cold of the night, which often follows a burning hot day.

The ancient Egyptians paid divine honors to these birds, and we often find them represented in their sculptures and paintings; and though the Mussulmans of the present day do not actually worship them, they treat them with great respect, as very important birds in a country where cleanliness is so essential, but so much neglected.

They have a long, slender beak; the nostrils are oval, and the head and neck bare of feathers. It is a curious fact that the claws of the vulture are so formed that they can not clasp their prey with sufficient force to carry it away, and are therefore obliged to eat it on the spot.

KINDNESS.

ONE bright summer morning, when the birds were sweetly warbling, and all nature looked smiling, numerous little voices and the patter of many little feet were heard coming down a green and shady lane, which led to a wood close by. It was a holiday, and so some of the older boys had proposed going a-nutting, to which the younger gladly assented. They were a merry group to look upon, joy beaming on every countenance. One little boy especially attracted my attention, with his blue eyes and rosy cheeks. They had not proceeded far, however, before down fell this little one. He cried for help from his companions, but they were either so much bent on their own pleasure, or so heedless, that they took no notice. But one little boy, kinder than the others, seeing his little playmate had fallen, ran to him, and putting his arms round him, gently lifted him up, saying, as he did so, "O Johnny! I hope you are not much hurt!"

"No, not much," said the child; "but was it not unkind of those great boys not to help me up?"

"Yes, but forget it now," said the kind companion, "and I will take care you do not fall again. See, I will give you some of my nuts, as you have not got any."

So saying, he emptied them into his lap; and then the two children, hand locked in hand, ran on merrily together, and soon joined their schoolfellows."

"Now, let us have a game," said some of the older boys, to which all readily responded; and soon they were in high glee, laughing and shouting and jumping for joy. But one little boy, too feeble to join in their noisy sports, was seated alone upon a green hillock, looking on with pleasure, his eyes sparkling with delight, while ever and anon joining in the merry peals of laughter which burst from his companions. His solitary lot was, however, quickly perceived; for another kind child soon left his pleasant play, and, darting across to the little sufferer, kindly took his hand, saying how sorry he was he could not join in the sports of the rest. But the feeble child said he was very happy in watching the other boys' pleasure, and begged his kind friend to return to them.

"O no! that I can not do; I would much rather sit by you, and then you will not feel so lonely."

"How kind of you!" said the poor child, twining his arms round his little friend.

Now, dear children, can not you learn something from this little anecdote? Always be kind to one another, ever ready to lend a helping hand; thus will you not only give happiness to others, but it will greatly add to your own. LEILA M.

"I AM WEARY."

"I AM weary, O so weary!"
And the dark eyes filled with tears
At the olden recollections,
And the long departed years.
And the lady's heart grew weary
As the dreams of "long ago"
Came again with fair-hair'd mem'ry
To her heart's recesses low.

And again a child she wander'd
By the river's sunny side,
Plucking oft the April daisies
That grew by the silver tide.
Then fond mem'ry woke her vision
Of the bright bewitching past,
And she murmur'd, "I am weary
Of the joys that will not last."

"I am weary, O so weary!"
And the little head bow'd low
On the little hand that trembled
With its weight of pain and woe.
"O dear mamma, tell me gently
Of the little singing stream,
Where you buried brother Willie—
Is it not a summer's dream?"

"O dear mamma, hold me softly,
For the angels soon will come,
Bearing *me* to yonder heaven,
To my bright ethereal home."
And the little broken lily
Meekly bow'd its fair young head,
Only murmuring, "I am weary—
Lay me gently in my bed."

"I am weary," said a maiden,
As she hummed a mournful air
Of the by-gone dreams of summer,
And her *soul* forgot its care.
But, alas! the recollections
Of those pleasures long since past,
Froze the hope that she had nourished,
That those joys would always last.

"I am weary, O so weary!"
Said a man with silver hair;
"And I would the pure-robed angels
Should take me up yonder, where
The loved ones now are waiting
For my coming to that land.
And O take me, blessed Saviour,
Where the skies are always bland."

And the Saviour very softly
Stooped and heard the weary sigh,
Saying, "Come, thou faithful servant,
To thy home prepared on high."
And the happy bright-wing'd spirit
Left its tenement of clay
For the home where none get weary,
In yon heaven far away.

MYRTA.

BOOKS AND CHILDREN.

BOOKS and children! Very pleasant things, both of them! In how many ways they cheer and bless us! How dark and desperate the world would be without them, no one in his senses would undertake to tell.

You see, then, of course, that I believe in books and in children; yet I don't always like to see both at once. In fact, I have known my indignation to be greatly excited to see books and children too near together.

"Your idea is, then, that children can have too much to do with books."

I should not be willing to say as much as that implies. There are books, indeed, which ought to be kept as far from children as you are from China—some, because they are altogether unsuited to the heads of children; and others, because they are very likely to have an unhappy influence. But, on the other hand, there are books with which some children can not be too familiar. I say *some* children, you observe. I say so advisedly. For though books may be ever so good, and ever so well adapted to juvenile capacities, yet, as I hold decidedly, there is a class of children into whose hands they should never be put.

What have children that can scarcely toddle about to do with books? To give them nice things of that sort, under the usual pretenses, is one of the most senseless things of which senseless people can be guilty. If you can't

stop their squalling with anything else, let them squall. Or if you can't bear to see them kick and take on so, you would do better to give them a lump of sugar.

Now you shall see if I have not reason to be a little excited on the subject. A beautiful number of the MUSEUM, which I had lent, was handed about till at last it got into a family where there were some small children. They wanted it, of course; and, of course, their mother hadn't a heart to refuse it to the dear little robins. The result was that it was well-nigh ruined. Though months have passed since it was returned to me, I can not even now cast my eyes on its soiled and tattered form without feeling my blood stir and simmer. Dear Mr. MERRY is the only man that can help me. If he will send me another copy of that number, I shall be able to keep my temper rather better hereafter than I have done for the last few months. Though my conscience will hardly let me ask the favor, yet I think his kind heart will readily grant it when he considers how much good to books and papers may possibly result from this article.

"Somebody ought to help you, to-be-sure," says Mrs. Easy-as-an-old-shoe." "That woman who let her brats destroy your magazine, ought to be ashamed of herself. I never suffer my children to have any but old and useless books and papers."

Don't you? You are very considerate, madam. But if you allow your children to tear up old books and papers, won't they thus learn to tear up those of real value, if they should happen to get hold of them?

"I think my plan the better one," says Mrs. Complacency. "I trust even my most valuable books in the hands of my little ones, but I cause them to understand that they must handle them very carefully."

All well enough, madam, if you can so teach them. But you have heard of the man who undertook to teach his horse to live without eating: when he thought his object nearly accomplished, the poor animal tumbled down and died. However, if you choose to put your own books into your children's hands, I have no serious objections. But I warn you not to let them have my books—that is, not till they are able to discover a considerable difference between paper and leather. THE OLD MAJOR.

A CURIOUS and ingeniously carved pipe has lately been brought to San Francisco from Queen Charlotte's Island, in the north, where it was made by an Indian in that region. Its form is entirely unique, and is such a combination of elegant workmanship and savage device as to be almost indescribable. It is carved from one piece of oak, and is prettily inlaid with a sort of mosaic work, with fanciful figures, rudely conceived, but as skillfully finished as though done with a turning lathe and the finest instruments. It is elaborately adorned with strange figures, among which is an odd-looking bird, intended, probably, to represent an eagle, but resembling some ancient Egyptian or mythological creature. From the same source came equally curious carvings from slate, in the shape of pipes, in which there is a remarkable affinity in the design with the workmanship of the Aztecs, and other ancient races of tropical America, to whom some travelers have assigned a common origin with the Indians of the north.

THE SCHOOLMATES.

TWO playmates, of about fourteen summers each, were conversing at the corner of a street, one evening after school, before taking their respective routes homeward.

"Charlie, where do you keep yourself these beautiful, moonshiny nights?"

"At home, of course, Oscar; where else do you suppose I would be?"

"I don't know where else *you* would be; but if I were in your place, I'd come out and play with us boys these pleasant nights. What do you find at home so entertaining?"

"Nothing uncommon, Oscar; I study my lessons till I have perfected them; then I read a book or a newspaper. I can always find *something* to do."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so; but be candid, now: hadn't you rather come out and play with us boys, than to be cooped up at home, poring over stupid books?"

"No," said Charlie, emphatically. "But you say 'us boys;' do *you* play in the streets at night? I thought you stayed at home and got your lessons — you did but a few weeks ago."

"Yes, I know I did, then, Charlie; but the boys induced me to come out and try them once, and I'm glad of it now. I consider home as a place where only eating and sleeping are to be done, and 'govern myself accordingly.'"

Charlie said nothing, but gazed upon his playmate in mute amazement.

"Come out to-night and try us, Charlie; I'll warrant you more fun than forty mules can pull *down hill*."

"No, Oscar, I shouldn't enjoy your 'fun,' for I believe that it is wrong—*wicked* to play in the streets at night."

"What harm does it do, pray."

"Plenty of harm; what *good* does it do? You are wasting the time in which you ought to be getting your lessons, and at the same time learning bad habits that will cling to you all your life, and in after years cause you to rue the first time you ever played in the streets at night; and then—"

"Whewh! hold *in*, reverend; *don't* waste the precious stuff on the 'desert air;' wait a moment till I call up all the boys; you haven't any congregation at all; I'd have had one collected, but I knew not before that you were a preacher."

"And I never knew before that you were such a bad boy, Oscar," said Charlie, starting homeward.

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Preacher; I'll try and have a more respectable congregation for you next time, if you'll tell me when and where you will deliver your next sermon; come out and preach for us to-night."

Charlie did not notice his playmate's sarcasm, but walked slowly toward home, sorrowing that his friend had fallen into this bad habit, and reflecting on the many temptations and dangers to which he was exposed.

That night, after Charlie had learned his lessons and was reading a book, his father asked—

"Have the cars come yet?"

"No," said his wife, "but I hear them coming."

"Does the *Evening News* come in to-night's mail, Charlie?" asked his father soon after.

"Yes, sir, I believe so. I will go to the office, if you wish."

"Very well; but never stop with those bad boys that play in the streets."

"I would not play with them, sir, if you allowed it," said Charlie, as he donned his cap, and left the room.

He passed two or three squares without meeting any one; but in turning a corner, he came suddenly and unexpectedly upon half a dozen boys, of whom Oscar Owens was one. The latter *staggered* up to the amazed Charlie—DRUNK! Charlie was perfectly astounded. Was this his playmate—an inebriated, senseless youth? He could scarcely believe his senses. He tried to avoid Oscar, but throwing an arm around him, the latter called out—

"Hello, boys! here's Charlie at last."

"Just in time," cried another; "we'd just started out of town to rob a melon patch. Come ahead; I know you'll join in."

"Look a'here!" shouted a third, holding up a flask of brandy; "only see what good company we've got!"

"Yes," said a fourth, we'll share it with you, Charlie, if you'll join us to-night."

All the time the drunken boys were trying to pull Charlie along with them, but Charlie resisted, telling them, "He did not come out to join them in their wicked pranks, but—" Here he was interrupted by Oscar Owens, who shouted—

"I know what he came out for, then."

"What is it, Oscar?" queried several.

"I invited him to come out and preach for us to-night—"

"Hurrah! Now for it!" interrupted one; "roll out that barrel here, Bob, and let's have a sermon."

The barrel was rolled out and set upon one end.

"Now, Mr. Preacher, mount the *whisky* barrel, and give us a *temperance* lecture."

Charlie tried to escape them by remonstrance, and then by force, but they held him fast, and cried—

"He's getting scared; don't let him run."

"This is his first congregation, you must remember," said one with sarcastic remonstrance; "no wonder he's frightened; I know *I* should be, in his circumstances."

"Here," said one, thrusting a flask of brandy under Charlie's nose; "take a drop of *spirit*ual comfort, Mr. Preacher; it will revive your drooping courage."

Charlie pushed the bottle from him as if it had been an adder—which it really was, but with such violence, that it was thrown to the pavement and dashed to pieces. The boys were exceedingly angry at this, for they were sufficiently "top-heavy" to do almost anything. They gathered around Charlie in menacing attitudes, threatening to "whip the rascal for wasting their liquor. Soon, one of the maddened fools struck Charlie in the back with his fist. This was the signal for a general onslaught, and they "pitched in," pell-mell. But owing to their inebriated state, they were soon fight-

ing each other, without distinction, so that Charlie was soon enabled to escape uninjured from the confused mass. Charlie (of course) left them immediately; and, kind reader, as we do not choose to delineate the pugilistic exercises of a parcel of drunken boys, we will "go and do likewise," until some other time, when we will continue the narrative of Oscar and Charlie, and try to show the evils of playing in the streets at night, as illustrated by the subsequent history of those two youths, who were acting such different parts in the beginning of life's great drama.

CORNELIUS M. GIBBS.

SOCIAL CIRCLE, GA.

A CUNNING FOX.

A FOX, on whose track the hounds had been very often laid, used always to baffle them at one point, the crest of a steep hill. Up to this spot the scent was perfectly good; but at that particular spot the scent vanished, and so the fox was lost.

One of the disappointed hunters was so indignant at his repeated failures, that he determined to lay aside the chase for a day, and to devote himself to the discovery of the means by which the creature could so invariably escape from the hounds and men. He therefore concealed himself near the charmed spot, and watched with interest the proceedings of the hunted animal.

The fox, after being driven from his cover, led the hounds a long chase through woods, ponds, and thickets, and at last came at full speed toward the crest of the hill. As soon as he had reached the spot, he laid himself

down and pressed himself as closely as possible to the ground. Presently the hounds came along in full cry, and with a blazing scent, darting over the hill in hot pursuit, and never stopping till they reached the bottom of the hill. As soon as the last hound had passed, the fox resumed his legs, crept quietly over the brow of the hill, and returned to his cover at leisure.

Another of these creatures made use of a very cunning device for the same purpose. In this instance, he always led his pursuers to the edge of a cliff that rose perpendicularly for seven hundred feet, and then disappeared. The hunters had often examined the spot unsuccessfully; for it seemed that no wingless animal could venture to take such a fearful leap.

The secret was, however, at last discovered by a concealed spy. The crafty fox was seen coming quite at his leisure to the edge of the cliff, and then to look down. Some ten feet below the edge there was a break in the strata of stone, forming a kind of step about a foot in width. By means of his claws the fox let himself down upon this step, and then disappeared in a hollow, which was invisible from above. A man was lowered by ropes to the spot, and found that there was a wide fissure in the rock, to which the stone then formed an entrance. On searching the cavern, it was found to have another and an easy outlet upon the level ground above. The fox, however, never used this entrance when the hounds were on his trail, but cut off the scent by scrambling over the cliff, and then emerged at the other outlet.

Permanent rest must not be expected on the road, but at the end of the journey.

AN EASTERN ALLEGORY.

SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.

A WEALTHY epicure applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription that would restore his body to health, and give happiness to his mind. The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly contented with his lot. Whereupon the patient set out on a journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler, of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness. Pursuing the direction given, the traveler was at length rewarded with the sight of the cobbler enjoying a comfortable nap on a board.

Without ceremony, he was aroused from his slumbers, and the important interrogatory, whether he was contented with his lot, answered in the affirmative.

"Then," said the seeker after happiness, "I have one small boon to ask at your hands. It is that you exchange shirts with me, that by this means I also may become contented and happy."

"Most gladly would I accede to thy request," replied the cobbler, "but—"

"Nay, refuse me not," interrupted the man of wealth; "any sum that thou mayest name shall be thine."

"I seek not thy wealth," said the cobbler, "but—but—"

"But what?"

"The—the truth is, *I have no shirt.*"

The following sentence contains every letter of the alphabet: John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box, of quite a small size.

OUR BABY'S SMILE.

BY REV. E. E. ADAMS.

Ye may look on the cloud as it sails away
In the azure deep of heaven,
Or floats in the zenith at noon of day,
Or rests while the sunbeams on it play,
At the golden gate of even.

Ye may call the daisy and violet fair,
Which the dews of spring awaken,
Or pluck the rose from its perfumed air,
To blush in the jet of your lady's hair,
By the summer breezes shaken.

But the fairy cloud that in beauty goes
Through the deep, blue sea above us—
The humble violet, and the rose
That on our sense its fragrance throws,
Are bright, but they can not love us.

The rill is beautiful on its way
Down the flowery hill-side leaping,
Throwing on verdure and rock its spray,
As if eager to glide through the meadow away,
By the bird in her noon-dream sleeping.

The star is beautiful, burning high,
Alone, or with glittering millions,
Above the fields, where cloudlets fly,
In regions of calm that in heaven do lie,
Where the good spirits build their pavilions.

We love the rill, and the golden star
That shines in the ocean above us;
But the smiles of our baby more beautiful are,
For the rill it is cold, and the planet is far,
But we know that our baby can love us.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

DEACONS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.—In the days of Bailie Nicol Jarvie's father the office of deacon was esteemed no mean distinction. Two worthy incumbents, not far from the banks of the Ayr, happened to be invested with the above-named dignity on the same day. The more youthful of the two flew home to tell his young wife what an important prop of the civic edifice he had been allowed to become; and, searching the "but and the ben" in vain, ran out to the byre, where meeting the cow, he could no longer contain his joy, but in the fullness of his heart clasped her round the neck, and it is even said kissed her, exclaiming, "Oh, Crummie, Crummie, ye're nae langer a common cow now—ye're *the Deacon's* cow!" The elder civic dignitary was a sedate pious person, and felt rather "blate" in showing to his wife that he was uplifted above this world's honors. As he thought, however, it was too good a piece of news to allow her to remain any time ignorant of, he therefore lifted the latch of his own door, and stretching his head inward, "Nelly," said he, in a voice that made Nelly all ears and eyes, "Gif ony body comes spierin' for '*the Deacon*,' I'm just owre the gate at John Tamson's!"—*Scotch paper.*

AT five years of age, the father begins to rub the mother out of his child; at ten, the schoolmaster rubs out the father; at twenty, the college rubs out the schoolmaster; at twenty-five, the world rubs out all his predecessors, and gives us a new education, till we are old enough and wise enough to take reason and religion for a pastor, when we employ the rest of our lives in unlearning what we had previously learned.

A REGAL BIRTHDAY IN SIAM.—The Paris *Debats* has the following:—The last advices from Siam give an account of the celebration of the birthday of the Somdetch Phra, the principal of the two kings of that country. The foreign consuls were invited to a dinner, at which the only other guests were the highest dignitaries of the kingdom and the members of the royal family. The dinner was prepared in a splendid hall, one side of which was closed by an immense aviary containing specimens of the most beautiful birds in all Asia, and on the other side by gold lattice work, which separated the hall from a spacious court, occupied by dexterous jugglers and a number of elephants, which performed, under the direction of their keepers, the most extraordinary exercises and maneuvers.

The king, who did not sit at the table, made his appearance about the middle of the repast on an estrade prepared for him. The musicians, at his majesty's entrance, played several national airs, after which the grand officers of the palace, as a compliment to the consuls, unfurled a number of silk banners, on one of which was the inscription in Siamese, "Glory and Friendship to France!" on another, "Glory and Friendship to England!" and the same for all the other powers whose agents were present. The king then retired, but in obedience to his commands, at the termination of the feast, a mandarin conducted the consuls to the great pagoda of the palace, an edifice which strangers are very seldom allowed to visit.

This pagoda, the finest in the kingdom, was built by PHRA NA RHAIE in 1675. It contains numberless orna-

ments, colossal golden idols, and the great golden dragon, which is about six feet long, and has eyes formed of huge diamonds, while its scales are represented by precious stones of immense value. During the whole evening there was a continuous display of fireworks in the Siamese manner, generally consisting of fiery dragons, eagles, and horses, which fly through the air, and produce a very singular effect. On the following day the two kings reviewed the troops, in which Europeans were allowed to join. The boat of a French ship carried off the prize, consisting of a quantity of fruit, vegetables, poultry, and cattle.

Definition of the Trinity.—There was once an Indian, who, while passing his examination to be admitted as a Presbyterian missionary to preach the Gospel in the village where he lived, was asked if he believed in the Trinity. He said he did. He was then asked his reason. He said, if they would permit, he would answer in his Indian way, to which they consented. He then proceeded and said—"We go down to the river in winter, and we see it covered with snow; we dig through the snow and we come to ice; we chop through the ice and we come to water; snow is water, ice is water, and water is water," said he; "therefore the three are one."

A little child of this city, who is acknowledged by all to be pretty smart, was holding a very animated conversation with one of about its own years, a few days since. A portion of it was overheard, and it appeared to be a dispute as to what their "mothers could do." After naming over various meritorious acts of which their maternals were capable, the one in question put an end to the dispute by exclaiming: "Well, there's one thing my mother can do that yours can't—my mother can take every one of her teeth out at once!"

A Valuable Boy.—"What can you do?" asked a traveler, of a country urchin whom he saw in front of a farmer's house tickling a toad with a long straw. "O, I can do mor'n considerable; I rides the turkeys to water, milks the geese, cards down the old rooster, puts up the pigs' tails in paper to make 'em curl, ham-strings the grass-hoppers, makes fires for flies to court by, keeps tally for dad and mammy when they scold at a mark, and cut the buttons off dad's coat when he's at prayer in the mornin'!"

An Iowa orator, wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, said: "I have heard some persons hold the opinion, that just the precise moment after one human being dies, another is born, and the soul enters and animates the new-born babe. Now, I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent *thar*, and I find that for some hours before he drew breath nobody died. Fellow-citizens, I leave you to draw the inference!"

An old darkey was endeavoring to explain his unfortunate condition: "You see, it was in dis way as I can 'member: Fust, my fader died, and den my mudder married agin, and den my mudder died, and my fader married agin, and somehow, I doesn't seem to hab no parents at all, nor no home, nor no nothing." Poor darkey!

Carrie T. Warner is responsible for sending me the following scandalous paragraph:

What do young ladies first look for in church?

The *hims*.

FORGETTING SELF.

"DEAR BESSIE," said Mrs. Riley to her little daughter, "I am so glad you are trying to overcome that naughty habit of taking the largest apple, the best seat, and always thinking of yourself first, instead of last."

Bessie. Indeed, mamma, I am trying; I had just got that beautiful large apple to my mouth, when I saw you looking quite frightened. I knew what you meant, and I gave it to John in a moment. It was very hard work, for I do love apples so very much. Mamma, you said you would tell me about a little girl you once knew, that you would like me to imitate.

Mrs. R. I will do so this moment, my child. Little Grace was not pretty, but every one loved Grace. She took no delight in fine clothes, yet she was never without ornament; for she had a "meek and quiet spirit," which is ever more beautiful than any outward show of finery. I am sure none could be with her long without receiving some little kind attention from her. Like you, Grace found it very difficult at first to love her neighbor as herself. She would often say, "I wish I knew some very good person for me to try and be like;" and then her good mother would tell her of the dear Saviour, who went about healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, making the lame to walk, and binding up the broken-hearted. Grace loved to hear this; and she would say, with her little face beaming with love to this dear Saviour, "Mother, I will try to be like him; for though I can not cure people, and give them sight, yet I can help them, and try to comfort them by loving words and kind actions. And I can be gentle and patient to brother John when he vexes me, and is very disagreeable. Oh! it will be very hard work, but I know you will help me, mother; and Jesus too, for he loves little children, and rejoices when he sees them trying to do right for his sake."

And now, Bessie, this delightful child is a woman—a good, useful, happy woman. She is still striving every day to be like Jesus. Can you guess who it is? for it is some one you know quite well.

Bessie. Papa had a sister Grace, and his name is John; is it Aunt Holyard, mamma?

Mrs. R. Yes, Bessie, it is your own aunt, whom we all love so much, because she is so kind to every one, often forgetting herself in her eagerness to please and serve others. How glad

I shall be when I see my Bessie forgetting herself!

Bessie promised to try.

Dear little reader! will you join Bessie in trying to forget yourself, and in being like Jesus, who never hurt, annoyed, or neglected any one? Fancy him smiling down from heaven upon you, and that will make you very anxious to go on pleasing him. He will help you to overcome the naughtiest fault you have. You can not be good and kind without his help; but always remember he *loves* to help the little ones.

All my nature is unholy,
  Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
  And was never known to sin.

Lord! though now thou art in glory,
  We have thine example still;
I can read thy sacred story,
  And obey thy holy will.

Help me by that rule to measure
  Every word and every thought;
Thinking it my greatest pleasure
  There to learn what thou hast taught.

RENE.

JOSEPH AND HIS COAT.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A FATHER AND HIS SON.

MR. BARNES. Well, my son, what have mother and you been about this afternoon?

Minthorne. Mother and I read in the First Testament. I spelled all the words in three verses, and mother told me how to sound them.

Mr. B. You mean the Old Testament; and what did you find to interest you there?

Min. Mother read all about little Joseph and his father, Jacob.

Mr. B. Had Jacob but one son?

Min. Oh, no—he had twelve sons. They must have had a large house to hold so many.

Mr. B. Jacob was a rich man, and had plenty of land to accommodate his sons. But why don't you speak of Jacob's other sons? was he the eldest?

Min. No, only Benjamin was younger than Joseph. I forget the names of the others, except Simeon and Reuben. Nearly all the story was about Joseph. Do you know why God did not tell us more about his brothers?

Mr. B. Everything God tells us in the Bible is to teach us to be like him, and Joseph's brothers did not behave well enough to be examples for us. I will read to you about them some time. But what about Joseph?

Min. Jacob liked Joseph so well that he sewed ever so many pretty colored strips of cloth together, to make him a coat. Mother thinks it must have been made in strips, and I guess it must have been as pretty as my plaid one.

Mr. B. Tell me what Joseph's brethren said about the coat.

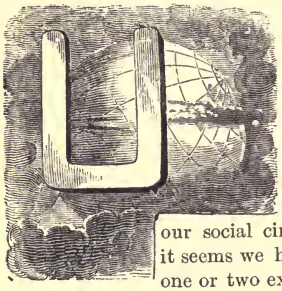
Min. I know they did not like it, for they put Joseph into a deep hole, and when they took him out, sold him to some men on camels; but I forget what mother said about their talk.

Mr. B. Well, my son, you look tired and sleepy, but wake up and tell me what you think they said—you generally have some idea of your own.

Minthorne thought a moment, smiled and answered: "I guess they called out, 'Halloo, Joseph! where did you get so much coat?'"

Mr. B. And I guess the afternoon has not been lost with you. M. M.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



USUALly our Merry group are wide awake and present in our social circle, but it seems we have had one or two exceptions the past year, and so far as our table-talk is concerned they have been anything but "wide awake." The sultry breezes of August, however, have settled down upon the great "State of Long Island," and have thawed out our dear departed and long-mourned-for friend, Bess—the "original"—who flourished in the Monthly Chat of days gone by. Welcome, thrice welcome. Robert Merry stands with uplifted hands to ward off the hatchet while Bess enters and salutes the Merry family.

BROOKLYN, STATE OF LONG ISLAND,
August 1*st*, 1860.

Hail! Uncle Hiram; hail! Aunt Sue, Uncle Joe, Aunt Kate, and the rest of the elders, if there are any more. Hail! all hail! ye Merry Chattering band, ye letter-writers, ye punsters, ye puzzle-makers and solvers, ye laughing crowd of jovial spirits, suffer me yet once again to claim my ancient place among you. Very well, I thank you; how are *you* all? Where have I been? At home, to be sure, and a few other places. I hope the world has wagged as well with you as it has with me during the more-than-a-year that I've been absent from the ranks. Do not treat me as a deserter; I have been with you in spirit if *not* by hand-of-write, and have faithfully "read, marked [if not learned], and inwardly digested" the monthly dish of Chat ever since my last assistance hereat. I suppose you have some right to know what I've been about all this time, so I'll e'en inform you. Feeling rather hurt by Uncle H.'s frequent cuttings-up, I staid away from the table for a while, and in the mean time became involved in the management of a literary periodical, to which I had to devote what time and talents I possessed. Don't be disturbed by this announcement, the periodical never appeared in print. (So you need not apply for back numbers.) Having staid away so long, I felt rather ashamed to come back, and had been mustering courage for a dash for months and months, until at last the August number came, and upon reading it the old-time feeling came over me so strongly that I could no longer refrain from inditing you an epistle forthwith. So much for explanation. There are not a few new cousins, I see, whose acquaintance I must straightway make. Sybil Grey, I can take no less than a cousinly kiss from you. Saucy Nell, ditto. Josie, variable as to the eyes, but very sharp too, ditto. Miss Ophelia, I'm a little afraid of you, but we'll be good friends. Effie H., a kiss. Eva, likewise. A French one for you, Merrie Meg. Now, as to the gentlemen, I shall have to bow to them all at once, "promiscous." Don't feel neglected, new cousins, if having named some of you, I do not name all; the list would be too long. I herewith kiss you one and all, most affectionately—except the masculines—*you* will know me fast enough. I've been away so long, that everything and everybody seems "kind o' mixed up." Has Nip got back? Where's Fleta? Off and got married, I dare say. Black and Blue Eyes, are you sisters-in law, or third cousins, or what? So Willie Coleman is nominated for President on the Old Gentleman's ticket! Good; I hope I see him doing it! I nominate a Straight Merry-hatchet-ublican ticket, as follows:

For President, Aunt Sue.
For Vice-President, Uncle Hiram.

There's a ticket that will sweep all before it. Yours renewedly, and for the straight ticket. BESS.

And are we to understand that you "bolt" the regular nomination made in June by the Convention, of which Oliver Onley was chairman? We certainly have no objections to your candidate for President, but we go the "Union Ticket," and hope you will not insist on your

motion. By the way, you both nominate Uncle Hiram for Vice-President, just as if he was any more vicious than the rest of us. But list to the music of the breezes through the forest elms! Another friend approaches. Surely that is a familiar voice—silence reigns—'tis Fleta, our long lost Forrester.

"Welcome, sister, to our number."

"CITY OF ELMS," *August*, 1860.

Don't imagine, dear Merries, because for so long you have heard nothing from your wild coz "'way down east" here, that she has voluntarily quit this sublunary sphere *via* the "jumping off place." No, dear cousins, no! I have too much regard for your interests to leave you just yet. As Lucy justly remarks: "what *could* you all do without Fleta?" What, indeed! (Ahem!) To be sure, it is only occasionally that I am able, amid all the demands upon my time and attention, to bear down with a benign MSS. upon the frightened worthies of the chair editorial, and trouble the still waters of the Chat; but

"Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well—acts nobly; angels could no more!"

Dear innocent Nellie Van, I see, kindly attributes my long silence to the devotion with which she supposes I have been applying myself to "household duties!" Pictured me, doubtless, with a handkerchief tied over my curls, and dress tucked up, scolding, dusting, sweeping, baking, sewing, etc., after the usual manner of a "fussy notable." Ha, ha! that's capital. I am afraid, Nellie, I did very little last winter towards making myself "useful as well as ornamental." What with skating, sleighing, dancing, riding, driving, visiting, traveling, rusticating, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*, I have had little time and no opportunity to devote myself to these humble branches of education. But don't be shocked, dear! I'm still in my "teens." You'll see how sober I'll manage to be when I arrive at the dignity of "a score."

Nip, incorrigible Nip! I am afraid we shall yet be forced to put you into a strait-j cket. Don't let your enthusiasm (not to say horse) run away with you, dear. We can't spare you, yet.

Bravo, Hawthorne! you have given your "candied opinion" like a true Southerner as you are. I like your honesty and plain-dealing; and in token of my amity and unqualified admiration, I hereby extend to you the digital extremity of my dexter arm and vow eternal peace. Shall we "make up" and "be friends," coz? I anxiously await your reply. I wish Southerners in general (and a few *in particular*) had a little more of your common sense, Hawthorne; and would philosophically "*forgive*" our "*extreme ignorance*" and "stand on their dignity," when the South or any of its peculiar institutions are assailed, instead of swelling up, putting on airs, and finally exploding, with a great deal of noise to very little effect. 'Pears to me your elbow might be used to very great advantage in your immediate vicinity, on the above subject.

Spare me, Lucy, I pray. I never could, would, or should shine bright enough to eclipse that scorching luminary, W. H. C. It is only when the latter is obscured that I tremblingly become visible,

"As stars from absent suns have leave to shine," etc.

"Rival candidate!" "Poet Laureate!" Annette, how you astonish me! I write poetry, indeed! I never—wait, though—seems to me I do remember some few preposterous attempts in that line, long, long ago. One would think I had followed in the footsteps of Aunt Sue and perpetrated some monstrosity, like *her* "POEM;" the following for instance:—

Upon the festal shore of a decrepid wood,
In dim and serfid thought a dactyl stood;
And near, with balmy mien, and lofty brow,
A serpent vowed a rash mercurial vow.
Awhile the dactyl sprang, invisible yet brave,
And tore the umbrageous crambo from his grave.
But up the azure meadow crept a strain;
And soon the fair Chuguilla poked her brain.
No zephyr politized the tuneful turf,
Nor crystal goblin sang the sumptuous surf— [zone
But lone and grounded on an anxious
Zenita's face with lustrous lucre shone.
"Think ye, nefandrous lovers, who complain,
A human javelin can not gnaw again!—

Think ye, ancestral top-knots, who declare
Ecstatic choirs symbolical of air!—
Think ye, tis so? Then, wanton ochre, die!"
The yclept spoke and raised his crest on high,
Spun thrice, and forth from wan hermetic bricks
A herring flew convulsed with gracious kicks,
And as he stumbled o'er the kneeling cane,
Sylvesta Gamma was herself again.

I hope no one is astonished—though I confess I am. I guess I'll *do* after all—that is, if Aunt Sue can furnish me with another "aid to composition," a hint or something to get me started again.

Yes, Uncle Hi, I see that hatchet—but take care how you use it. It's a year and more since I last "spake," and it's uncertain how long it may be before I essay to do so again—therefore let me pass, and I will still remain your affectionate niece,

FLETA FORRESTER.

In last month's number we sent out a little reminder to our delinquent subscribers, and quite a number have gladdened our hearts and pockets by their prompt responses. And still "there is room." Here is an extract from a letter of one of our friends in Michigan, who has our thanks for his timely favor:

Oh, yes! Mr. MUSEUM and CABINET man. Here is the dollar, sign this bill, and send it back in the next number.

My boy may think that he is most too large to read your little paper, but *his father* is not, and some of his sisters are not. You know that at a certain time of life when boys are *a little more than boys, and scarcely yet men*, they are curious beings. But let nobody be discouraged. Here is a "shallow place" in human life, over which nearly all need to pass, and then there is "tall water" for the rest of the journey. Oh, how many are wrecked in passing the shoal of "*Teens!*" Editors as well as others ought to obey the Scriptures. "Run and speak to that *young man!*"

Glad to see that you have now and then an article adapted to the wants of such. * * *

Wishing you all the prosperity that you so justly deserve, and more than you probably receive, I am yours, G. L. F.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Here I am, just from the "sunny South," and almost frozen with terror when I reached the circle. Now I am here, Uncle Hiram, please introduce me to my Southern cousins, and also to SOME of my Northern ones. Where has Lizzie G. hid herself? I wish she would make her appearance, for I want an introduction to her. Tennessean is also a favorite of mine, although I have never spoken to him. Mrs. Black-Eyes, you must let me stay by you when I am here, and then I will not be so frightened, As I am so afraid of the hatchet, I will say,

FORGET-ME-NOT.

CANTON, MASS., *July* 25, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Looking over some of my MUSEUMS to-day, I thought I would like to see my name in the Chat again, and to send a few messages to my Merry cousins. In the first place, where are Black-Eyes and Fleta Forrester? They have not written for a long time. I hope we shall hear from them soon, for they are our "bright particular stars." C. F. Warren, I perfectly agree with you in your opinion of "Aunt Sue's Scrap Bag." I am glad, Sybil Grey, that you write from across the Atlantic, as you promised, and I wish we could have a letter from you every month. Why can't we? But I must close, for I hear Uncle Hi grinding his hatchet and preparing for a blow. Love to uncles, cousins, and Aunt Sue. ROSE-BUD.

August 9, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:—When I read of your ramblings, somehow I could not help wanting you to know you had been visiting scenes familiar to the childhood and youth of both my parents. And some day I mean to go there and see the beautiful scenery of which I hear so much.

Whew! W. H. C. has "acterly" popped the question! Right before us all, too. Anybody blushing? Anybody disappointed? Going to accept, Sybil? Don't refuse as publicly as he proposed, or he might feel badly.

Sure enough, Annie, where are "all the folks," especially A. B. C.? She was a particular favorite of mine.

Allow me to suggest one more definition for Aggravation. To be told to keep cool with the thermometer at 120°. I'm done. I just "dropped in" a moment. BLACK-EYES

OAK HILL, 1860.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I have taken the MUSEUM three years, and have not written to you once, but I hope you will excuse me, for I will try and atone for it now. I am so glad you are to have a puzzle-drawer all to yourself. In a little paper I saw the following riddle, and as two heads are better than one, perhaps the cousins may find the answer:

"A hero, undaunted, mighty, and bold,
Built him a city founded of old;
The people of which, strange to say,
Never lived in it for one single day,
But rather chose on the *outside* to dwell—
What city was it, I pray you tell?"

Mrs. Black-Eyes, please solve it. I think that "Dilemma," in February, 1860, the funniest little story I ever read. Give my love to the lady cousins, and tell Fleta Forrester I long for a romp with her. Is she as wild as her name denotes? We have a little baby not two months old yet; it is a cunning little thing. The mountains are teeming with beautiful flowers and every variety of azalias. I wish you could see them. If you should come to Virginia, do not forget to pay a visit to your affectionate niece. Give my love to uncles Hi and Merry. MAR.

When I come to Virginia, I shall certainly look in the directory for "Mar."
A. S.

NEW YORK, *May* 11, 1860.

UNCLE HIRAM:—I see by the May number that you have admitted still another fair cousin, with whom *I* happen to be acquainted. She is a sly little puss, and though she concealed from me her signature, after informing that an application had been made for a vacant place in the Chat, yet I recognized her style, and will tell *you* that the garden *violette* can boast no prettier blue than are her eyes. I think, perhaps, 'tis best to say no more, for fear some of the bachelor cousins may be asking questions.

But I must wish you a good-morning, hoping soon to be transplanted, to make of myself a country
BLUE-BELL.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., *June* 4, 1860.

DEAR UNCLES:—It is so long since I have written to you, I suppose you have forgotten me, notwithstanding I have neither forgotten you nor your CABINET. I have taken it for about five years, and like it very much. I like that new arrangement of definitions the best of all, and have sent you my answers, though I confess they are not very poetical.

I don't think you have a corresponding nephew or niece in this city, unless you call me one, at least I don't know any.

Love to you and all the cousins.
EDWARD CAHILL.

CHICAGO, *May* 12, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Please tell W. H. C. *I* for one acquiesce most heartily in his proposition regarding "basket, hatchet," etc. I would not be offended if he never made a worse one.

Gazelle, why should you say Sybil Grey was a Southerner?

Busy Bee, if you write such a good letter at your age (correctly reported?), then what a hopeless case is mine! for a few weeks ago, *my* age, oh, horrible! just *doubled* yours!

Uncle Hiram, were you in Chicago last fall and didn't come to see me? You spoke as if you did, but I am *justly* incredulous. Good-bye.
ANNIE E. DRUMMOND.

Yes, Annie, I was in Chicago last fall, and made inquiry for your residence, went to the door, and found, not you, nor your semblance or representative, but a very plain, frank, open "*not at home.*" Should I ever visit your "up-and-down" city again, I shall make another call.

FAIRWATER, *June*, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—As your council fires appear to be always kept burning, I am going to knock at the door of your lodge, and present my credentials as a delegate to the Merry group from Wisconsin, and see if you will invite me to come in and listen, if not participate in your grave deliberations.

"The West is already well represented," are you are going to say? Very well, I will retire. But before I go, just let me peep in and catch one beaming glance from those blue eyes, and get a glimpse at a pair of sparkling, flashing black

eyes, and (open the door a little wider, if you please) see if I can not single out some of your notables, Oliver Onley, Willie H. Coleman, Adelbert Older, and others.

But stop, don't shut the door yet. I am going to detain you long enough to tell you how much we prize the MUSEUM, and what a welcome visitor it is. It comes to us who are far away from friends, as a reminder of the happy days when we resided in your city, and not only serves to amuse, but to interest and instruct us.

May you, Uncle Hiram and Aunt Sue, long live to make glad the hearts of your many nephews and nieces, who sit in council with you. BELLA B.

The Committee have reported your credentials correct, and as your seat is not contested, you are admitted to our circle. One thing, you must pledge yourself to abide by the "regular nominations," for we wish no seceding from our Convention. Our "Union Ticket" is immensely popular, so much so that the votes are already being counted.

ROSE VILLA, *July* 24, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—What do you do to keep cool in this hot weather? The thermometer ranges from 90° to 100°, and one day actually rose to 102° in the shade. I am very glad, Gazella, that you like me, and I can answer you that the feeling is reciprocal. Now, Willie, that's too bad. Uncle Hi, you must nudge your printer. I know I spelled that word right. Sybil Grey, I am glad that you do not treat us as Nip did. But I'll not talk treason. What part of the South are you in, Hawthorne? Please introduce me to Blue-Bell, Lutia, and Blue-Eyes. Love to Aunt Sue.

Who in the world is Miss Ophelia Strong? She seems determined to take all rights of the men, and leave them to scratch for a living. Yours truly,

LIZZIE G.

HASTE TO THE RESCUE; or, Work While It Is Day, is the title of a book lately published by the American Tract Society of New York. It contains a series of interesting facts and incidents which occurred in the town of Shrewsbury, England, during an intercourse of a year and a half among the working classes. The writer started, as she says, with a hatred of the doctrine of "Total Abstinence," but finding, as the men told her, that they "could not stop at half a pint a day," the book reveals the process of her conversion to the doctrine, and the blessed effects of its application to the souls and bodies of the community. We wish this little work could be universally read, and there could be found more earnest laborers in the "work of all mankind." The same Society publish "The Foe and the Fight; or, the Dangers and Defenses of Youth," a valuable tract of 40 pages. Also the *Family Christian Almanac* for 1861 is now ready, beautifully illustrated with choice engravings.

THE YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE VISITOR, by Z. P. Vose, Rockland, Me., 25 cents a year, is an excellent and attractive monthly paper for children, filled with just the right kind of reading matter to put in the hands of the youth of our land. Bring up the children to habits of total abstinence and sobriety, and the next generation will be far in advance of the present.

NEW ROUTE TO THE WEST.—The Central Railroad Company of New Jersey have completed arrangements and connections with the roads in East Pennsylvania, so that passengers can take the morning train from New York for Harrisburg *via* Easton and Reading, without change of cars. From thence the Pennsylvania Central and the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroads make the great middle route to the West. This is now the shortest and most direct route to reach Central Pennsylvania and the West, and comprises some of the wildest and most romantic scenery in the country, and is destined to become one of its greatest thoroughfares. The magnificent scenery among the mountains, and the beautiful loveliness of the valleys, make this a most desirable trip.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

BEFORE entering into puzzle matters, I must discourse awhile about *Barnum's Museum*. I have been there lately, and enjoyed such a treat that I want to tell all my friends to go and do likewise. The "Skeleton," "Fat Boy," and "What is it?" are almost too terribly extraordinary for pleasurable contemplation, but the aquaria are immensely interesting. Then the curiosities in the surrounding cases—the mammoth skeletons, the mummies, the happy family, the—oh! I can't begin to tell you what; but I should like all my nephews and nieces to visit the Museums (*ours* and *Barnum's*) upon the very first opportunity, and then write and tell me what most interested them. Many an hour did dear Uncle Frank spend there. But I must get to business.

MARY A. E. has won the prize this month; I *think* I could send it to its destination, but perhaps you had better send your full address, Mary, in case of accidents.

A GOLD PENCIL FOR THIRD PRIZE!

I publish an anagram this month (furnished by *Orange Street*); I don't expect any one to discover its solution, but I am sure you will have some amusement in trying it. It is but fair to state that the original sentence is a motto composed of eight words.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

116. My first is a preposition, my second it is desirable to be, my third is often brought to table, and my whole is a wrong. *C. F. Warren.*

117. Though small, I am sometimes dangerous; behead me, and I am necessary to the beauty of a city; curtail me, and I am part of a vessel; take away my last two letters, transpose, and I am a reptile; behead and curtail me, and I am a word used in financial affairs. *Hawthorne.*

ANAGRAMS.

118. OH! EVA, NO BOLD, FAT, RUFUS THE ROVER, HAS TO TURN FOR US. *Orange Street.* (Dedicated to H. A. Danker.)

119. Transpose the letters constituting the words "EMPHASIS" and "SOLDIER" (minus one S) so as to form one word.

120. Transpose "MONTH" and "PRAISE" into one word. *Adelbert Older.*

121. RIOT MY MAN! *Clara.*

122. My first runs without feet or legs; my second (in sound) denotes strife; my third (in sound) is a passport. My whole is a city in the Western States. *H. W. Potter.*

COUNTIES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

123. 1. A storehouse, and a spring.
2. The margin, and a piece of land.
3. A coxcomb, and a castle.
4. Precious, and a weight.
5. A general of the Revolution.
6. Modern, and a small fruit.
7. A color, and a village.
8. Wealthy, and the solid part of the globe. *Rose-Bud.*

124. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 4, 12, 3, 7 is an article used to keep little boys in order.
My 14, 9, 1, 5 is the ruler of Venice.
My 11, 13, 8, 10, 6 is a woman's name.
My 2 is what everybody likes.
My whole is a person often mentioned in the MUSEUM. *H. H. B.*

125. 100150500100150015050. *C. M. Gibbs.*

126. I am made up of letters two,
That I'm a noun is also true;
From either way I spell the same,
Pray, tell me, then, what is my name?
Divide me, and each half transpose,
I still the same begin and close.
I now express a pleasing sound,
Oft heard afar the farms around;
I constitute an adverb, too,
If you curtail me, that is true.
And if curtailed once more, you see
A preposition I shall be.
And now, with all my imperfection,
Behead, and I'm an interjection.
C. T. Warner.

FAMILIAR NAMES OF FLOWERS.

127. 1. A gallop, a castle, and an instrument of sound.
2. One of the letters of the alphabet prefixed to a pigment.
3. What the farmer has on his farm, and what his wife has in the closet.
4. Part of the day.
Daniel P. & W. W. W.

128. 1. Why is love like a duck's leg?
2. What key opens the gate to misery?
3. Which is the most squally sea? *Willie S.*

129. My first is a small animal, my second indicates position, my third is a color, and my whole is a town. *Imogene Latham.*

130. Two poles, one twice the length of the other, are standing upright. The long pole casts a shadow twice as long as the short one, yet the short pole casts a shadow just as long as the longer one. How is that? *C. T. Warner.*

131. 1. Transpose a tree into a lady's name.
2. Transpose a vehicle into a geometrical term.
3. Transpose an animal into a weapon.
4. Transpose a story into a bird.
5. Transpose a body of water into a crevice. *Sam.*

132. If you wished to express your astonishment at seeing me, what girl's name would furnish you with the utterance? *E. W. Hall.*

133. I am composed of 16 letters:
My 9, 15, 11, 10, 7, 3, 7, 4 is a thin silk.
My 14, 12, 3, 16, is to beat.
My 5, 12, 16 is to give way.
My 1, 10, 4, 6, 7 is sharp.
My 8, 13, 2, 11, 4 is to throw out.
My whole is an important addition—you'll know where when you find it. *X.*

134. Fifteen hundred and one arranged in right order, show the center. *Pahnon.*

135. Why is a conscientious deacon like boiled molasses? *Gertrude.*

136. I am composed of 37 letters.
My 1, 18, 29 is a boy's name.
My 9, 17, 2, 7, 28 is a weapon.
My 3, 25, 36, 12 is an animal.
My 11, 27, 32 is a nickname.
My 6, 35, 26 is part of an animal.
My 19, 13, 24 is wood.
My 5, 22, 7, 12 is a conveyance.
My 28, 10, 34, 29, 4 is a number.
My 8, 35, 36, 28 is an inclosure.
My 14, 15, 21 is a vessel.
My 33, 6 is an ejaculation.
My 20, 30, 16, 31 is a disturbance.
My 22, 23, 37 is an insect.
My whole is a distinguished musician. *Johnny B. H.*

137.

Answers to Questions in July No.

76. Demerara.

77. 1. Candytuft. 2. Chamomile. 3. Marygold.

78. Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden.

79. H makes wine whine.

80. Analysis.

81. H and S (hands). (Some answered "C and Y," and many other "M. R" [a ma]. The cousins are hard to beat!)

82. The letter M.

83. Knife.

84. Grace.

85. Mississippi.

86. VILE.

87. B makes ass bass, and R makes bass brass.

88. 1. Parallelograms. 2. Parallelopiped.

89. Bayard Taylor.

90. Virgin.

91. Andrew, warden, wander, warned. (Very few answered this, although it was published in a different form a short time since.)

92. In the days of Noah (No a). (Many of my correspondents have given "when it was beheaded," which is equally good if not better than the

original. Mary A. E. gave both answers. G. B. Higbee very cleverly suggests "when a B-came first.")

93. Bristol — England. 1. Berne. 2. Rouen. 3. Ismaning. 4. Senegal. 5. Tortosa. 6. Oregon. 7. Laaland.

94. Boiler. 1. Lib. 2. Oil. 3. Rib. 4. Lie. 5. Ire. 6. Rob. 7. Boil. 8. Love. 9, 10. O! Lo! 11, 12, 13, 14. Be, rob, lie, boil. 15. I. 16. Robe.

95. Acti on is a re leaf tomb NE ace 2 die us man; or, action is a relief to many a studious man.

Mary A. E. answers the whole 20.

Ellian.—76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 93, 94, 95.

H. A. Danker. —76, 77, 78, 80, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 92, 93, 94, 95.

A. Older.—76, 77, 78, 79, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 93, 94, 95.

C. T. Warner.—76, 77, 78, 80, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 93, 94, 95.

John Quackenboss.—76, 77, 78, 79 80, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 89, 90, 93, 94, 95.

Clara.—76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 93, 94.

M. M. W.—76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 89, 90, 93.

Sewickly Student.—76, 78, 79, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 89, 90, 93.

Orange Street.—76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 82, 85, 86, 87, 89, 92, 93.

Harry B.—77, 82, 83, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90.

Charlie F. W.—76, 82, 84, 85, 86, 90, 93.

Daniel P. and W. W. W.—77, 82, 84, 85, 86, 90, 93, 94.

C. M. G.—76, 77, 79, 82, 86, 87, 89.

Sam.—78, 79, 82, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90.

Fred Judson.—82, 89.

Ida E. Lane.—82, 86.

W. B. S.—82.

Ned W.—All but 81 and 91.

Anna W. N.—All but 79, 81, and 91.

X.—76, 77, 78, 82, 83, 85, 86, 89.

Lizzie G.—76, 77, 78, 82, 83, 85, 86, 89, 93.

Rosalie.—82, 85, 86.

G. B. Higbee.—82, 85.

DEFINITIONS.

Wife.

A sound rib. *M. A. H.*

What I would like to be. *Johnnie's Sister.*

(There's a chance, boys!)

The upper servant in a man's household. *Clara.*

A convenient appendage.

The finish of a man.

A twin self.

The tree on which love's fruit should ripen. *W. A. F.*

Time.

An instrument ill used by man. *Harry B.*

The point where the two great circles of eternity—past and future—meet. *R. B. M—s.*

A good servant, but no *waiter.* *C. M. Gibbs.*

A flash from eternity.

The great scene shifter.

The wise man's carrier, the fool's burden. *W. A. F.*

Scandal.

The work of an incendiary. *Harry B.*

Devil's broth. *L. L. H—t.*

A powerful lens that magnifies a grain of sand to the size of a tower of Babel. *M. A. H.*

A dog that bites when your back is turned. *C. M. Gibbs.*

More withering than a heavy frost. *Ida E. Lane.*

The quintessence of gossip. *Clara.*

A confession of envy.

The miasma of conversation.

Using the tongue for a butcher-knife. *W. A. F.*

The seasoning to many a cup of tea. *Mary A. E.*

If.

The prelude of a refusal. *O. H.*

A lazy man's bond. *M. A. H.*

A word that would change many men's lives. *Ida E. Lane.*

A troublesome little fellow. *Clara.*

The coward's whine.

The philosopher's stepping-stone.

The hook on which obstacles hang. *W. A. F.*

An inconvenient qualifier. *Mary A. E.*
Hope's life. *Anna W. N.*
Life without head or tail (l-if-e).
Ned W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BLUE-BELL has answered every question in the June number, with the exception of one item in 64 and one in 70. Both 64 and 70 being the production of Adelbert Older's own brain, Blue-Bell must be considered equal with him, and wins a prize. As she has already gained prize No. 1, the heart-puzzle, she is now entitled to prize No. 2, a gold pen.

Harrie B.—Do you really wish your anagrams "criticised?" Well, they do not form sentences sufficiently expressive, or even sensible. "Is tar to cars," is not particularly lucid, you'll admit. Thanks for the rest of your puzzles, which are very good. With regard to the prize in 1856, it was divided between the six best (none being perfect), viz.: *C. W. D.*, *W. W.*, *L. A. D.*, *Ellen*, *O. S. R.*, and *A. O. W.*

H. A. Danker.—I am sorry you should have had to re-write your answers. Your solutions of 79, 81, 91, and 92 were very ingenious, but not quite correct. Will you send the answer to J. W. S.'s enigma? I do not like to publish any, unless I know the solution. If you have not discovered the "distinguished American," I'll endeavor to *hunt him up*.

Bess.—Did you ever hear the story of the little *girl* who was christened "Moses?" Well, I can't tell it here—but I do not *miss*-trust thee, Bess, else dost thou employ a*man*uenses?

Rosalie.—That rebus was published in a New York weekly paper some time since.

Sam.—Yes, that's the name. Will you explain to me the last two lines of the second verse of your charade?—"but one word will match it." (!?) It is scarcely a fair charade, being composed of two distinct words, as "duck gun," "tea kettle," etc.

M. M. W.—*Won't* you be vexed when you see the answer to 95? Ha! ha! I *did* laugh.

Adelbert Older.—Did you receive your prize safely?

Carrie T. Warner.—Was the gold pen all right?

Mrs. W.—Your postscript was very gratifying, though I deserve no thanks, as my efforts are chiefly for my own amusement.

Perdix.—Only one short! I will keep your address—I think it will be needed.

W. B. S.—"Only four different letters in Switzerland!?" I must put on my leather specs to discover that fact.

Orange Street.—I am afraid your puzzle is *slightly mixed;* but if it *can* be guessed, "our folks" will do it! Can't tell when enigmas will be published—I try to treat all fairly. I was obliged to slightly reconstruct your anagram, as you had used the letter R once too often.

Mattie M. Caswell.—You're welcome to our department.

Sewickly Student.—Ditto.

Annette. — Your answers were very clever and ingenious, but you will see where they were incorrect. I will keep your address, for I think I shall have to direct a prize there some day.

Johnnie B. H.—You must be a pretty old Johnnie, or else your "big brother" must have written that enigma for you. Had I offered a prize for the neatest-looking enigma, you would have won it.

C. M. Gibbs.—Thank you for your excellent puzzles. You sent no definitions with the words proposed. Are the conundrums you send original?

Blondin.—Yes, they all count. We give two months, that all may have an equal chance to send answers.

Tattler.—See remarks to Annette, and send real name and address next time. I am sorry your definitions were too late, as they were very good.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Blue-Bell*, *C. F. W.*, *D. P.* and *W. W. W.*, *Blondin*, *Sam*, *Ellian*, *Orange Street*, *H. A. D.*, *A. Older*, *Clara*, *Carrie T. Warner*, *Rose-Bud*, *W. B. S.*, *Stella Lightner*, *Bess*, *Lizzie G.*, *X.*, and *G. B. Higbee.*

Answers too late for credit last month from *Blue-Bell*, *Mattie M. Caswell*, *A. M. Turner*, *D. P.* and *W. W. W.*, *Annette*, *Tattler*, and *R. H. Loughridge.*

Theta, don't be lazy.

Frank, where are you?

PROFESSOR FROG AND HIS PUPILS.

AMONG our earliest recollections of "The Homestead in the Valley" was the music of the frogs which inhabited the lowlands just below the garden. They flourished mostly among the sweet flags and in the marshy inlets of the "little river," as we used to call it; and not only in the spring, but all through the summer months, would they give their monster frog concerts for our amusement and their own especial gratification. You should have heard the piping of their shrill spring notes. Dodworth's band

dwindles into insignificance when compared with them.

The artist of the *American Agriculturist* has made a sketch of "Professor Frog," which has been copyrighted, and which we are permitted to present to our readers. We make the following extract:

"Professor Frog giving music lessons to his pupils, while the insects are dancing a waltz in a circle overhead. How earnest and imposing the Professor looks through his spectacles, and with what a dignified air he keeps time with the cat-tail in his paw! The young beginners seem very intent on learning the tune, hoping no doubt for the time when they shall be sufficiently accomplished to give one of those charming spring serenades we love so well to hear, telling us that winter is passed, and all nature is about to become musical and happy. Are you laughing because we call the piping of the frogs, music? Well, we know Jenny Lind or *Jenny Wren* can either of them make rather sweeter sounds; but when we listen to the *meaning* of the frog's notes, we hear real music in it—and the sound itself is not so bad, either.

"Listen to the deep bass of that old patriarch seated on a projecting root just on the water's edge, as he brings out his bellowing '*chug gr-r-rum gr-r-r-rum*,' and hear his lively little grandson, perhaps, with his sharp treble, *pe-leet*, *pe-leet*, sounding out from the cup of a water-lily, where he has been taking a nap; and then what a musical *ker-chung* they both give, when you suddenly raise your fishing-rod, as you get a glorious nibble! But what do they *mean* with all their curious noises? Every note they give, says 'we're happy,' and there's music in that, surely; and thus even their humble song praises the Creator who gives them enjoyment."

We have the following poem sent to us by one of the contributors to the MUSEUM, which we are happy to insert:

THE DISCONTENTED FROG.

A FINE large frog,
Down in the good old State of Maine,
Sat on a log
Upon a pleasant sunny day,
Catching the flies that came that way.

A shallow pond
Extended out on every side,
With hills beyond;
Upon the whole, a situation
Equal to any in the nation.

Game of that sort
Which frogs most like and best digest,
Easily caught,
Was plentiful. All things conspired
To give whate'er could be desired.

Yet for all this,
Such was his frogship's disposition,
Things went amiss;
And such was his undue ambition,
He grumbled at his sad condition!

"A frog like me,"
He muttered to himself, "should live
Where he could see
More of the world; and not stay here
In such a mean contracted sphere."

So, in this mood,
Bidding adieu to all his friends,
He left for good
The home he counted so inferior,
And started off for *Lake Superior!*

There he would find
(As he expressed it) an abode
To suit his mind—
A mighty lake where such as he
Could live with pride and dignity.

So off he hopped
Over the hills toward the far West,
And never stopped
Except to take a hasty bite,
And sleep an hour or two each night.

In two months' time,
By dint of super-frogian toil,
He reached the clime
So beautiful in expectation—
The end of so much calculation.

But, sad to tell,
Instead of all he hoped and wished for,
He might as well
Have gone to the Atlantic Ocean
As Lake Superior for his portion.

Nothing was there
Adapted to a frog's ideas;
Water and air
Were plenty, but all other things
Were rare and scarce as snails with wings.

The dashing waves
Frightened all kinds of game away,
Except such knaves
As by their looks he judged correctly
Would make a meal of him directly.

So, sick at heart,
The victim of too great ambition,
He turned to start
Back for the swamps of good old Maine,
From which he ne'er would roam again.

Yet scarcely he
Had made this resolution, when
What should he see,
As he glanced upward with one eye, [the sky.
But a great fish-hawk in

It was too late!
The bird's keen sight too soon had spied
The reptile's pate,
And quick as thought the swift-winged sinner
Ate up the poor frog for his dinner!

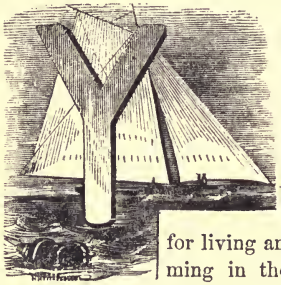
MORAL.

Young man or maid,
This homely fable tends to teach
What a poor trade
It is to sell out home and friends
In hope to gain ambitious ends.

Take my advice,
And ere you scorn all present joys,
Consider twice;
For loss of these, what can atone?
Think twice — LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE! T. P.

DECIDING TO RETURN HOME.

WATER-FOWL.

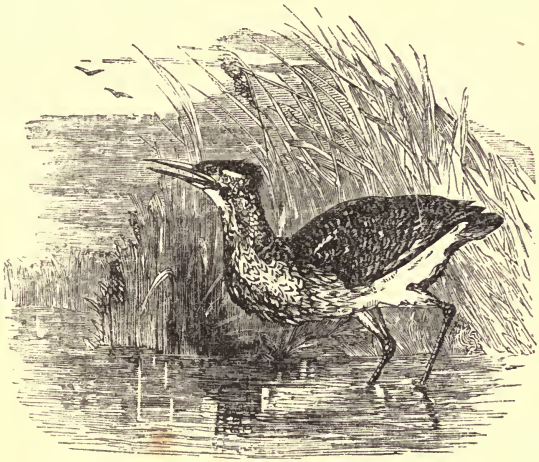


YOU will find it very easy to distinguish birds that are adapted for living and swimming in the water. Their first peculiarity, which every one would notice, is that they are web-footed—that is, their toes are webbed together by tough skins, so as to form two broad oars, by which they paddle themselves along. As these oars strike backward, their broadest hollow surface is presented to the water, but as they are gathered up for a second blow, the front surface contracts, so that they are no hindrance to the bird's motion. These birds are all provided with a

warm down when they are young, and a thicker plumage than other birds; the feathers are also very oily, which enables them to resist the action of water, as well as the cold. They stay but little on the land, and their nests are built on the shores of the waters they live in—sometimes on high, almost inaccessible rocks. They are mostly birds of passage; so about May they arrive by thousands at the islands on the coasts of Ireland, Scotland, and Norway. Every crag and cliff is covered with birds. This is the harvest-time for the poor inhabitants of the islands; they gather innumerable young birds and eggs. In the island of St. Kilda alone the people consume nearly twenty-three thousand birds, besides quantities of eggs! This hunting is a fearful business, for the nests are on crags so high and steep that it seems impossible to reach them, except by flying; but the hardy hunters often climb up where there is only resting-place for the toes and tips of the fingers, or are let down by ropes from above, and, swinging in mid air, seize the birds, and throw them into a boat which is waiting below. Sometimes these men stay in the cliffs several days; they find holes where they can rest at night, and every day boats come to take the birds they have caught, while their food is let down from above by a rope. Still the business is very dangerous, and every year men lose their lives among these crags.

But all water-birds do not seek such wild places for their homes. Some build among the reeds and sedges. The coot makes her nest of weeds, and lays it among the reeds, so that it floats on the water; if by any accident it get loosened from its moorings, she swims with it to some safer place, and never leaves it till the eggs are hatched.

The lapwing builds on low, marshy

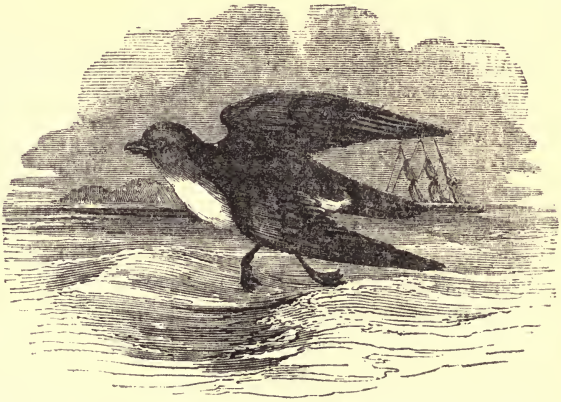


THE COOT.

islands, and her artifices to deceive dogs and hunters are very amusing. As soon as she hears them approaching, she runs to meet them, and when she is as near as she dare venture, she rises, screaming before them, as if just from her nest; she whines, screams, and flutters round them as if frightened and wounded. The farther she is from the nest, the more noise she makes; but if they come near, she seems quiet and indifferent, when she is really most fearful. If there are dogs, she flies slowly before them, as if wounded, always leading them directly away from the nest; when they are at a safe distance, she rises suddenly, and flies rapidly off.

There are many birds that seem to be made for ocean life. They fly screaming over the boisterous waves, dive down, and seize the fish which are their prey. Some of these are large and very rapacious, like the albatross, cormorant, and gull, while others are smaller, and not able to be so great tyrants.

Sailors have some singular notions about many of these birds. One was, that the albatross slept in the air. It would rise at night very high up among the clouds, and there, with its head under one wing, and gently flapping the other, it would seem to rest quietly for a long time. Sailors used to think it was unlucky to kill these birds, and on that subject a very singular poem has been written by Coleridge. It is called the Ancient Mariner; perhaps Robert Merry won't object to printing it in the MUSEUM one of these days, though it is rather long, and might not interest *all* the



THE STORMY PETREL.

little folks; but if he does not have it printed, some of you may feel interested to read it, and see what dreadful things the *poet* imagined might come from killing the unlucky bird.

The petrel is another ocean bird in which Jack Tar feels an interest. He calls them "Mother Carey's chickens," and thinks it very unlucky to kill one of them. They are seen in twilight or in stormy weather, so Jack imagines that they come to tell of a storm which is near. They feed on small marine animals and on seeds of sea-weed; they are fond, too, of fat or grease of any kind, and for it they will follow in the wake of ships a long distance. They fly very rapidly and close to the water. They are called *petrel*, from the Apostle Peter, who walked on the water, because, when they are in pursuit of food, they suspend themselves by extending their wings, and seem to run on the surface of the water. H.

MY TREASURE.

HOME, within the oaken bureau,
  Where my dearest treasures are,
Is a little box of ivory,
  In the corner of the drawer.

Many tears therein have fallen—
  Tears that ease a heart too sore—
When I've chanced to lift the cover,
  Of the box within the drawer.

Underneath that ivory cover,
  Bound with gold, to make it strong,
Tied with bits of satin ribbon,
  Is a ringlet soft and long.

Memory's visions round it circle,
  And my thoughts in fancy soar
When I chance to lift the cover
  Of the box within the drawer.

All my thoughts go flying backward,
  And a sister, bright and fair,
Stands before me in her beauty
  With a wreath of wavy hair

Many times I've twined those tresses
  Round my fingers, when she wore
(Making one, among the cluster)
  That same ringlet in the drawer.

There, within the ivory casket,
  Tied with ribbon soft and white,
Is the very curl she gave me
  On that dark and dreary night.

While the rain was slowly falling,
  Pattering 'gainst the window-pane,
Angels came and took her from me,
  Never more to meet again

In this world of sin and sorrow;
  But upon the other shore,
With our "loved and lost" around us,
  We'll be blest forevermore.

MINNIE R.

BROOKLYN, E. D., *August 8d*, 1860.

WHAT GRASSHOPPERS CAN DO.—They can stop a railroad train, so that it can not move. A few days ago, this occurred on one of the New England railroads. The grasshoppers covered the rails in such vast numbers, that when the train came along, crushing them by thousands, the rails were made so slimy and slippery, that it was almost impossible to move at all. With great difficulty, they surmounted the heavy grades. Nothing should be despised because it is small. An army of grasshoppers is not easily overcome.

THE DEVOTED BROTHER AND SISTER;

OR, ANGELS OF CONSOLATION.

A LITTLE way out from a New England village, and close by the roadside, stood a small brown house. It was overshadowed by a great butternut tree, which was taller and larger than the house itself. Plenty of other trees were near, so that it never lacked for shade in the hottest weather, whatever else might have been lacking without or within; and it was plain that much of means of living was wanting here—in other words, it all looked quite poor, and as if subsistence for inmates must be gained by the sweat of the brow. The deep, old-fashioned well, with stars in the bottom, and its wooden wall, or "curb," and "sweep," which was the long pole where the bucket was hung, to draw up the sparkling water, so cold and so pure, was just by the front door, and the pole was full as high as the house chimney. The house was *shingled* upon the sides as well as the roof, and in many places, between the shingles, little bits of bright green moss were growing, as soft as velvet.

There was a small garden, with a great stone wall or fence around it, where you might have seen a few rows of beets and carrots and parsneps, a

few bean-vines, and a few hills of corn. Down the pathway, on each side, you would be sure to see sweet peas, larkspurs, marigolds, and pinks, and, as summer was waning, some bunches of dill and fennel, with ripened seeds, and against the fence some towering hollyhocks, that told the story that autumn and cold were near.

Here lived George Cole, with his wife and three children. His father, somewhat infirm, lived also with him, and managed to take most of the care of the garden in the summer, and helped to look after the children, while the mother, who was not robust, attended to the "all kinds of work" which such a woman must always do, who keeps up anything like living—cooking, washing, ironing, making, mending, over and over, over and over.

Two of the children were beginning to make her less care; Frank was twelve, and Lucy about ten; and it was well, for she was every month getting quite poorly, being obliged to lie down and rest sometimes, and finding it very hard work to carry about her baby, the little Maria, who was always called "Minnie," by way of loving abbreviation.

George Cole had a carpenter's trade, and though he lived poorly, he had a noble heart, and was pained to see his wife toiling so hard; and as there was but little to be done in his trade where he was living, he resolved to go to California for a time, where was everything to be done, and gain means to see his wife living more at ease, and regaining her health.

The grandfather was to do for them all that was necessary in the father's absence; and fitting himself out, as well as he could afford, he started, to do diligently what he might find to do; and then he hoped to return to those he loved so well at home.

No sooner had he gone, however, than troubles seemed to come. Mrs. Cole grew more feeble, and soon began to cough, and complain of pains in her chest and side; and ere her husband could reach the Californian shore (it was not in a steamer that he went), she had really sunk down and died of consumption. George Cole lived to read the news of his wife's death; but he was taken with disease immediately after his arrival, and he, too, died, and without once writing home.

The grandfather was completely overwhelmed—these three children on his feeble hands! But Frank and Lucy, the devoted brother and sister, as they realized their situation, roused up, and became two very angels of consolation, in that poor little brown house. Their mother had given them much excellent instruction, for she had no visiting to do; and it seemed even a relief to her weariness to talk to and teach them, because her heart was so full of affection. The baby, who was just learning to walk, had always been their delight, and now they talked about her as if they had been two elderly people.

"I can wash her and dress her, you know, Franky; and I know I can wash her little frocks, and I can sew them, too; I will remember all poor dear mother taught me," said Lucy, though some tears mixed with her kind words.

"And I," said Frank, "will get up in the morning, and make the fire, and bring some water, and then take care of baby, while you make the breakfast; and I will earn money to buy her some clothes; and for you, too, Lucy; and we will take just as good care of Minnie as father and

mother would have done—that is, as nearly as we can."

And so they did; and Lucy could make a very good breakfast, too, with some one to lift the kettles for her. She could make very good breakfast-cakes out of flour or corn-meal, and so can any little girl, if she will only try. How pleasant for any little girl whose parents are in better circumstances than Lucy's, to surprise her father and brothers by a nice plate of "scolloped cookies," or seed-cakes, of her own making. If boys *whittle* out flower-stands, girls must make cakes in return, surely.

Lucy was willing to take pains, and she had been so happy to have her mother praise her efforts (it never hurts a sensible child to be praised—it does him good, to the marrow of his bones), and tell her it was very nice, and now she liked to have her grandpa and Frank say the same. Sometimes, indeed, she would fall to crying, as she remembered her mother, when she would get tired, but her heart was even stronger than her body, and she would work away, and be as cheerful as the thoughts of *doing right* could make her. When any one, man or woman, boy or girl, feels this consciousness that they are doing *right*, it is as good as if many degrees of real bodily strength were given them.

In the course of some months Frank found a place in the village, where he could get a little wages for errand-running, every penny of which he brought home. Every time he was to come, Lucy would take Minnie on her lap, and sit outside the door; and as he came up, the little hands were put out to "Fanty, Fanty," and Lucy was *so* glad, too. No one could witness the care and devotion of this brother and sister without being affected by it. The grandfather would stop and look over upon them, and listen to their kind talk.

As I said, Frank brought all his money home, where Lucy was as faithful and diligent as she was on the very first day that she took her resolution—to *take care*, as her mother had done. And so the months and the years wore away. Frank had a place in a store, where he was so trustworthy that he was sure of being promoted. Economizing his wages, he sent Minnie to school, to fit her to become a teacher; and she became the village schoolmistress at the same time that Lucy was married, and removed to another house, about half a mile distant.

The old grandfather lived to see Lucy settled, and Minnie doing the work at home, and Frank like his own son in dutifulness. Often did he thank them all for the comfort they had been to him, and for the peace of his declining years, telling them, since death had stripped him of his own son, instead of being a burden, they had been to him angels of consolation—and truly they were such to each other.

LAURA ELMER.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall,
Some are coming, some are going—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what thou can teach.

IT is easy to be humble where humility is a condescension.

COLUMBUS AT HIS STUDIES.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

WE have before us the second volume in the series of "American History," written by Jacob Abbott, and published by Sheldon & Co., of this city. It relates to the discovery of America by Columbus, and narrates the chapters in the early history of our country, in a clear, simple, and intelligible manner, which at once interests and instructs the reader.

We know of no better writer in the world for the young folks than Mr. Abbott, and cheerfully commend this volume to our numerous readers. We make room for the following extracts from the "Discovery of Florida," but hope that you will all get the book and read it for yourselves.

THE BLOODHOUNDS.

"Among the other means of warfare against the Indians which Narvaez brought with him was a supply of bloodhounds. All the Spanish generals made great use of bloodhounds in their contests with the natives of these countries. These dogs, when used thus against human beings, are trained to follow the scent of man, and in doing their work they become as ferocious and as terrible as tigers. They are very large, being more than two feet high, and extremely swift of foot. When once put upon the track of a fugitive, they never lose the scent; and so fierce are they for blood, that often they can neither be called, nor pulled, nor beaten off, when once they have seized their victim, until they have killed and half devoured him.

"Narvaez not only used these bloodhounds to pursue and capture Indians on his march, but he sometimes, as was the custom with other Spanish

commanders, used them as executioners to carry into effect a sentence deliberately pronounced upon a captive.

"In one case, for example, he became very much displeased with a certain chief named Hirrihigua, who made a sort of treaty of peace with him, as Narvaez understood it, soon after he crossed the Suwanee. Afterward Narvaez became so incensed with something Hirrihigua had done, that he ordered his nose to be cut off, and then brought out his mother and set the bloodhounds upon her. The bloodhounds sprang upon her with the utmost fury, like wild beasts upon their prey. They seized her by the throat, killed her immediately, and then tore her to pieces and devoured her."

FERDINANDO DE SOTO.

"Ferdinando de Soto is immortalized in history as the discoverer of the Mississippi River. It is true that De Vaca, the officer who was saved from the expedition of Narvaez, and afterward traversed the country to California, must have crossed the Mississippi, and some persons have thought that Narvaez himself, in his boats, reached the mouth of that river before the boats were lost. But this is not certain. At any rate, De Soto was the first to explore any considerable portion of the stream, and to make its existence effectually known to mankind.

"De Soto was a Spanish general, and first attracted attention in his day

THE EXECUTIONERS.

by various exploits which he performed in Nicaragua and Peru, in connection with the famous Pizarro. Indeed, he was for a time Pizarro's second in command, but being dissatisfied with the portion of the spoil which fell to his share in Peru, although, in fact, the share which he received was so great that he was enormously enriched by it, he determined to undertake an enterprise on his own account. After long revolving the subject in his mind, the plan on which he finally settled was to repeat the attempt in which Narvaez had so signally failed, as related in the last chapter, namely, that of making the conquest of Florida and establishing a kingdom there.

"The term Florida, in those days, was not restricted in its application to the present limits of the State of Florida, but was applied indefinitely to the whole region in that quarter of the continent which had been or was to be discovered.

"Since the attempt of Narvaez ten years had now elapsed, and no one had thus far seemed disposed to repeat the undertaking which had terminated so disastrously for him. Narvaez had penetrated but very little way into the interior, and, therefore, very little was yet known of the country except the mere aspect of the shore. De Soto imagined that at some distance within there might exist cities and towns, and cultivated fields, and a semi-civilized people possessed of vast treasures of gold and silver, such as had been found so abundant in Mexico and Peru. This was indeed the prevailing idea among these adventurers in respect to all the regions of Central America, excepting so far as they had been explored, and no information had yet been received in relation to Florida and the adjacent countries which was calculated to dispel these agreeable illusions."

OUTFIT OF DE SOTO'S EXPEDITION.

"As soon as De Soto received his commission from the king of Spain, and the nature of the enterprise which he proposed to undertake was made known, a great number of volunteers offered to join him, among whom were many gentlemen of birth and education. These persons were attracted by the hopes of wealth and fame which they were to acquire in carrying out the undertaking, and they had great confidence in De Soto as a commander. Besides the advantage that he possessed in his abundant wealth, which enabled him to fit out his expedition in the most perfect manner, he was personally a man of great energy of character, and also of extraordinary physical strength and power of endurance. Indeed, he was in every respect well fitted to be placed at the head of such an undertaking.

"He sailed from Spain in the month of April, 1538, with a fleet of ten ships and an army of a thousand men."

THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS.

"Sometimes De Soto was received ostensibly in a friendly manner by the chiefs through whose country he passed, and in such cases he would often, in continuing his march, take the chief with him, nominally as a guest, but really as a prisoner. With the chief there were usually taken a large number of the people of the tribe, who were employed as bearers of burdens in the manner above described; and one object of requiring the chief to join the army, too, in such cases was that his presence might make the men more contented, and that he might aid

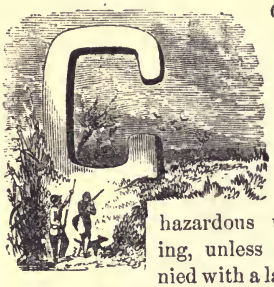
ESCAPE OF THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS.

the commander in arranging and managing them.

"At one time De Soto was received by a tribe whose chief was a female. The historian of the march, who usually described these scenes in very glowing colors, for effect at home, and gave everything a grand and romantic name, called her a princess. Whatever may have been her proper title, she evidently was possessed of great influence in her tribe, and De Soto determined to take her with him on his march to the westward. She dissembled her real feelings and made no objection to going. De Soto made arrangements to have her conveyed upon a sort of palanquin, or rather litter, made, in the Indian fashion, with poles and mats. Upon this vehicle she was conveyed by bearers, being attended by a guard, nominally one of honor, but really of safety, to prevent her escape.

"Things went on in this way very prosperously until the army reached the frontier of the princess' dominions, and then suddenly, watching her opportunity when her keepers were off their guard, she leaped in an instant from the litter, and before the Spaniards who had her in charge could recover from their astonishment, they saw her flying through the forest like a deer, followed by two or three faithful attendants whom she had contrived to initiate into her plans. Pursuit was obviously useless, and the fugitive was never recovered."

AN ADVENTURE IN SICILY.



GOING over the mountainous regions of Sicily at any time is a hazardous undertaking, unless accompanied with a large party and being well armed.

I was once on a hunting excursion there with two friends, and we had with us two *cacciatori* (hunters), to show us where there was game, and to save us the trouble of loading our guns. There was also a vetturino, who had charge of an ass, that did us the honor to carry our provisions and our game.

As we were going along, near the center of a little valley, shut in by high hills, one of the *cacciatori* exclaimed, "There are people on the hills!"

We stopped and looked around.

There were eight men, with each his gun in hand, descending the hills around us in a leisurely manner, in lines converging to the center.

It was a clear case we were surrounded and at their mercy, for we had but four guns, the vetturino carrying only his knife.

A few hurried exclamations were made by the different members of our small party, and then my comrades looked to their guns and loosened in their sheaths the long hunting-knives we usually wore on these distant excursions, evidently getting ready for a fight.

"Stop!" said I. "These are desperate men, and though we might shed a good deal of blood, we should pretty certainly be overcome. In this case, diplomacy is better than war. The risk is about the same either way, and I have a plan in my head that will, I think, get us clear without any great loss."

My companions listened to my plan, and at length agreed to follow my directions. There was a large flat rock not far from us. I told the vetturino to lead thither our sumpter-ass, and then to lay the cloth and spread out our provisions.

First came forth a portly flask of wine, then a goodly ham, then some fine white bread, then some cold fowls, then some *salami* (a kind of large smoked sausage, some three inches thick), then some knick-knacks and condiments; in short, everything necessary for a very satisfactory hill-side banquet.

Those who were approaching us could see distinctly every movement, and these appetizing preparations had therefore full time to penetrate their souls, and call the water to their mouths.

My companions had, at my request, put off their warlike looks, and we sat down quietly upon the rock, keeping our guns, however, between our knees, so as to be ready, if necessary, for the last resort.

When the nearest bandit came within ear-shot, I called out as loudly as I could, "Viva Maria!" the usual country salutation. The man stopped, astonished; but I followed up this first attack with, "Come on, my brave fellow; come up here and sit down. Here's enough for us all; don't be afraid to take hold."

Then, as the others came nearer, I

rose and called out, "Come on, friends; take your seats around; there's room here."

The one who seemed their chief stepped forward and saluted me with gravity; then, approaching an angle of the rock, he placed his gun against it. The rest all followed his example, notwithstanding that we still retained our arms. Each also drew forth his knife and pistols and placed them on the rock. Then, unbinding the sashes from their waists, they unbuckled the broad leathern belt which held their cartridges, and laid them carefully down together. Saluting us again with the ordinary expressions of politeness, they took their places around the viands, while we, having of course laid aside our guns, played the part of hospitable hosts, and all fell to with a will like men whose appetites had been thoroughly developed by the keen mountain air.

Two of our formidable guests were undersized, but quite stout men. Their stoutness did not, however, consist of fat, but of thick layers of powerful muscle. One of these two had lost his left hand and the lower half of his left fore-arm. There was also an ugly scar over the outside corner of his left eye, which appeared to have been made by the passage of a bullet.

His eyes were light-colored, but bright and piercing; his nose large. His mouth looked like a gash in his face, so tightly were the bloodless lips compressed, and his somewhat protruding chin was covered with a heavy black beard. His skin, like that of all his band, from constant exposure to sun and wind, resembled dark bronze.

Their dress was such as the men of the country usually wear—breeches of cotton velvet, blue, green, or brown, according to the taste of the wearer; a sort of frock-coat of the same, reaching almost to the knee; heavy shoes, and woolen stockings an inch thick; a cravat of black silk about the throat, and a broad belt of pliable leather at the waist, the upper half forming a flap to cover the lower, and protect from rain the cartridges which were set closely, side by side, in little tubes of brass, sewed fast to the leather. A broad red sash held the pistols and the knife, and on their heads they wore the usual *berretta*, or cap of the country. This is knit of strong, thick woolen stuff, and resembles a huge purse, with a woolen tuft at either end. When put on, one tuft is thrust in, so as to make a hollow, and it is thus pulled as far on the head as suits the convenience of the wearer, the other end hanging down behind, or on the left side.

The two shorter ones, it appeared, were both chiefs, and called each other brother, though they were not relatives. The rest were tall, strong men, some of them deeply pitted with the small-pox, and some bearing on their scarred visages the indelible marks of battle or of broil.

When "the wild rage of hunger was appeased," and "our souls had lost the desire of eating and drinking," we talked of hunting, and each one told some story of wolf-hunts, of good shots, of tumbling into pits or ancient excavations, whose mouths were overgrown with bushes, and other haps and mishaps of a hunter's life; all parties, of course, avoiding the most distant allusion to the peculiar profession of our guests.

My intercourse with my countrymen of the interior had taught me that they almost all like a pinch of good snuff; so pulling out the large oblong

black box, in which I usually carried a good supply to humor this little weakness, I offered it to our guests, who appeared to enjoy the powdered weed. Then, as I knew that half-confidences only do harm in such a case, I pulled out my own little snuff-box of gold, and offered it to them, saying—

"Try this; this is better still."

"No, signore, *mille grazie* (a thousand thanks); this is good enough for us."

And I quietly put back the gold, that glistened in their eyes, without the slightest movement on their part.

"But," said the one-armed chief, "excuse me; has your excellency any powder to spare?"

"Oh, yes. Here, bring out that large flask of powder, and pour out half of it on this piece of paper for our brave friends here."

So said, so done. Half of our reserve of powder was made over to them, and it was received with many thanks.

As the day was now coming to a close, we rose to depart. Our mountain friends walked on along with us, quietly conversing. As we were passing over a small table-land, one of the chiefs stopped and said—

"Come, let us fire at a mark. Of how many points is this powder of yours?"

I ought, perhaps, to explain to you that our mode of comparing the force of powder is to put some of it in a small brass tube, which answers as a charger. The inside of this little tube is set with small points at equal distances, and with newly-purchased powder we make several trials to find out what quantity of powder gives most force to the ball.

I told him it was of six points.

"Then it must be very good."

"*Ya fratello mettermi la merca*" (go, brother, make me a target), said he to *Il Monco* (the maimed).

We looked about us, but could not see either any rock or any tree that would answer for that purpose. Our one-armed friend, however, quietly paced off two hundred paces, and then pulling down his woolen cap over his ears, and straightening up the top, so as to make of it a regular cone, terminating in a tuft, he stood upright, as immovable as a rock.

The other slowly raised his gun, appeared to take careful aim, and fired.

Whereupon the target came walking quietly towards us, and showed us, without any emotion, where the bullet had cut away a part of the woolen tuft.

"*Adesso, va tu fratello mettermi la merca a me*" (now, go you, brother, to make a target for me).

The other went off to the same distance and turned his back to us; then taking off his *berretta* (cap), he placed his feet about a yard apart, and, turning the cap upside down, held it so that the tuft just appeared between his legs.

In spite of our conviction that *Il Monco* must be as good a shot as the other, we could not repress a thrill of horror at the thought of a man with whom we had just "broken bread" being exposed to such terrible danger.

But the one-armed bandit was just as calm and collected as he was while munching our provisions. Supporting his gun on the stump of his left arm, he pointed it at first to the ground, then raising it gradually, so as to get the true line of aim, he touched the trigger.

As we saw the wool fly from the tuft, we all breathed more freely, and

saw with pleasure the second target come toward us as composedly as the first.

There was no more shooting after that; for no one cared to measure himself with such marksmen, and it requires men of this temper to manage a "branco di banditi."

Some of these chiefs are, indeed, men originally of estimable character, whom the unendurable oppressions of the bad government of the Neapolitan monarch have driven to the mountains; and there is among them generally a rude sense of honor, so that he who has drunk of the same cup with them is not only safe from all wrong on their part, but may count upon their friendly offices with others.

Not long after the shooting-match, we came as near the village, where we were "making villegiatura," as it was perhaps *wholesome* for our friends to come. Here the chief stopped, and as he courteously lifted his cap from his head, I thought they might still wish to levy a tribute upon us, and that it would be wiser to forestall their wishes than to wait for their demands.

"Are you in want of any money, my friend?"

"Oh, no, signore. You have given us powder and tobacco, the two things most difficult for us to obtain, and we thank you. We are sorry that we can not accompany you any farther; but if you should be stopped or interfered with at any time, either by day or by night, among these mountains, just say (laying his hand upon his breast) that Lu Zu Pepe (Uncle Joe) is your friend, and no man will harm you."

We bade each other a friendly "adio," and parted in peace.

I have but to add that "Lu Zu Pepe" is country Italian for "Lo Zio Guiseppe." The terms "uncle" and "aunt" are applied to almost every man and woman in the villages, and we had already heard of "Lu Zu Pepe" as the most resolute and renowned among the bandits of these mountains.

THE OLD CLOCK BY THE WALL.

Busily, busily, how it ticks,
  The dear old clock by the wall,
Keeping time with a tell-tale chime
  To the pattering rain-drops fall.

Merrily, merrily, how it ticks,
  And numbers my changing dreams,
Keeping time with a tell-tale chime
  To the numberless dancing beams.

Mournfully, mournfully, how it ticks
  In my ear from day to day,
Keeping time with a tell-tale chime,
  It is ticking my life away.

Fairie Jane.

A father who frequently went home so drunk that he would abuse his family, and cruelly beat his wife and children, was led to break off his evil habits, and solemnly pledge himself to taste no more the poisonous drink. When the glad news reached the family, the wife and mother turned away to pour out her tears of joy alone with her God, and the children ran about in their wild joy, shouting and leaping. One little fellow, who caught the spirit of the scene, and had clapped his hands till he was tired, thought he would make a speech; said he, "I wish all the whisky in the world was in one big jug, then I would kick it over, and let it all run out.

We can carry nothing with us to the other world, save the good we have done.

OLD OCTOBER.

HE is here, the splendid old fellow, so famous in song and story, with his wreath of many-colored leaves, his long chestnut beard just fringed with frost, and his hands full of nuts for the children! He brings long, glorious days of golden sunshine and soft misty light, and air that is like life itself, in its quickening ethereal influence.

Come! to the woods away! We can not linger here, while every moment might be bringing its wealth of beauty, and sports ever new.

Bring your baskets, for there will be plenty of treasures to fill them! There are ferns and autumn leaves to gather, and I know where the fringed gentians and purple asters grow, and then the nuts! Come! It would be a sin to spend such a day as this in the house!

As we climb the hill, how the fresh breeze brings vigor to your limbs and color to your cheeks! And now look down from the slope scattered with trees and low bushes, and see how the country lies spread before you in all the glorious hues of autumn; look at those rich tawny stubble fields, at the emerald green of the fall wheat, and the distant woods gay as a flower-garden, bounded by the blue water and the bluer sky, flecked with a lazy white cloud here and there. And now we enter the deeper woods, no longer shady and somber, but one flush of color in the golden mists of afternoon. Let us rest ourselves beneath this brave old oak, masquerading now in the dress of a cardinal.

What beautiful nuts the trees do yield, and how tempting they look as they fall upon the ground! It takes but a little time to fill the baskets and prepare for a journey homeward.

The sun is just sinking behind the western hill. He is gone! but the array of clouds before us, as we leave the woods, is full of beauty more glorious than his own. Above, they are of a strange olive green, next of a salmon pink hue, now rose-brown, now purple, now pearly white, while the clear sky near the horizon is of a pure apricot yellow, shaded into mellow red, like the side of the fruit that is next the sun.

How the sunset light brings out the golden hues of the tulip and nut trees, the rich crimson of the white oak and dogwood, the orange tawny of the beech and elm, and the scarlet yellow crimson and orange that unite to make the maple the pride of our autumn woods. Yet yonder sweet-gum will dispute with the maple the palm of beauty, and perhaps win the day. The leaves in the center of the tree are still of an unchanged and glittering green; next came richly shaded yellows, with orange and brown, then scarlet, then crimson; and last, on the very ends of the boughs, are clusters of leaves of a deep purple. The sassafras, too, with its rich fruity tints, looks at a little distance as if covered with ripe, luscious peaches, and here and there a pepperage shows its peculiar and beautiful red; and the russet of some kinds of oak, and the dark green of the cedars and pines, hung with scarlet creepers, complete the many-colored picture.

And here are the lovely fringed gentians scattered among the low bushes and scanty grass of this stony upland; and before us are whole beds of gayer autumn flowers, golden rod, asters, and everlasting. Run down the hill and gather whole handfuls, for the sharp frosts will soon come, and "the brightness of their smile be gone from upland glade and glen." When we are at home, I will show you how to press the beautiful leaves we have gathered, and to gum them upon Bristol board in wreaths and bouquets. Then they must be carefully varnished, and if you do it nicely, they will be as worthy of framing to hang in mamma's room as a beautiful picture.

THE HARVEST.

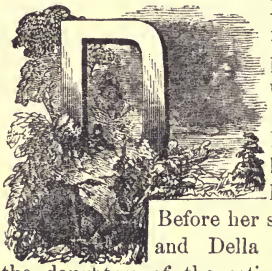
Gather now the ripened harvest,
  Bind in sheaves the golden grain,
Youth and age, young men and maidens,
  Scattered o'er the fertile plains.

Softly on the silent landscape
  Shines the warm October sun,
On the woodland's fading glories,
  Earthward dropping one by one.

Summer, with its glowing beauties
  And its sultry toil, is o'er;
Autumn, clad in regal splendor,
  Comes to claim his shining store.

In our life is spring and summer,
  And an autumn day sublime,
Days when we may reap the treasures
  We have sown in by-gone time.

ANNA HATHAWAY'S TALES.



DEAR Anna, now please tell us a story. Anna Hathaway laid down her book. Before her stood Susy and Della Eastman, the daughters of the estimable lady with whom she boarded. It was Saturday, and Anna was free from her school duties; so she replied, "Yes, my dears;" and taking Della on her lap, she was about to commence repeating one of the stories from her almost inexhaustible treasury. "May I come in, too?" asked John Eastman, at the half-open door. "Yes, dear," "if you wish," replied Anna; and when John was seated, she proceeded to relate the story of

THE TWO HALF-DOLLARS.

"I start for New York to-morrow, girls," said Uncle John Bartlett to his two nieces, Helen and Fanny. "Is there anything in particular you would like to send for? I shall start before you are up in the morning." "Oh, Helen! our half-dollars," cried Fanny, running to a drawer, and, taking out two little red silk purses, "there is yours," cried she, tossing one to Helen. "Now, uncle," said she, placing the other purse in his hand, "if it is convenient, will you be so kind as to get me a little sewing-bird, like the one Aunt Ellen gave to cousin Loo?" "A very discreet choice," said he, smiling; "and does my little Helen say the same?" Helen thought a minute. "No," said she, slowly, "I guess not." "Oh, why, Helen?" asked Fanny. "Part of it was to be for the poor, you know," she replied, smiling rather doubtfully. "There," added she, taking up one twenty-five cent piece, "do some good with that, uncle, and buy whatever you think will please me with the other." Uncle John smiled and said: "Very good, Helen." They then kissed him, and said, "Good-bye," for fear they should not be up in time in the morning, and ran up stairs to bed, for it was already past their bed-time. Uncle John was mistaken, however, about being off before the girls were up, for just as he was ready to start, they made their appearance, neatly dressed, and with nicely smoothed curls, to bid him "good-bye" again.

We must next behold Uncle John nicely established at the —— Hotel. It is his second day in the city, and he has concluded to dispose of the half-dollars. "Now my dear Helen wishes me to do some good with this," said he, holding up one piece. "I will dispose of this first;" so, taking up his hat, he walked out, directing his steps toward the poorer parts of the city. As he walked along, his heart was pained at the poverty and wretchedness around him, and he wished he had a million of two-shilling pieces to bestow upon them. "But," thought he, "I must find some *very* wretched case, that Helen's money may do as much good as possible." As he was passing a row of miserable dwellings, he saw a boy, apparently about twelve years old, enter one of them, and heard him say, "No, mother, I can't get work anywhere. What shall we do? we shall starve! We can't get anything to eat!" "Oh, this is dreadful!" said the poor mother; "if I

was only well—if I could work—I must work. Georgie, you must go to a clothing-store, and get me some sewing." "Oh, mother, it would kill you! you are too sick!" "That would be no worse than starving," said she. Uncle John waited no longer; he entered the open door without knocking, and in a moment said: "When I set out for this city, my little niece sent this to do some good with, and, if I mistake not, it is needed here;" and he placed Helen's money in her hand. "Oh, thank you! and thank the little girl for me; and, Georgie, run quick and buy something to eat. Excuse me," added she, to Uncle John, "we are all so very hungry." "Is your husband living?" he asked. "Oh, I fear not," she replied; "he went on a voyage—there was a storm, and the vessel in which he sailed has not been heard from since." And then she told him that they had been sick, but some of the men with whom her husband had transacted business had got the property away from her; how, she couldn't comprehend, but the lawyers said it was right. Before going, Uncle John said: "Let me add something to little Helen's gift;" and, laying a bank bill on the bed, he went out before she could thank him; and the next day, after purchasing various presents for the girls, he returned home.

"And what did you do with the money, Uncle John?" asked Fanny. Slowly putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a pretty sewing-bird, handed it to Fanny, and then drew out a similar one for Helen. "Oh, uncle, didn't you—?" began Helen. "Yes, I did," interrupted Uncle John, "and took the liberty to add enough to buy for you a bird like Fanny's."

And now, while he is telling how he disposed of the half-dollar, and bestowing upon them sundry beautiful presents, we must return to the poor, sick, starving woman in the city.

"How very long Georgie is gone!" she was just saying, when he burst excitedly into the room, exclaiming, "Oh, mother! mother!" "Well, what, Georgie?" "Can't you guess, mamma? the best news." "Your father, George? has he come?"

But I must tell what we can not guess from the boy's confused exclamations. As Georgie was passing along the street, a man, who was looking for a boy to do an errand, asked him, "What is your name, bub?" "George Evelin, sir." "George Evelin!" repeated he, strangely moved; and by questioning him, he found that it was indeed his own little boy, and now he stood at the door waiting for Georgie to prepare his mother for the glad news. I can not describe that meeting. I must tell, in a few words, how he was wrecked on a foreign shore, but with no means of returning, but at length gained his passage-money; and when at last a ship came to the out-of-the-way-place, he returned, seeking in vain until now for his family. Their former home was soon recovered from the men who had unlawfully taken it.

I must now pass over a number of years, and introduce to you our friend George—who has now completed his studies—as the Rev. George Evelin.

"Dr. Grey thinks he must have a sea-voyage for his health, girls, and we are to have a young minister from the city," said our old friend, Uncle John Bartlett, to his nieces one day. "Who is he? What is his name?" asked Fanny. "George Evelin," replied her uncle; "a good name, at any rate. I wonder if we shall like him!'

Well, they did like him so well that when Dr. Grey returned, they were perfectly willing that he should accept a call to another church, and leave the new minister with them. Whether Helen Bartlett's dark eyes and clustering ringlets had anything to do with the young minister's part of the arrangement, I can not say, but shortly after there was a wedding, in which George Evelin and Helen Bartlett were united for life; and when, once afterward, he told how all his good fortune came by a silver coin sent by a little girl, she told her share in it, and, smiling, said she did not expect her two-shilling piece to bring her a husband. He added a verification of the promise, "Cast your bread upon the waters, and it shall return to you after many days."

"And is that the end?" asked Susy. "I believe so," said Anna. "But what became of Fanny?" "Oh, Fanny was a nice, industrious little girl; the story isn't to disparage her, but only to tell what became of Helen Bartlett's two-shilling piece. Fanny married, and lived near her sister." Here the tea-bell was heard, and they all went down to supper. ELLIAN.

THE SEA.

GOD made the sea—the wide, deep sea,
And holds it in his hand;
Its turmoil and tranquillity
Are both at his command.

A little child can safely play
Upon its quiet shore;
The bravest heart will feel dismay,
When breakers dash and roar.

How wonderful its ceaseless din
The restless, heaving strife!
What curious secrets hide within
Its depths—what wondrous life!

I love to think that He who made
The great, unbounded sea,
Is the same God whose love has said,
Come, little child, to me.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

ASTROLOGY.—An astrologer foretold the death of a lady whom Louis XI. passionately loved: she did, in fact, die; and the king imagined that the prediction of the astrologer was the cause of it. He sent for the man, intending to have him thrown from the window as a punishment. "Tell me, thou who pretendest to be so clever and learned a man, what thy fate will be?" The soothsayer, who suspected the intentions of the prince, replied, "Sire, I foresee that I shall die three days before your majesty." The king believed him, and was careful of the astrologer's life.

GENDERS. — "How many genders are there?" asked a schoolmaster. "Three, sir," promptly replied a little blue-eyed girl, "masculine, feminine, and neuter." "Pray give me an example of each," said the master. "Why, you are masculine, because you are a man, and I am feminine, because I am a girl." "Very well—proceed." "I don't know," said the little girl; "but I reckon Mr. Jenkins is neuter, as he is an old bachelor."

THE CALIPH'S JUDGMENT.—In the preface to Richardson's *Arabic Dictionary* is recorded the following shrewd decision of Ali, Caliph of Bagdad: "Two Arabians sat down to dinner; one had five loaves, the other three. A stranger, passing, desired permission to eat with them, which they accorded. The stranger dined, laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The proprietor of the five loaves took up five pieces, and left three for the other, who objected, and insisted on having one half. The cause came before Ali, who gave the following judgment: 'Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves one; for if we divide the eight loaves into three parts each, we have twenty-four parts—of which he who laid down the five loaves had fifteen, while he who laid down three had only nine; as all fared alike, and eight shares was each man's proportion, the stranger eat seven parts of the first man's property, and only one belonging to the other; the money, in justice, must be divided accordingly.'"

THE MANLY COURSE.—Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your own daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unblenched honor, bless God and die.—*Heinzelmann.*

CURIOUS FACT.—Mr. Buckland, the great naturalist, says of the chameleon:

"Betwixt the two sides of the body there seems a lack of sympathy. One eye may be looking straight forward, while the other is looking directly backward. One may be entirely asleep, while the other is wide awake, and this kind of independent and separate action applies to each side of the creature —*to its limbs. It can not swim, because its limbs refuse to act in concert* Could the two sides understand one another, and agree on a prescribed course of action, it might always be

awake or half awake. But it gains nothing by its unilateral independency; the two sides are like two horses that won't work in harness. It seems strange, with such a peculiarity, that on trees or *terra firma* the creature should be able to make any progress. But as the two sides are fed by one mouth, and as the insect tribes refuse to come to it, so they seem, in regard to all culinary matters, to agree to sink their differences, and to move in harmony. The stomach is a potent harmonizer."

POVERTY and riches are the names of want and sufficiency; he who wants anything ought not to be called rich, and he who wants nothing, poor.

PERSONS who sport money upon races are likely to come into connection with good company, or at all events they are continually in association with their *betters*. Another advantage is, that they can never be hard up for a dinner, as they always have a *stake*.

HERE is a compliment to the ladies, who are always so ready to impart information:

An absent-minded lawyer sat down to write a deed, and began it: "Know one woman," when his clerk immediately interrupted him with, "You are wrong, sir—you are wrong; it should be, 'Know all men.'" "Well, never mind," retorted the old crab, "if one woman knows it, all men will soon know it."

"THIS assembly is forthwith dissolved," as the south wind said to the ice and snow.

WHAT great phrenologist has a name highly expressive of his profession as a researcher in heads?

Combe.

HINDOO IDEA OF FIRE.—Mr. J. C. Gangooly, a native Brahmin, who is studying for the ministry in Massachusetts, in a recent letter to the Boston *Transcript*, alludes to the difference with which fire is regarded in America and India. When he first reached Boston, he was startled at the fires which occurred and the mode of suppressing them. He says, in reference to fires in India: When a Hindoo house is on fire it is generally believed as the visitation of *Brom ho*, or god of fire. When a store is on fire, its master is known to have sold his goods at the wrong weight, or at a high price. At the alarm of fire, our people go, of course, to see it quenched, and the women, under the weight of ignorance, sprinkle a pitcher of water on their own roof—a curious manifestation of precaution. After the putting out of the fire, or the ruin of the house by it, a priest Brahmin comes on the spot, and throws a piece of new cloth, some flowers and butter into the remaining fire, so as to appease the wrath of the god of fire. In the market-places, the image of the god is worshiped annually, at the expense of all the shopkeepers.

"PAPA," said a little boy to his parent, the other day, "are not sailors very small men?" "No, my dear," answered the father; "pray what leads you to suppose that they are so small?" "Because," answered the young idea, smartly, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep on his watch."

AT the Worcestershire Session, in one case the jury returned the following verdict: "Guilty, with some little doubt *as to whether he is the man.*"

THE MAN WHO LOVES HIS FELLOW-MAN.—The King of the Cannibal Islands.—*Punch.*

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

IF I could only manage to be in 20,000 places at once, so as to get a peep, at the same moment, and in one glance, at all the Merry family—or, if I could just get them all to meet on one of the great Western prairies, or in Merry-meeting Bay, in Maine—I should be happy indeed. These monthly chats, bright and merry and cheerful as they are, do not quite satisfy me. Some of the little folks *will* stay away, and some are so diffident, they are almost afraid to speak out. I don't mean Bess, nor Fleta, nor W. H. C., nor——never mind—I have something else to say just now. I have been out "cousining." I have been hunting up some of the family—the silent ones—in the country. I had not been an hour away from the great city, before I found two of them—Emma and Floy C. And a right good time I had with them in the cars. I was obliged, very reluctantly, to leave them at Binghamton. But when I go to the Great West again, I shall have a strong temptation to stop at New Albany.

The next acquaintance I made was with Timothy Giggle and his brother Tickle. And, if all the boys in our family were as full of fun, frolic, and good-humor as they, the country could hardly hold them. Wonder if Batavia can boast many like them. I shall go up there and see, one of these days.

But here comes one of the Batavia cousins. Let us hear what she says about them. But first let us acknowledge a call from Annie E. Drummond and her sister. Cousins, one and all, Uncles Robert and Hiram will be most happy to see you, when you come to the city H. H.

BATAVIA, *Sept.* 3, 1860.

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Really I am becoming quite popular in the Chat, and I think I must come in for a few moments.

The September number is charming, and there are quite a number of bright particular stars in the Chat, one of whom is almost a stranger long absent. Bess, here is my hand, I'm delighted to see you. I am not Black-Eye's sister-in-law, or third cousin. Fleta, spicy as ever and gladly welcomed by all. Bella B., it would be cruel in Uncle Hiram to shut the door on you, when belles are always so fascinating. Lizzie G., here is my hand. I agree with you as to Ophelia. Black-Eyes, no fear of Sybil's refusing.

Aunt Sue, I am sorry that I did not send my July answers. I would have won the prize. Bolters, quell that movement. Uncle Merry, I shall stand true to the genuine Union ticket, and encourage no bolts. Annie E. Drummond, your case is not so very hopeless, or horrible either; there is plenty of time to improve. Uncle Hiram, does not your hatchet feel like chopping, when you receive such long letters as Fleta's and Bess's? Son of the Evening Star, here is my hand (not) for better or for worse.

Love to all. BLUE-EYES.

What do you think of Timothy Giggle, and his brother Tickle? You must know them, I am sure. For two such bright, laughing boys could not live in the same town, and you not know them.

As to Bess and Fleta, with their long letters, that was Uncle Merry's doing. He arrived at the meeting before I got there, took my chair, shut the door on me, and then gave general leave to all the chatter-boxes to do their best. If I were not the mildest of Hatchets, I should *cut him.*

BROOKLYN, CONN., *Sept.* 6, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:—Welcome to the old friends who dropped in last month. I hope we shall see a few more in October. I am right glad to know that "Sylvester Gamma is herself again," and trust she'll stay so.

Let us throw up our caps for the "milking machine"—*we* milkers. *I* milk, Uncle. Did you know it? Yes, sir, and I have been knocked over while doing it, more than once, and this very moment I bear on my dexter ankle the marks of a hoof which young "Whiteface," in an agitated moment, placed thereon and *kept* there for the space of

thirty seconds, less or more. I am interested in that machine. Is it true that somebody has improved on it by using the cow's tail as a motive power, so that she can do her own milking; and likewise by means of a treadmill enabling her to churn her own butter? I hope so. W. H. COLEMAN.

Friend W. H. C., besides the above, gives a thrust at Aunt Sue, which we pass over to her, as we are afraid of the consequences, if the affair should be made public.

SOUTH BOSTON, *August*, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I'm here again. As I was sitting in the library the other day, with myself in one chair and my feet in another, enjoying life and reading the MUSEUM, I suddenly became aware of the close proximity to mine, of a human head, a feminine one, too, and I heard a sweet voice exclaim, "The MUSEUM! O goodie! Now, Ol., do promise me you will write another letter. You haven't written but one this year." Now just imagine bending over me a pretty girl of seventeen, yes, a *very* pretty one, and looking at me in *such* a way! Would I promise? Of course; I'd do anything. I'd—well, I don't know as I would, either, but I thought I would then.

Bess, what's the matter? Who's been nominating W. H. C. for President? The Union Ticket forever! "The MUSEUM, the Chat, and the enforcement of the hatchet!" (occasionally.)

Fleta, tip-top. Oliver asks for "more." Willie H. C. has really got the start of me, and I'm anxiously awaiting Sybil's answer to him. Annie E. Drummond, I hope you survived that shock. Sybil, we'll compare notes respecting Aunt Sue. Perhaps I may be able to give you some information.

Uncle Hi, spare me this time. I'm just back from the White Mountains, and of course am rather wild. Wonder how many Merrys I met there.

Your nephew,
OLIVER ONLEY.

I am afraid your eyes were not wide open, Oliver. You were surrounded with Merrys on the mountain. Uncle Robert himself was just before, and Annie Drummond just after, and—but the rest shall tell their own story.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., *Aug.*, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I hope you have room for one more cousin. If you haven't, please ask some one of the 20,000 to be kind enough to share their place with me. If I may be allowed the privilege of choosing, I should like to have a seat very near Mr. Cornelius M. Gibbs, for, as he is a Southerner, and nearer to me than any other of the Merry family, I think I would feel more at home by him.

This is my first letter to you. The reason I didn't write before is, because I hadn't the courage, and not for fear of your hatchet, which many of the cousins seem to dread, for I don't think you would be so cruel as to harm any one with it. CREOLE.

No, no, Creole, Uncle H. is not *cruel*—but sometimes he is rather cutting.

HAVILAND HOLLOW, *Sept.* 13, 1860.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS ALL:—Thanks to dear Uncle Hi, I am admitted to the Chat and have the privilege of conversing with the cousins. I am rather bashful, though, and if some one will please to give me an introduction to a few, I will be forever obliged. Willie H. Coleman, Fleta Forrester, Sybil Grey, Mrs. Black-Eyes, Oliver Onley, Annie E. Drummond, and in fact *all* the cousins are favorites of mine, and I don't know which is most so. I would like to be a competitor for the prize, but I fear my answers would be mostly failures if I should try, although I find much pleasure in solving the various kinds of puzzles originating in the heads of my more ingenious cousins. However, I mean to try, and hope to have good success. Love to Aunt Sue and all the rest.

DEW-DROP.

Do drop in again, dear, and make yourself at home.

BROOKLYN, *Sept.* 4, '60.

DEAR UNCLE WHOEVEROPENSTHIS:—Your kind reception of your long errant niece was truly quite melting. To be met with such an affectionate welcome, with outstretched arms and "uplifted hand," instead of the scolding which I half expected and perhaps deserved for keeping away so long—it went straight to my heart; as I said, it quite melted me. All my old love for my uncles and aunts and twenty thousand and odd cous-

ins "came surging o'er me like a flood," nor has the tide ebbed yet, nor shall it.

But what means Aunt Sue by her darkly miss-terious hints? No, Auntie, I haven't heard that story; I wish you would tell it. Neither do I employ a*man*uenses; I do my own scribbling.

I *do* insist on my motion nominating A. S. for President, and, moreover, I think she would make a much better one than Mr. W. H. C.

Fleta, I'm delighted to see you; but what's the matter? haven't had brain-fever lately, have you?

Do, dear Uncle, persuade our Southern cousins to be a little less exclusive, can't you?

Yours, for peace, concord, and amity, and the success of the "straight ticket."

BESS.

There, Bess, I was bound to show you the hatchet, just because Uncle Merry wouldn't. Next time, I'll—do as I think Bess'd. H. H.

DEAR UNCLES HATCHET AND MERRY AND AUNT SUE:—If there are really 20,000 nieces and nephews, I do not see how you can make room for me. But perhaps you will move aside and give me a place. I am an entire stranger here. I see a lady sitting in the chair of state, and I guess it is Aunt Sue. How stately she looks in that great arm-chair, holding one of the nieces! I think I might sit there myself, but don't tell her I said so. Take a kiss from me, Aunt Sue. Good-bye.

Your provoking niece, MARIEN.

No matter where you come from, Marien (for you do not tell us), you are welcome. There's plenty of room. Our parlor is large, and constantly growing.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I am now sojourning at Rose Villa, being a relation of Lizzie's. We are both lovers of the MUSEUM, and we thought we could not employ ourselves better this warm summer evening than writing to Uncle Merry. I have been taking the MUSEUM five or six years, and I like it better every month, for I think the cousins are more interested in the Chat than they formerly were. I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Ophelia Strong a few days since. She is not so great a stickler for "women's rights" as she pretends to be. Your niece, X.

BOSTON, *July* 23, 1860.

Now, Mr. Merry,
I feel angry, very,
And think it confoundedly mean,
That amongst all the others,
Both sisters and brothers,
The name of "poor Quilp" isn't seen.
It was some time ago,
As you probably know,
For a rebus I sent you a poem,
And in "Answers to Cors.,"
You let slip from your jaws
The words, "Is that rebus your own?"
I wrote it was mine,
You said it was fine,
And nothing's been seen of it "since that,"
And not being in print,
It came as a hint,
That the rebus was stale or was flat.
Now, Mr. Hatchet,
When I see you, you'll "catch it,"
For I'll give you a piece of my mind,
And I'll give you to "know it,"
You must hire your *poet*,
For you'll ne'er get a *rebus* (t) of mine.

Oh, Mr. Merry, do say something to me, and may be I *will* send you a sweet rebus, and dedicate it to yourself.

Truly yours, JEAN QUILP.

"Something to me."—R. M.

August 10, 1860.

UNCLE HI:—When you see all I have done to please you, I am sure you'll let me "say my say." I've placed your easy chair by the table all ready for you, and Josie, according to her promise, has left her practicing to put your slippers near them. Are you not grateful to us? [Most certainly. H. H.] Very well. Adrian, come, if you will, but I'm so wild that even a sober youth like yourself can't tame me. Why, Josie, I'm amazed. You must have more courage than most of us. I can not think you "a pale, shrinking, wee creature." May I visit Eolian Grove some time? *Please* let me.

Nip, I'm delighted to see you. I'll give you a real cousinly welcome. Do show yourself oftener.

Are you a lawyer, Hawthorne? I guess you are.

Auntie dear, I think I'll send a few answers. I second heartily B.-E.'s request about the puzzles. I wish Mr. B. E. would show himself, and prove himself not a myth. DAISY W.

MEMPHIS, TENN., *Aug.* 22.

DEAR UNCLE:—Hoping that you will not serve me *this* time as you have often before, I make my bow at the door and enter. That is, if Uncle Hiram will allow me, for I have four times knocked at the door, and each time I have been turned away. But I'll forgive and forget, and try again, as that is my motto.

Willie H. C., I have a cousin Mollie visiting me, who wishes to make your acquaintance. I know you would like her. She is the very spirit of fun and mischief, as I can laughingly testify. For further information concerning her, I refer you to Lola.

Please introduce me to Hawthorne, Black-Eyes, Dew-Drop, and all other cousins. Love to Aunt Sue.

IMOGENE LATHAM.

ALTIOR PLACE, *Aug.* 23, '60.

MR. MERRY—*Dear Sir:* Have you room for an Emily in your Chat? if you have, please accept my subscription fee, and send me your merry little MUSEUM. I have an idea that I belong to the Merry family, being of rather a merry disposition, and I should like (an' it please you) to have my claim acknowledged.

[By all means, Em. You are one of us.—H. H.]

I hail from the merry green woods and pine covered hills of Louisiana, about three hours' ride in the cars from the Crescent City, from which place we removed about six months ago.

[I am well acquainted with Louisa Anna, having made her a visit some years ago. May I come again?—H. H.]

My home, though in the "piney woods," is surrounded by oaks, hickories, dogwoods, and a variety of other trees, and along the banks of the adjacent river, Tangipaho, in all its pride and glory stands the regal magnolia, wrapt in its dark and shining shroud of living green, and from April to June covered with rich white flowers as large as your head, Mr. Merry. Your merry niece,

EMILY J. HYER.

Did you feel the hatchet, Em?—Hyer-am H.

Now, is it not cruel for so soft-hearted a hatchet as I am to be compelled to chop up my dear darling young folks at such a rate as this? W. H. C.—head chopped off, legs and arms, ditto. Bess amputated, mangled. Blue-Eyes minced. Daisy W. mutilated. Emily diminished. Imogene clipped, and all the rest, especially "Pinck," looked at so fiercely, that—they won't spread themselves again. And this is not the worst of it. Here are a score or two of the same sort, genial, spicy, full of fun and good-humor, shut out altogether, or only allowed a nod and wink, as follows:

MARY C. B., Chicago, a very quiet girl, away down there in the alcove, wants to salute W. H. C. and the 20,000 generally, and to say a kind word for the much-abused hatchet.

H. N. ROUSE, Metamora, the Illinois "farmer," philosophizes sagely on money, the sweat of the brow, and the good times coming (politically). God bless him, and make him a true prophet.

AUNT MATTIE, Lockport, only ten years old, puts herself bravely up alongside of Aunt Sue—and so she shall.

ELLIAN CLARE—"dazzled with the blaze of light," shades her eyes with her hand, and looks timidly around among the "stars," and wonders if they love her and are glad to see her. How is it, cousins? aye or no! AYE, every one. Step out of the shade, Ellian, and speak.

VIOLETTE.—Yes, we understand, we give you a cordial greeting. Did you see Uncle Hiram, when he crossed the "Rhine" at Albany the other day, right in that "streak of molten emerald and gold?" "Hari-kari" means suicide.

GEO. B. HIGBEE, with a keen desire to try the hatchet, walks right up to the table and talks like a man. We hope the dear young lamb he talks of belongs to the Good Shepherd.

LINA E.—"taxing her brain over the puzzles," gives them up and invites Black-Eyes to come South on a visit to the town of ———, by-and-by.

SAUCY NELL—bravely forgiving the "slight" she thinks she has received, solicits the general intercession of the cousins with Mrs. B.-E. to take her un-

der her wing. Black-Eyes will please spread her protecting fan, and let the poor chicken creep under.

VARIABLE-EYED JOSIE, *alias* "Stella fightner," after sundry musical breathings from Eolian Grove, proposes an old-fashioned gossiping dinner, with Aunt Sue as generalissimo, and Uncle Hiram as orator, and wishes W. H. C. to name the place.

PAHNON—"out here," promising to be "a good boy," sends love to 20,000 girls. How impartial!

WILLIE D. CORNER thinks the "Merry Ticket" will carry Tennessee. Carry it where, Willie? I hope not across the Mississippi.

WILLIAM B. SHEFFEY sends two new subscribers, a kiss to Fleta, and love to all.

CORNELIUS M. GIBBS is down on Oliver for calling a *bee* an animal, and refers it to the Chat to decide, "Is a bee an animal or an insect?" Let us know, Merrys, what you think about it.

YOUNG JOE—"out of the way place," had a good mind not to send his letter, but sends it nevertheless. He nominates an independent Merry Ticket, which will be sure to win. There is no necessity to publish it here, as it will be known after election.

ORIANA'S KNIGHT, clad in full armor, steps into the ring, walks up to Uncle Hi, and delivers his credentials. Thinks W. H. C. looks like Diogenes in his tub. [Then you have seen that old fellow, Sir Knight?] Guesses Adelbert Older is oldest by this time—proclaims Orianna, throws down the gauntlet, and———is beheaded by the HATCHET.

N. B. We would gladly publish more, if we could. Let no one think that a letter is not welcome and valued because it is not printed. We should be most happy to hear from all the cousins—though not one in ten could get a chance to speak at a single meeting.

Send questions and answers, as well as all letters for the MUSEUM, to

J. N. STEARNS & Co.,
116 Nassau St., New York.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

ANNA W. N. takes the prize for August puzzles, having answered nineteen out of the twenty. I received fifteen tough anagrams, and have solved them all, so renew the challenge. I will append some of them. The same prizes are again offered upon the same terms.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

ANAGRAMS.

138. 1. MY! DO SO MUCH ALONE! *Fleta Forrester.*
2. LEARN A MUTTON! *Ellian.*
3. SY., PITCH ME MOSES. *Howard.*
4. BLASTS MEN'S NATURE. *W. A. F.*
5. CLIP THE CONY. *H. A. Danker.*
6. A CHESHIRE PILL. *C. F. Warren.*
7. OH! AN ODD CREED. *A. Older.*

(Decipher this sentence.)

139. SOOVREELS. *Ned W*

NAMES OF FLOWERS.

140. 1. A bird and part of a mountain.
2. A girl's name and a mineral.
3. Precise, and a girl's name.
4. Two girls' names. *C. F. Warren.*

141. Why is a dog being tormented by two boys like butter? *G. B. H.*

142. Entire, I am an instrument of war; take off my first two letters, and I may often be heard; curtail and reverse me, I am a conjunction. *C. F. W.*

143. What article of household furniture does a prize-fight resemble? *Frank.*

144. If a man buys a peck of apples, how can you prove that he has two kinds of fruit? *Alpha.*

145. I am composed of 21 letters. My 15, 14, 13, 11, 16, 17 is a conveyance for traveling.

My 9, 17, 3, 7, 20, 4, 18 is an esculent root.
My 5, 2, 12, 11 all should be. (Except in extreme cases, Kruna. —A. S.)
My 10, 6, 13, 19, 15, 2, 17, 18 is sometimes used in fishing.
My 1, 8, 18, 13, 2 is the Christian name of a well-known author, and also a bird.
My 21, 17, 9, 11, 17 is a bird.
My whole once appeared in a miraculous manner. *Kruna.*

146. There is in this city a curious creature; its name is divided into two parts; the first is of great service to navigators, the second an animal; the first four letters tell its species, and the last three give a woman's name and a chemical term. *Frank.*

(Decipher this sentence.)

147. BEEUUHATWHYOUCMTWOB.

148. O hated eth poro samn detares finder,
Het tinksed dan eth bets,
Colemew het huro my dage slimb
Ear dial thiw hete ta tres.
Orange Street.

149. Entire, I reckon Aunt Sue to be,
As also do you to a great degree;
Now take off my head, and then you will find
A place for commerce of every kind;
And now once more decapitate me,
To find what in nature you never can see. *Lillie Harrison.*

150. What is the derivation of the word "News?" *Adrian.*

151. What article of household furniture might we call unhappy? *Frank.*

152. I am composed of 23 letters.
My 21, 10, 14, 18, 16 nobody desires to 8, 15, 19.
My 9, 22, 4 I have 2, 13, 7, 23 for.
My 17, 6, 12 seldom brings a 20, 1, 3, 11, 5 to shame.
My whole is a motto. *Uncle Joe.*

153. I am a word of four letters—what every one possesses; transposed, I become part of an animal; again transposed, I am an adjective; again, and I am often heard in churches. *A. de L.*

154. ANAGRAMS ON SCRIPTURE NAMES.

1. HARD CASH. 3. A BOND.
2. PLAIN HAT. 4. NO MASS.
5. MILD AGE.

Adelbert Older.

155. My first is a prefix; my second lazy people often are; my whole belongs to the church. *Parvus.*

156. My first, of variable mood,
Is often violent and fierce,
But gentler soon its parent good
Bursts forth responsive to its tears.

My next, a very different thing,
Is used by warrior or boy—
May carry death upon its wing,
Or be as harmless as a toy.

My whole—how can I ever write
Its beauties, or attempt to prove
How with a glance so arch and bright,
It speaks of peace, hope, joy, and love! *Mary A. E.*

157. Entire, I am the name of a town; curtail me. and I am the name of a dog; curtail me again, and I am a boy's name; curtail me again, and I am a great traveler. My 2, 6, 4 is a tool; my 5, 6, 4 is a bird; my 1, 5, 6 is an animal. *R. H. Loughridge.*

Answers to Questions in Aug. No.

96. Field-marshal Count Radetsky.

97. Laudable.

98. A stitch in time saves nine.

99. Butterfly.

100. Levi, veil, live, evil, vile. (These were the original words, but I have considered the following as answering the requirements, and credited accordingly.—A. S.
Deal, lead, dale, lade, Adel. *Ellian Clare.*
East, eats, seat, sate, teas. *M. and F. C.*
Pear, pare, reap, rape, aper. *Howard.*
Post, pots, stop, tops, spot. *A. Older.*)

101. Alexander Selkirk.

102. I X Q S U (I excuse you.) (M. and F. C. give m-e-r-c-y.)

103. The difference is in-*tense;* one is a cutter and the other a runner. (Anna W. N. answers the first clause correctly; H. Bowles comes next nearest; Imogen Latham says "One is active, and the other passive;" E. N. de L. says "You eye

the one with your saw, and saw the other with your eye." [I hope Ellen has recovered since the above, and is now "able to sit up and eat a little something!"] A. Older says "One is a saw horse, the other a horse saw.")

104. Ohio.

105. Russian.

106. The figure 0. (Several have answered 1 and 8, but they are not literally correct.)

107. Shells of the ocean.

108. Usage—sage—age.

109. Notion.

110. MERRY'S MUSEUM. 1. Mushroom. 2. Emu. 3. Rebus. 4. Rake. 5. You. 6. Stream.

111. Because he owns a hundred mills. (H. A. Danker says, "Because he has the means of purchasing a MULEUM." Howard says, "Because there is no end to his money." Ha! ha!)

112. Crash—rash—ash.

113. When they are grated.

114. Honesty is the best policy.

115. 1. Demosthenes. 2. Alexander Pope.

Anna W. N. answers all but 106.

Harry Bowles answers all but 106 and 109.

Carrie T. Warner answers all but 97, 103.

H. A. Danker answers all but 103, 106, 111.

A. Older—all, minus 103, 109, 111.

E. N. de L.—all, minus 103, 106, 111.

Howard—all, minus 103, 106, 111.

M. and F. C. answer 96, 98, 99, 100, 101, 104, 105, 107, 108, 109, 110, 112, 113, 114, 115.

Ellian and Annette.—98, 99, 100, 101, 104, 105, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115.

Clara.—98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 105, 106, 107, 108, 110, 112, 113, 114, 115.

Pinck.—98, 99, 101, 102, 104, 105, 107, 108, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115.

Imogen Latham.—98, 99, 101, 102, 104, 105, 107, 108, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115.

Lillie Harrison.—98, 99, 100, 101, 104, 105, 107, 108, 110, 112, 113, 114, 115.

Lina E.—98, 99, 101, 102, 104, 105, 107, 108, 110, 112, 113, 114, 115.

Alpha—all but 97 and 103.

Ned W.—all but 97, 103, 109.

Charlie F. Warren.—102, 104, 105, 108, 113, 114, 115.

Stranger.—100, 101, 107, 112, 114.

Daniel P. and W. W. W.—98, 104, 105, 113, 115.

Sam.—100, 105, 108, 110, 112, 114, 115.

Fred Judson.—111, 113.

G. B. H.—115.

Keokuk.—115.

Blue-Eyes.—111, 113, 115.

C. M. Gibbs.—110, 113, 115.

Hercules.—113, 115.

Tattler.—98, 100, 101, 102, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 112, 113, 114, 115.

May of Irvington.—98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 104, 105, 107, 108, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115.

Bertha.—98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 112, 113, 114, 115.

DEFINITIONS.

Mischief.

Baby awake. *Ellen N. de L.*

The imp of the perverse.

Satan's work for idle hands. *Bess.*

Pigs in the potato-patch.

Boys in the school-room when the master's away. *M. A. H.*

Mirth's wicked cousin. *C. M. Gibbs.*

Putting an onion into grandpa's pocket. *Tattler.*

Sprouts from Eve's apple-seed.

Fun run wild. *W. A. F.*

Innocence.

Baby asleep. *E. L. de L.*

Coming out of New Jersey into New York.

Whiteness of soul. *Bess.*

A little child repeating the Lord's Prayer —"lead us not into temptation." *M. A. H.*

The look mischief assumes. *Tattler.*

A page without blots.

"I didn't do nothin'."

God's signet. *W. A. F.*

Mirth.

A moral safety-valve. *E. N. de L.*

A cheek-dimpler.

Heart's ease.

Ripples on the stream of life. *Bess.*

The presiding genius at our "Chat." *C. M. Gibbs.*

Religion's flower-garden. *Anna W. N.*

Dyspepsia's enemy. *Mary A. E.*

The fun we have in seeing grandpa try to take snuff from the onion. *Tattler.*

Bubbles of happiness.
Pleasure in spontaneous combustion.
W. A. F.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Carrie T. Warner.—Your name was misprinted in the August number; but the fact that you received the gold pen safely, proves that the *letter* was rightly addressed. You came within one of winning the gold pencil-case for August; there must be some pretty smart folks about your premises.

Ned W.—Only two short. I do not remember the initials to which you allude.

Alpha.—We thought you had deserted us; we deal terribly with deserters when we catch them!

Bess.—! - - — ; - - - . ? (— !) —, . . ! ! . . ? ! ! ! 137 . ! ! !

Daniel P., etc.—You need not write the *items* of figured enigmas. In acrostical enigmas, such as 110, it *is* necessary.

Clara.—Nearly a dozen have correctly answered No. 96, so I claim no peculiar merit.

Anna W. N.—Please send real name and address.

Mattie M. Caswell.—Where were your answers for August?

May of Irvington.—How was it you had "but a week," when the magazine was more than forty-two days old when you wrote?"

Fleta Forrester.—I am glad I brought you out. There was considerable irony in your anagram, but I removed its sting by means of "*a carol without a calyx.*" Right?

Orange Street.—Answers, *to be credited in print*, should be sent in by the 10th of the month following the issue of the magazine. I give two months, however, in which to compete for the prize.

Blue-Bell.—Ditto.

Tattler.—Your answers were not quite equal to Adelbert Older's or Blue-Bell's; but don't give it up.

Keokuk.—It takes up too much room.

C. M. Gibbs.—Why do you send old conundrums, when you are so particularly clever at *originating* puzzles?

Daisy W.—Sorry your definitions were late.

Howard.—Glad you liked my heart. Does *which* "imply self-reliance," the "challenge," or the "answer?" How about that "transmigration?"

Blue-Eyed Nellie.—Walk in, and make yourself at home.

Pinck.—You may have as many guesses as you like.

Ellen.—Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to learn that "Pa" and "Ma" enjoy the dishes we set before them. I don't care how many "help." Was "Pa" a "boy" in 1838?

Henry Bowles.—I added your answers for July, but there were not quite enough for a prize. Your anagram is what the other should have been, but the "A" fell out.

Orange Street.—I bargained for anagrams upon any *one* word in *Webster's* Dictionary. *I* should call "*Habere facias possessionem*" *three* words. In forming anagrams, it is *very* important to have the letters correct, and in yours—"*i. e.*, be as soon as Ephraim's foes"—you have an *o* too much and a *c* too little.

C. F. Warren.—Did *you* send this anagram—"P. is Halic L. here?" I received it on a small strip of paper, without signature. It means a "spiral line."

Ellian.—I found it "beyond the mountain."

Tattler.—Only *just* in time.

Anna Hazel-Eyes.—So am *I* "very glad," if it tempted you to write to me; but don't give it up with just one. I am sure I shall hear from you concerning 117, 124, 127, 131, 133, and some others.

Bertha wishes to shake hands with all the cousins before she enters the "prize-ring." Welcome, Bertha, but you must answer more than "sixteen out of twenty" before you become dangerous.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Fred Judson, Alpha, Lillie Harrison, Ellian, Ned W., Blue-Eyes, Bess, D. P. and W. W. Wight, Clara, A. Older, Sam, Kruna, C. M. Gibbs, Orange Street, Mattie M. Caswell, Anna W. N.*, and *Bertha.*

Love to *Rose-Bud, Bella B., Lizzie G.*, and *Black-Eyes.*

If the subject for poetic competition be left for me to name, I give my old friend "MIRTH."—A. S.

NEWSPAPER-BOYS.

WHAT would the world be without news, and what would news be without newspapers, and what would newspapers be without newspaper-boys?—little better than a footless stocking without a leg; but the world is blessed with newspaper-boys; and of all the other curiosities of creation there are few to equal the genus of which the cut at the head of this article is an example. There may be cats with two heads, and goats with three legs, and dogs with double tails, and all sorts of "odd fish" in the waters, and "queer things" on the land, but a newspaper-boy beats even mermaids. He is conscious of the dignity of his "high calling," and he does call out most lustily in the Park or Fulton Street—"Here's the *Morning Herald*, *Tribune*, and *Times!*" "Arrival of the Persia!—got an account of the war in Europe!—great fight in the Fourth Ward! *Times*, sir? *Herald?*—only two cents."

WHAT ARE THE NEWSPAPERS?

QUESTION ASKED BY THE BOYS.

ANSWER.

Organs that gentlemen play, my boys,
To answer the taste of the day, my boys,
Whatever it be
They hit on the key,
And pipe in full concert away, my boys!

News from all countries and climes, my boys,
Advertisements, essays, and rhymes, my boys,
Mixed up with all sorts
Of (f) lying reports,
And published at regular times, my boys!

Articles able and wise, my boys,
At least in the Editor's eyes, my boys,
And logic so grand
That few understand
To what in the world it applies, my boys!

Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boys,
Little scraps to attract and amuse, my boys,
And lengthy debate
On matters of state
For wise-headed folk to peruse, my boys!

The funds as they were and they are, my boys,
The quibbles and quirks of the law, my boys!
And every week
A clever critique
Of some bright theatrical star, my boys!

The age of Jupiter's moons, my boys,
The stealing of somebody's spoons, my boys,
The state of the crops
The price of the hops,
And the wit of the public buffoons, my boys!

A list of all physical ills, my boys,
Banished by somebody's pills, my boys,
Till you ask with surprise,
When any one dies,
What is the disorder that kills, my boys?

Who has married and to whom, my boys,
Who were cut off in their bloom, my boys,
Who has had birth
In this dreary earth,
And who totters fast to the tomb, my boys!

The price of cattle and grain, my boys,
Directions to dig and to drain, my boys,
But 'twould take too long
To tell you in song
A quarter of all they contain, my boys!

MAY.

BY ADELBERT OLDER.

Now, when Autumn's winds are sighing,
'Mid the branches of the trees,
'Mid the frost-touched leaves, that, dying
Float upon the fitful breeze,
When the chill winds of September
Wither every flow'ret gay,
Then thy pleasures I remember,
Month of flowers, balmy May.

I remember how the river
Danced and rippled all the day;
How I watched the ripples quiver,
Laughing on their downward way;
How the cool breeze softly kissed it,
Gently wooing it to stay;
Oh! how often since I've missed it,
The mild balmy breeze of May.

Now the frost-king on each blossom
His silvery net-work weaves,
And the river's dimpled bosom
Covers o'er with falling leaves.
Tell me not of Autumn's pleasures—
Where are all thy flowers gay,
Where are all thy floral treasures,
All thy buds and blossoms, May?

Trees their leafless arms are flinging
To the dark autumnal sky,
Where the joyous birds were singing
Strains of richest revelry.
Now the chilly winds are sighing,
Where the birds were singing gay;
To a warmer clime they're flying,
Where thou reignest, balmy May.

All thy flowers are closely hidden
In the bosom of the earth,
Till by Spring's warm breath they're bidden
Forth unto another birth,
And thy sunshine and thy showers,
And thy songsters' carols gay,
Shall call forth thy hidden flowers,
When thou comest, balmy May.

LEROY, 1860.

THE LITTLE ARTIST.

TRANSLATED AND ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE hero of our story, "Joseph," was left an orphan when he was very young. One of the neighbors, Dame Robert, took pity on the little boy, and took him to her own home; but she was poor, and she soon had to let him earn his own living. She

apprenticed him to a Mr. Barbe, who kept a shop with paints, brushes, and canvas—everything, in fact, that artists need. Joseph was the little errand-boy. Among the houses where he had to carry packages from Mr. Barbe's store, was one which he often found it very difficult to leave, for he had become acquainted with the little boy, Francis Enguehard, and loved to stop and talk with him.

One day, when Francis threw down in vexation a study book which he was tired of, Joseph picked it up, and sighed as he turned it over.

"You are very happy," said Francis, "in not knowing how to read or write —you do not have to learn lessons."

"Alas!" answered Joseph, "that is my great sorrow. I think you only too happy in being able to learn. Oh, if you could only teach me to draw!"

"Yes, yes!" cried Francis, delighted with the idea; "I will be your little master; but beware of me! If you do not do well, a rap on your knuckles, my good fellow!"

Joseph laughed at this menace, and Mr. Enguehard, who came in just then, having approved of the plan, it was decided that Francis should give a lesson every Saturday, and in the evenings, whenever Joseph got permission to go out. Joseph understood so well, and learned so rapidly, that his friend, in order to keep the proper distance between master and scholar, was obliged to work hard. Mr. Enguehard, struck with the wonderful aptitude of Joseph, did not fail to encourage the emulation which was doing so much good to both boys. He often spoke to them of celebrated painters, and related parts of their history. "Almost all," he said, "showed their genius in childhood. Lanfranc, who was one of the most skillful pupils of the Caracci, covered the walls with charcoal sketches. Philip of Champagne, at eight or nine years of age, did nothing but copy all the engravings and pictures he saw; and Claude Lorraine, in his youth, could learn nothing at school. His parents apprenticed him to a pastry-cook, where he did still worse. Not knowing what he should do, he went to Rome, and by chance he entered the service of Augustine Tasse, to grind his colors and clean his pallet. This master, in the hope of making him more useful, taught him some of the rules of perspective, and Lorraine gave himself entirely to painting, passing whole days in the fields, drawing and painting, till he became the

celebrated landscape painter whose works we admire always."

Joseph listened to Mr. Enguehard with breathless attention, and when he had finished, Joseph sprung up suddenly, crying out, "And why not? why not?" Then he blushed, seeing Francis in fits of laughter. Mr. Enguehard sent them to play, and reflecting on the words which had escaped from Joseph, he was tempted to assist him to push forward in the art to which he seemed fitted. But the good man was poor, he could not charge himself with the little boy's education, and he resolved never again to excite him by any more stories, but let matters take their own course. But Joseph was born a painter. Claude Lorraine came to his mind continually, and for want of fields, which he never saw, he sketched, in

every corner, horses, faces, and gathered subjects for pictures from the historical tales Francis repeated to him. Joseph was no longer satisfied with drawing, he longed to paint, and found a secret pleasure in touching pallets and paints. Examining attentively the painters to whom he carried packages, his imagination was excited by the sight of their work, and he retired to his garret disconsolate because he could only put black on white.

He took good care not to tell Madame Barbe of his favorite amusements. It was from his hours of sleep that he stole time to work; and his friend Gabri, the chief clerk of Mr. Barbe, was his only confidant. But an event occurred which his prudence could not foresee, which enlightened Madame Barbe, while it cost many tears to poor Joseph.

Honest Mr. Barbe was a kind man, and gladly assisted the young artists who came in his way, letting them meet in his shop, and leave their boxes of colors there, while he received their drawings and displayed them to the crowd of artists who frequented the place.

Before being admitted to work for the grand prize which sends its fortunate winner to Rome to study there at the expense of the government, the young men pass two trials first, and six or eight of the most skillful are chosen to try for the great prize. You may imagine how much importance poor young artists attach to these first trials which close their first studies and give them the possibility of continuing them in a better manner. One of the most hopeful scholars of this time, who had received many favors from Mr. Barbe, came to him, to share with him his joy and leave in his shop the fortunate picture. He arrived, followed by a dozen of his comrades and rivals, who after the first moment of disappointment for themselves, joined gladly in the triumph of their friend. Joseph saw the delight of the young men and heard the praises that were bestowed on the happy scholar. Filled with a thousand varied feelings he might have called on himself a severe lesson from Madame Barbe, if Gabri, who watched everything in silence, had not perceived and quieted him.

"My friend," said Joseph, sobbing, "see this young man—he is only fifteen years old! Claude Lorraine was only a pastry-cook—and I, what am I? It seems to me that there is something in me, too!"

The good Gabri did not know Claude Lorraine, but he tried so hard to pacify Joseph, that he succeeded, by the aid of a promise to gratify the simplest of his wishes. The exhibition of paintings was just open, and Joseph saw at Madame Barbe's many people who had been in the museum—he heard continual discussions on the merits of the paintings, and he ardently desired to see them himself. Once he had timidly approached the door, but the frowning look of the great Swiss guard, and a slight movement of his cane, made the poor boy fly with all speed. This was not because workmen of all kinds and soldiers can not enter the exhibition, but it must be confessed that poor Joseph, at his age, with linen pantaloons stained with all the colors which Mr. Barbe's shop contained, his vest, too small and torn, had an air that would not please the stately guard. Having confided this trouble to his trustworthy friends Francis and Gabri, it was arranged that Francis should give to Joseph an old coat and pantaloons which could easily be made to fit Joseph. Dame Robert

bought a piece of stuff for a vest, and her son Philip, who was apprenticed to a tailor, offered to make it, while Gabri declared that he would provide a cap. Joseph was impatient to see these gifts from his friends, but the preparations were long, for the workmen were only children, and with more zeal than strength; besides, each had his own daily work, which could not be left undone. Joseph, to amuse himself, being alone in the shop, determined to examine more carefully the the picture which had been left with Mr. Barbe. It was hung pretty high. Joseph mounted on the ladder to take it, but thinking he heard Madame Barbe coming, he quickly hung it up again. In his haste, his sleeve rubbed the picture, which was not yet dry, and took off part of the ground and almost the entire leg. Freed from his fright, and seeing nobody enter, Joseph looked up, and you may guess his grief at seeing the accident. What *should* he do? What would happen if the young painter came to look for his picture? What would Madame Barbe say? The poor boy was in despair, but there was no time to lose —he must do something; he could think of but one chance, quickly to hide the picture in his room and hope to repair the fatal blot.

It may seem strange that such a thought should enter the head of an untaught boy of thirteen, but all his life he had lived in the midst of paintings, and the work which he was to experiment on, was that of a boy of fifteen, and, of course, far from being perfect. He had seen enough painting not to be troubled in the arrangement of the pallet, but he must have paints and brushes, and though surrounded by all such articles, he knew that he must not touch them. He resolved, therefore, to ask Francis for the money necessary to make his purchases in another shop. It may seem strange that old Gabri did not come to his help, but he was absent; for the first time in the fifteen years that he had lived with Mr. Barbe, he had asked permission to go home. His request was one that she could not refuse, but Madame Barbe's ill-humor was at its height when she saw Gabri leave without giving the slightest hint of the reasons for his unexpected journey.

Gabri would arrive on Sunday evening, the day after the one so unfortunate for poor Joseph; but to wait for him was impossible. This same Sunday was the only moment of freedom that the poor boy had to spend as he chose. He ran to Mr. Enguehard's, and fortunately finding Francis alone, confided to him his trouble. Francis trembled at the danger of his dear friend, but was almost as much frightened at his plan for repairing the injury. However, urged by Joseph, who feared that his absence would be noticed, he gave him all his money, which though little was enough for Joseph's needs; and he made such haste that his purchases were made and hidden before Madame Barbe had missed him.

Joseph was troubled all day by the thought of his audacious enterprise, and he was even unable to enjoy, as he would have done before, the new clothes which Philip brought in the evening with an important air, holding under his arm the bundle tied in a handkerchief, after the manner of tailors. The poor boy, who expected great praise, and many thanks, was disconcerted by the indifference with which Joseph examined the new vest; he was sure Joseph must be sick.

Joseph woke at daybreak, and at first felt only the delight of possessing paints and brushes. He arranged his pallet with great care, and took as long a time as possible about this grand operation; but when all was ready, he waited long without daring to touch his brush. At length a happy inspiration animated him, "I must paint half a leg," said he to himself; "why not copy my own? The greatest painters have models, and make everything after nature. I can easily arrange a foot without disturbing myself; we will see if with this help I can not bring it about."

Then looking attentively at the figure, whose legs, happily for him, were extended, turned one of his own nearly in the same position and tremblingly gave a first touch. Little by little he warmed to his work; he be-

lieved that he could draw like Raphael and color like Rubens. His hand, at first so timid, moved freely, nothing troubled him, and he did not stop till he had entirely repainted the leg.

After finishing his work, Joseph went down stairs to watch an opportunity to replace the picture without being seen. It was already late, all the family were going out to walk, and Madame Barbe was in such good-humor on account of a new bonnet which her husband had just given her, that Joseph easily obtained permission to visit the exhibition, on condition of returning before dinner. They were hardly out of sight when Joseph hung up the picture, and smiled to see the fine effect of his work. Thinking now only of the joy of having a new coat, and especially of being able to enter those doors so long shut to him, he went out, buttoning with pride the metal buttons of his great-coat, and passing boldly by the great Swiss guard.

The grand stairs of white stone, the walls covered with pictures, the crowd of people that pressed upon him and drew him along with them, all bewildered Joseph. He looked without seeing, walked without thinking, and driven on by the crowd, found himself at the door of the grand gallery of the museum, which contains only ancient pictures. At the sight of this immense gallery, which is beautiful for those who have seen beautiful things, Joseph stopped in surprise, and an involuntary feeling of respect made him take off his hat. There were fewer persons here, and as he could breathe more freely, he began to enjoy the pleasure for which he had longed. Many paintings attracted his attention, but he was too ignorant to know the subjects. At length he came before Raphael's picture called the "Madonna di Seggiola;" these figures were easy to recognize; at the sight of this admirable picture a new feeling overcame him. The more he looked at it, the more perfect was the illusion: the divine head of the child Jesus seemed to smile on him. Joseph leaning on the railing, reached out his hands and smiled also, and forgot everything, until a sudden noise near him made him start. He turned his head, and saw a man watching him. Joseph, notwithstanding his usual timidity, answered freely the questions which the stranger put to him. He wished to know his name, what he thought of Raphael's picture, and what was his occupation, etc. The frank replies of Joseph, through which his genius could easily be perceived, interested the stranger. "You are born a painter, my child," said he, touching the boy's forehead; "you know now what no master can teach; but you must be directed, and I will take charge of you. This is my address. My name is Vernet; come and see me—I will help you."

Joseph, filled with delight at recognizing the name of one of the most celebrated artists, clasped his hands without being able to speak. Vernet, with a look full of kindness, left him. The day was far advanced when Joseph remembered that he was still in the service of Madame Barbe. Full of trouble at his long delay he hurried homeward. Alas! everybody had returned.

"Ah! you are there, sir, are you?" cried Madame Barbe. "Truly you are very punctual; I imagine you were not very eager to show yourself."

"I am very sorry, madame," replied Joseph.

But Madame Barbe would not let him finish. "Do not interrupt me," she cried, "little viper, whom we have

nourished, and who now turns and bites us; but I could forgive your idleness and ingratitude if you had not lost the honor of my house—destroying the pictures that are intrusted to us. Yes," she continued, seeing Joseph turn pale, "you thought, hardened good-for-nothing, that your follies would not be discovered, but we know all: not content with spoiling a superb piece of painting, you have stolen from us the materials you needed for that purpose."

With a cry of horror Joseph protested his innocence of the last part of the accusation, but his tears and assertions had no effect on his masters. By chance, in entering the shop, the light which Mr. Barbe held fell on the picture restored by Joseph, and as nature had given him an eye for color which the young painter had not, it was easy to perceive the difference. Besides, poor Joseph in his trouble had copied the left foot, which was most convenient for him, and without noticing that it was the right leg, had placed the great toe on the outside. They went to his garret, and there the pallet and fresh colors left no room for doubt. It was in vain for the poor boy to tell the whole story; Madame Barbe took him by the arm to turn him out of doors, but her husband insisted that he should stay that night. Several neighbors who came in, looked with frowns at the left foot on the right leg, and at the sad face of the unfortunate Joseph.

The poor boy passed a dreadful night; his only hope was that Francis would prove the truth of his story; but Barbe, who had the same hope, went early in the morning to see Francis, and asked him very privately if he had lent money to Joseph, and he, fearing to injure his friend, denied lending him anything, and Mr. Barbe returned convinced that Joseph was a thief. He therefore coldly repulsed Joseph, who knew not which way to turn. Just at this moment a letter was brought in to Mr. Barbe. "Oh," cried he, "it is from friend Gabri; what can he have to tell us?"

"God be praised," cried Madame Barbe, as she read it, "this folly will be prevented! Listen, little wretch, and see the just punishment of your wicked conduct;" and then she read aloud the letter from Gabri, which stated that he had a little money which, as he had no children of his own, he would lend to Joseph Berr, that with it he might take lessons and become a painter. Then there was a second paper for Joseph to sign, which was an agreement of just what amount Gabri would pay for his different expenses.

You can imagine Joseph's distress when he heard these papers read, and knew that all the great joy they were meant to bring to him was lost, and that Gabri would never own for his friend a boy who was thought to be a thief. Meanwhile Francis, troubled by the visit of Mr. Barbe, and full of sorrow for the lie which he told, resolved to explain all to his father. Mr. Enguehard saw how Francis' fault would bring disgrace on Joseph, by leading his master to believe that he must have stolen the paints. Francis begged his father to go with him instantly to Mr. Barbe's, where he confessed his fault and completely justified Joseph.

The young scholar whose picture Joseph had spoiled was with his master when Mr. Barbe's letter, telling the story, arrived. This master was Vernet, who met Joseph in the museum. He went with his scholar

to the shop, and after looking for some time in silence at the attempt which had cost the poor boy so dear, he turned to his scholar and said, "Make haste, or truly he will overtake you." When the master heard of the generous act of Gabri, he said, smiling, "I may not be the 'famous master' intended by Gabri, but let me at least teach you all I know." Then he took a pencil and marked out the sixteen francs Gabri had allowed to pay for the boy's studio. To complete Joseph's happiness, Mr. Enguehard asked Vernet to receive his son also as scholar, so that the two friends still continued their studies together. Joseph of course left Mr. Barbe's, but Dame Robert was glad to have her adopted son live with her once more, though she felt rather sorry that he chose to be a poor painter.

DON'T GIVE UP.

"I CAN'T do it, father. Indeed I can't."

"Never say can't, my son; it isn't a good word."

"But I can't, father. And if I can't, I can't. I've tried, and tried, and the answer won't come out right."

"Suppose you try again, Edward," said the father to the discouraged boy.

"There is no use to try again," replied the lad.

"What if you go to school to-morrow without the correct answer to the sum?"

"I'll be put down in my class," returned Edward.

His father shook his head, and his countenance assumed a grave aspect. There was a silence of a few moments, and then Edward said, confidently:

"I will try, and I know it will come out right next time."

And so it did. One more earnest trial and his work was done. Far happier was he after this successful effort than he could have been, if, yielding to a feeling of discouragement, he had left his task unaccomplished.

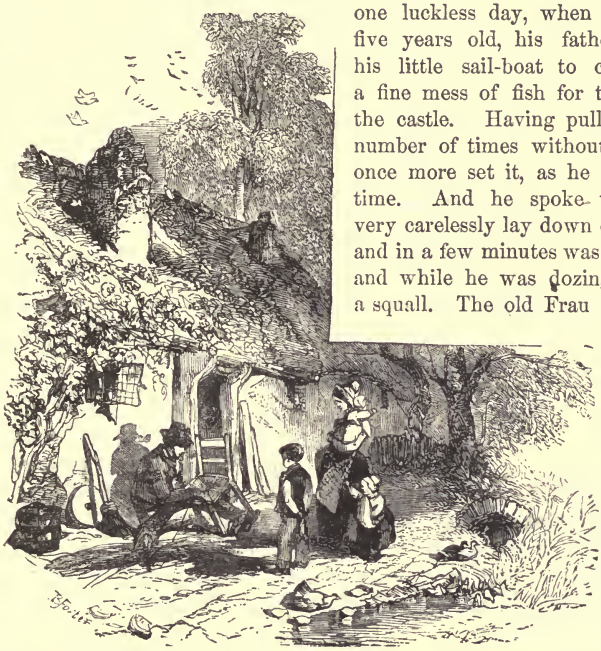
And so all will find it. Difficulties are permitted to stand in our way, that we may overcome them; and only in overcoming them, can we expect success and happiness. The mind, like the body, gains strength and maturity by vigorous exercises. It must feel and brave, like the oak, the rushing storm, as well as bask amid gentle breezes in the warm sunshine.

INSECT LIFE.—Insects must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with columns of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from human censer. Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of a summer's air, and nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dewdrop and fall to and eat your bedclothes.

PAUL GOLDSCHMEID, THE BOY FIDDLER.

BY FRITZ.

CHAPTER I.



PAUL GOLDSCHMEID was born in a little cottage on the banks of the Rhine. A tall elm spread its sheltering boughs over his youthful gambols. On cool summer evenings, who more happy than he, as, babe that he was, he could sit in his mother's arms and listen to the sweet, soft tones of his father's violin? For Paul's father was a true lover of music, and would not have parted with his long-necked Cremona for all the gold-bags in Gottingen. Mynheer Goldschmeid was lame, and therefore could find no occupation better than fishing, and none could catch in the Rhine so large black bass as could Old Ernst Goldschmeid. But, one luckless day, when Paul was about five years old, his father went out in his little sail-boat to catch, perchance, a fine mess of fish for the people up at the castle. Having pulled up his net a number of times without any success, he once more set it, as he said, for the last time. And he spoke too true; for he very carelessly lay down on the tiller-seat, and in a few minutes was quite fast asleep, and while he was dozing there came up a squall. The old Frau and Paul hastened down to the bank to warn him; but it was too late; the squall struck the boat while he still slept; it keeled over till the seething water splashed the little deck. Old Ernst rolled heavily, unconsciously, into the angry stream. The squall passed; the boat righted; the cold Rhine flowed on still and blue, as was its wont. But the Frau and little Paul sank weeping on its banks. The neighbors, after dragging the water all night, found the old fisherman. And when they buried him, he still had his arms folded, and the sleep-smiles on his lips.

So little Paul grew up fatherless, and motherless, too, most of the time; for his mother was generally absent nearly all day, either working in the fields or washing by the river.

When Paul was eight years old, he could no longer be amused with his

kitten through the long hours of her absence, and every day was more and more determined to follow his mother to the scene of her daily labors. In a kind of reckless despair at her difficulty in amusing him, she one day took down from its resting-place the heavy deal box that held the sacred old Cremona violin, which Ernst used to play so sweetly. "Here, Paul," said she, "be careful of this. Work patiently. Mayhap you will learn some day to play as once your poor dead father could." And tears filled the good Frau's eyes, as she recalled the time Ernst, a young, strong lad, used to come at eve and play soft love-music under her bedroom window. Paul eagerly seized the priceless instrument. He laid it softly on the floor, knelt beside it, and was soon lost in admiration with its shining sides, the winding grain of the wood, and the queerly-carved head on the neck. Finally, he looked up to ask his mother where his father could have found so fine an instrument—when, lo! she had gone to her work, and locked the door besides.

CHAPTER II.

Paul could clearly recollect the time when his father used to play, and now the wish came into his heart to imitate him. So, trying to hold the instrument scientifically, he grasped the bow, ignorantly thinking that all he had to do was merely to saw up and down with an easy motion, moving his fingers the while, and forth would gush music in sweet harmony. With a quick flourish the young amateur drew the bow, when a loud, screeching discord grated on his acute ear; the strings, pinched carelessly by his little fat hand, gave forth no melody. Paul was bitterly disappointed. He dropped the instrument, and fell on the floor in a paroxysm of grief. It seemed as if such a discordant sound must be sufficient to raise his father's spirit to reproach him, and now to find his fond dream of imitating that father so suddenly broken! Oh! it was too much for his child-heart, and he burst out afresh. But after calmly thinking a while, he remembered his good mother's words, "work patiently," and that moment gave in his full belief to that great truth which has to be learned by all who succeed in music, in anything: that before excellence must come earnest exertion, that discord is easier made than harmony, and that he who would be successful must have faith in, and trust implicitly, his two angels — patience and perseverance. With these good thoughts dimly defined in his young brain, and with a determined look in his eye, Paul again picked up his violin, and this time, with the resolution to try a *little* at first; so carefully letting down the bow, he drew it gently but firmly over one string. This time he produced quite a pleasant sound. He was delighted with his simple success, and repeated again and again the little quaver, and when his mother returned she was highly pleased to hear the lively modulation Paul could produce on the one string. "Oh, you'll be a great musician some day," said she, as she raised him in her arms to kiss his fat red cheek. Thus ended the first day's lesson on the king of musical instruments, the Cremona violin. That night, after saying his prayers, Paul fell asleep, only to dream of his father helping angel choirs create heavenly music. Every day now he was left alone with his loved violin, and in a few months began to be considered in the neighborhood as a wonderful

prodigy. The little fellow all alone had picked up the simple ballad tunes and hymns his mother sang, and he played them with such a spirited air, and was so interested in his music, that it was quite as amusing to watch, as to hear him perform. But, most wonderful of all was Paul's imitations of birds and animals. With a correctness of ear, and a delicate touch of hand truly surprising, he had attained to such skill that the cackle of a hen, the crow of a cock, a yelping dog, or a canary whistle were called out with almost life-like effect from his blessed violin.

Paul's fame began to spread, and when he was fifteen years old he was enabled to support himself and mother, and pay the rent of the old cottage, from the contributions he continually received from strangers who came from neighboring towns to hear the wonderful boy-fiddler.

Paul Goldschmeid had always been a very happy child; he was so young when his father died that he could not feel keenly his loss. But now, poor lad! he was to meet a sorrow that would wring his young heart.

One Sunday the old Frau returned from church feeling very unwell. Paul made her a cup of hot tea, but it did no good. She grew worse very fast, and before night Paul posted after the doctor. When the physician came he pronounced the dame in a dangerous fever, and declared that she was so old that he feared she would never recover. That night the good Frau became insensible, and for three days and nights continued to grow weaker and weaker. Poor Paul did nothing now but weep. On Thursday afternoon the sun was looking in at the west window, when the Frau awoke from her sleep, and felt that she was dying. She called Paul and kissed his moist cheek, then bid him not weep. "Now, my son," said she, "God bless you; be good, be honest, be industrious, and you will one day meet your father and mother in heaven. Go, get your violin, and play me a soft tune." Paul hastened for his neglected instrument, and then began the beautiful hymn his mother used so often to sing to him. As he played, she closed her eyes, a soft smile came to her lips, and then her soul was wafted on music to its distant home. When Paul had ended, he spoke to his mother. All was still.

In the evening, when the physician called, he found Paul lying by his dead mother; the little lip was twitching nervously; a tear was resting on his cheek; but Paul was asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses
  Crowding round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
  Sorely grievous, day by day,
Would we so often chide him
  For his lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
  Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
  Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
  In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
  Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden,
  Just in mercy flying past?

Do good to your friend, that he may be wholly yours; to your enemy, that he may become your friend.

ANNA HATHAWAY'S TALES.

IT was Saturday evening. Susy and John had learned their Monday's geography lesson, and Della was tired of her puzzle. "What shall we do?" she asked, seeing her brother and sister lay aside their books. "Perhaps Miss Anna would tell us another story," suggested John. "She may be busy," said Susy. "We'll go and see," said Dell.

It was a warm evening, and Anna Hathaway's door was open. The children saw that she had laid aside her book. "Are you busy, Miss Anna?" asked Susy. "No," replied Anna. "Come in, my dears." "We didn't know what to do," said Susy, as they entered, "so we thought we'd ask you if you'd please tell us a story." "Well, sit down," said she, pleasantly. "I guess I will tell you, this time, about

CLEMMY WALTERS, THE ORPHAN GIRL.

One warm, sunny day, in the latter part of May, a party of children were amusing themselves in a pleasant meadow, by the side of a little brook, which flowed just behind the village of P——. Warm and tired, they at length seated themselves in the shade of a clump of large trees, and commenced idly blowing the seeds from the feathery dandelion heads. At length one little girl succeeded in blowing all the seeds off with one breath.

"Now, Clemmy, you must wish," said Minnie Field. "Why?" asked Clementine. "Oh, so that your wish may come to pass before the year is out," said Minnie, laughing. "Oh, I wish my dear mamma would get well!" said Clementine, turning away, and bursting into tears. "Before I'd be such a cry-baby!" cried Robert Marten — "say, baby, don't you want a lump of sugar?" "She ain't a cry-baby," said Minnie, indignantly. "I say Clem Walters *is* a cry-baby," returned he. "I should think you'd be ashamed, Bob Marten," returned Minnie. "I presume *you* wouldn't cry if your mother was sick."

So saying, she turned away, attempting to comfort Clemmy, who was walking slowly toward home.

Fortunate indeed would it have been for Clementine if her wish could have been gratified. But it was not so to be. Her mother grew weaker daily, and when cool, pleasant September came, she calmly breathed her last.

"Mamma," said little Ella Field, at the funeral, "does Clemmy care? She doesn't cry." No, Clemmy didn't shed a tear; but the strained, wistful look on her face was far more affecting than a flood of tears.

Kind Mrs. Field, though she could ill afford it, took the desolate orphan home with her, at least until it should be decided

what was to be done with her. The sewing-circle was to meet there that week, then she would consult.

Wednesday afternoon brought quite a gathering at Mrs. Field's. "Well," said Mrs. Marten, a rather straight-laced-looking woman, with a disagreeable expression about her mouth. "Well, Mrs. Field, what conclusion have you come to with respect to the little orphan girl?" "Why," replied Mrs. Field, "I don't know. I was never so perplexed in my life. I don't feel able to keep her, although of course I shall if no one else offers." "Well," resumed Mrs. Marten, "I have been thinking she might be some help in tending Johnny, though of course that would be little toward her board and clothes, but as an *act of charity*, I suppose I might take her." Mrs. Field's fair but care-worn features flushed slightly. She saw Mrs. Marten's meaning, that it would be an act of charity to *her*, as well. She thought of Mrs. Marten's unruly children, and Mrs. M.'s own hard nature, and hesitated slightly. But as no one else offered, she was forced to say, "You are very kind. I will inform Clementine of your offer." "Small charity will it be to Clemmy," thought she. "And if she could come to-morrow," resumed Mrs. M. "Yes, I will try and have her ready."

Clemmy's garments were few, consequently she did not consume much time in tying them up in a small bundle. She tied on her straw hat, and after kissing Minnie, Ella, and their mother, went slowly and sadly toward her new home.

"Ah, here you are," said Mrs. Marten. "Well, take off your hat. You can relieve me of Johnny, now," placing the cross, heavy child in Clemmy's arms. On leaving his mother, Johnny set up a terrible squall. "You must walk with him, when he cries; he won't stop till you do," said Johnny's mother. "Nor when I do," thought Clemmy, as he kept up his shrill and continuous cry. She grew more and more weary, until she could no longer sustain his weight, and sank into a chair. Johnny screamed still louder. "Do quiet that child," said Mrs. M., crossly. "I told you to walk with him." Clemmy rose, and toiled on. Johnny gradually became quiet, and at length his closed eyes and heavy breathing proclaimed him to be asleep. Clemmy thankfully placed her burden in the cradle.

"Now," said Mrs. M., handing her a large pan, "go down cellar and get some potatoes, a dozen parsneps, some turnips, and a squash." Clemmy was some time finding the places of all these things. "You've been a long time," was Mrs. M.'s greeting. "Why, you naughty, careless girl, you've left the beets!" she added, frowning. "Go right straight back and get them!" Clemmy went back, down the long, dark stairway, and soon returned with the vegetables which Mrs. Marten, not she, had forgotten; and after sweeping the kitchen, setting the table, and drawing fresh water, she was sent a long half-mile to call the men to dinner. It was an extremely hot day for September, and Clemmy felt sick and faint. She was too bashful to ask to ride back on the hay wagon, and the men being too thoughtless to ask her, she was forced to walk back under the burning sun. Her head ached sadly. She could not eat the dinner of fat pork and greasy vegetables. She thought regretfully of the cool bread and milk, eaten on the shady back porch, to which she had been accustomed at Mrs. Field's.

Tending Johnny, who was becoming a little better acquainted with her, and getting supper, kept her busy till evening, when, sick and tired, she went to bed in the very small room assigned to her. It was cool and quiet there, and she soon slept sweetly.

We can not follow Clemmy closely any further. She was obliged to rise early and retire late, working hard all the time, and often, in her rambles,

she would sit down, weary, and tired, and sick, and exclaim, "Oh, I wish my Uncle John would come and get me! I wonder if he is alive!"

Winter came and Clemmy wondered if she was not going to be sent to school; but Mrs. Marten never mentioned it. Spring came again. One fine sunny day a stranger alighted from the old stage-coach, inquiring for the residence of Mrs. Walters.

"Dead, sir," replied a man standing near. "Dead! Clemmy dead!" said he in sad surprise, "and her little girl?" "At Mrs. Marten's, sir." "And where is Mrs. Marten's?" "The white house over yonder among the trees." "It's her uncle from the Indies," was the whispered conjecture, as he walked quickly away.

Of course it was Uncle John. Who else should it be? And didn't Clemmy weep for joy, that he had come to take her to be his own little girl?

"Clemmy is too young to have rendered you much service; you must accept this for your trouble," said he to Mrs. Marten. She said something about not expecting pay for what she had done, but readily accepted the proffered bank-notes. Clemmy sighed. Uncle John did not know—indeed, how should he?—how much labor had been forced from Clemmy's slight frame and slender limbs.

But Clemmy had pleasanter things than this to think of now. In a few days she went with her uncle to his city home, where Aunt Hattie, the housekeeper, and the hired dress-maker, busied themselves for some time making garments for the little girl, who became a great favorite with them.

Clemmy studied so hard, she soon made up the time she had lost; and if in passing the large academy in N—, you should see a slender girl with glossy brown curls and dark blue eyes, you may be sure it is our Clemmy. And now we will bid adieu to her and all her friends."

It was now Dell's bedtime, and the children went quietly down stairs.

ELLIAN.

STAND for the right, through thick or thin,
Let rogues uphold the wrong;
Be manful, cheerful; in the din,
Triumph is with the strong.
Whate'er the bad may say or do,
Fight for the honest part;
What bodes a frown, a growl to you,
If truth sustains the heart.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

THE COTTAGE.

NOT a thousand miles distant from the "MUSEUM" office, in Nassau Street, is a *happy family*, about which I have been so much interested to hear, that I have determined to write it for the entertainment of the *happy* "MERRY" family.

THE HAPPY FAMILY is, in some respects, like that at Barnum's Museum, having a spice of the millennium about it. I will begin by stating, that this story is *true* in every part, except with the change of names; and anything in actual life is of far more interest than fiction can be.

A young lady, whom I will call Bertina, passed the summer under the roof of this happy family. Who, among all the cousins, become so skillful at solving riddles, and outguessing born Yankees, by the influence and incitement of "AUNT SUE'S PUZZLE DRAWER," can *guess* if this happy family belongs to city or country?

Not being able to wait, to hear from one or all, I will tell you it is on a farm, half a mile from any village. To begin with the master and mistress—they do not labor to hoard, but to live and enjoy, and impart, too, of what they accumulate. It was near evening when Bertina, and her sister Seraphine, arrived at Felicity Cottage; the grand elms and maples were waving over the house, where all was in order; but I have not the room to describe it particularly; and Mr. and Mrs. Salen were out for a ride, as their visitors, who were relatives, were not yet expected. Miss Salen, the only daughter, was at home with an aged relation, who has been taken care of in her helplessness, for many years, at the cottage. There is an insane woman, perfectly harmless, who comes when she will, and *scrubs* and *spins;* for there is a spinning-wheel there. There is an immense garden, I must just tell you, full of all good things; and the luscious strawberries of this same garden mingle royally with the cream biscuits, or "short cakes," if you will, of the house (do not be

alarmed, any of you who have heard of dyspepsy, these are too light, and sweet to hurt any moderate partaker); then there's honey, pure as crystal, from their own bees and their own flowers; and the new-laid eggs; and the cream poured over raspberries, and into coffee, makes the eyes of visitors from the region of sky-blue milk become *wide-awakes* for a short time. Generous hospitality is the order of the day at Felicity Cottage. So much for the humans.

Two colts are upon the farm; and while yet unbroken, as Seraphine would go to the field—for these young ladies have hearts, and revel with nature in the country—where the colts were prancing, Milly, the beautiful bay, would come on the gallop, as if to run over the girls; yet, on reaching Seraphine, who never moved, the colt would run up, as if by a bridle, and lay his head on the friendly girl's shoulder; and then afterward follow her as she walked. It is a queer colt, too, biting at any one else who attempts to do the agreeable, by patting and putting an arm around her neck, as did Seraphine. Milly, at last, was put before the hay-rake, and when the creature was tired, she would just lie down and rest—even go to sleep, never heeding the rake or the hay; and when rested, get up and go on again—one of the happy family, you will recollect. One day Bertina found the cat with five bran new kittens; she took one of them and carried it to another room, and showed it to Mattie, the kitten's aunt. Mattie caught it from Bertina, and went looking around, as if she knew there were others; and having found them, she jumped into the basket among them, and shared the care of them; and while the mother was gone for a time, the cat-auntie remained. Bertina showed one of the kittens to Stripose, the cat-uncle, but he took no notice whatever of it. When Mattie, some time after, had kittens of her own, Tortoy, the grandmother, and uncle Stripose both staid in the "basket," and shared in the care of them.

A parrot has been one of the family for years, and bites every person or animal that attempts the least familiarity, but one, and that is Mrs. Salen.

Poll will pick at her eyes, and hair, and lips, as gentle as if caressing her; and when Mrs. Salen *kisses* Poll, it will keep saying, "Yes, yes," rapidly, as if with delight. At prayers, Poll is always on Mrs. Salen's lap. Laying her hand upon Poll's head, she would bend it down, and Poll would keep it bent, but turn her eyes up comically, and look around the room, and on the others, but keeping perfectly still. Poll was fed during the summer upon a stove which remained in the dining-room, and nothing could induce her to eat until a cloth or a paper was placed first upon the stove. The cat would sometimes come and put her paws upon the side of the stove, and try to rob Poll of her meat. Poll would spread her claw wide open, and toward puss, and say, "Go right away! —go right away!" If the cat was successful, then Poll would run to Mrs. Salen, and say, over and over,

"Poor little Poll! poor little Poll!—go right away! go right away!" and in such a tone, that the complaint would be understood.

Poll attempted to bite one of the little kittens, when the cat struck her upon the head, or, as we would say, boxed her ears, and then seemed to think the matter settled. When the cats were asleep, under the lounge in the bed-room, as Poll would spy a bit of the tail out from the chintz curtains of the lounge, she would put her head close to the floor, and move along softly and quickly, and bite the tail, and then run off, saying and chuckling, "Yes, yes!—yes, yes!—yes, yes!—he, he!" laughing—as if she would say, "Ay, ay—ay, ay!" A hawk at one time had very nearly pounced upon Poll, as she was sauntering around the yard, and she really swooned from fright after she was brought into the house, and it was an hour before she was herself again. Ever since that time, when a hawk is over the premises, Poll gives the alarm, and hens and chickens scamper, as well as herself.

One more of the family, and I have done. There is a young rooster named Trumpeter, just beginning to choke out a crowing, which will sit upon some railing near the dining-room window, and when dinner is ready he will walk in and lie down under the table, stretching out his legs and lying upon his side. When Seraphine would offer him a bit of bread, he would jump up, like a dog, two feet high to catch it from her fingers, and then run out and crow.

It appears to me here are a great number of *remarkables* to belong to one roof. I wonder if any of the Merry cousins are acquainted with the *likes o' these?*

LAURA ELMER.

"Go, labor on; spend, and be spent—
Thy joy to do thy Father's will,
It is the way the Master went—
Should not the servant tread it still?

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
But bring the erring soul to Him;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in."

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

A RUN ON AN IRISH BANK.—A run was being made for gold by the peasantry of the surrounding counties, and crowds of clamorous frieze-coats might have been seen pushing and fighting at the doors of all the banks in L——. The —— Bank enjoyed at that time the least confidence, and was, of course, the more set upon. I had a few of their one-pound notes, and as I feared the panic itself might bring about the catastrophe it apprehended, I thought it would be prudent to save myself; so I mounted my nag and trotted with my bundle of notes into L——.

On arriving at the bank door, the Babel of mixed Irish and English was terrific. Men and women tugged and struggled for precedence, and I could hear the exclamations, "There! you have torn the coat off my back, making as much fuss about your dirty thirty-shilling note as if it were a pack-load of ten-pounders you had." "Oh, me, oh, me!" shrieked a woman, who affected to faint, in the vain hope that they would let her go nearer the door.

"Arrah, ye'll be all served," cried out a droll fellow on the verge of the crowd. "Here's the Counsellor coming, and a bag of gold on his back."

All looked in the direction pointed to, and, sure enough, I could see approaching the burly figure of O'Connell, one of the directors of the bank, who had just arrived from Dublin. He had not exactly a bag on his back, but he carried a parcel in his hand.

"Let me pass, my good friends," said he, "and you shall be served." The crowd made way for him, and gave three cheers for the "Counsellor" as he passed.

The Liberator, as he was called, might have been twenty minutes in the bank, when a hurrah was raised from those who stood nearest the bank door.

"Didn't I tell you," cried a fellow, crushing his way out, and blowing with his breath to cool five hot sovereigns which he held with difficulty in his hand, "didn't I tell you the Counsellor would settle it? There they are at it, hard and fast as tallow-chandlers on a melting-day—making sovereigns like winky, and they're shoveling them out upon the counter as hot as boiled praties from a pot;" and he blew again upon the sovereigns, and held them up to be touched. Seeing and feeling was believing, and there, sure enough, was the gold, warm, as if from the crucible.

"Glory to you, Dan!" shouted the crowd, who now really believed that the Counsellor was making sovereigns in the back-parlor to meet the run. "What's the use of crushing—you can't break a bank when they're melting out money like that."

My curiosity was at its height, so, with one tremendous effort, I gained admission, and there, sure enough, were the clerks ladling out hot sovereigns from copper scoops to the people, who crowded to the counter, and who, snapping and blowing their fingers, were picking up the coins as you might pick up roast chestnuts.

They say the ruse was not a new one, but it was not the less successful on that account. The clerks were really engaged heating the sovereigns on fire-shovels; and, rushing out, with red faces, and in a furious hurry, they threw them, "hot, all hot," to the cashiers, who counted them out with

iron curling tongs to the customers, who believed that the work of coining was going on over innumerable crucibles in the back parlor.

The ruse, which had almost instantaneous effect in allaying alarm, O'Connell maintained was perfectly justifiable. From ignorance, a panic, which might have proved fatal to the bank, arose, and he thought he had a right to allay it by playing on this same popular ignorance. A bank that could serve sovereigns at will from an oven could never, of course, want gold, in the imagination of a simple people.

A Prophecy.—The following lines from the works of Thomas the Rhymer have been thought to shadow forth the existence of railways and telegraphs:

"When yoked cloud and snorting steed
Devour ye earth where'er it lead;
When lands and lands are bridged together
By flames as fast as bands of leather;
When turns the sun mechanical,
To paint ye glass or print ye wall—
Then will a mighty portent come,
To waste the world, and leave it dumb.
What time ye moon shall fill her horn,
Beneath ye lustful Capricorn,
Ere nineteen hundred years be told,
Since rose the God-child—prophet knoll'd,
Be heedful, then, Omega's frown
Shalt haunt—saith Thomas of Ercedowne."

"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."

Never set yourself up for a musician just because you have drums in your ears.

Female Society.—You know my opinion [said John Randolph] of female society. Without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with ten-fold force to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor one, I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart and guard it from pollution, which besets it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding-gown, for qualities that "wear well." One thing at least is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasure. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find employment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children round him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.

"Paint me as I am," said Oliver Cromwell to young Lely. "If you leave out the scars and wrinkles I will not pay you a shilling." Even in such a trifle the great Protector showed both his good sense and magnanimity. He did not wish all that was characteristic in his countenance to be lost in the vain attempt to give him the regular features and smooth, blooming cheeks of the curl-pated minions of James I. He was content that his face should go forth marked with all the blemishes which had been put upon it by time, by war, by sleepless nights, by anxiety, perhaps by remorse; but with valor, policy, authority, and public care written in all its princely lines.

KIND ECHOES.

THERE is a very pretty little saying, which, if not very common, is, I am sure, very true. It is this: "If we speak kind words, we hear kind echoes!" "How is this, and what does it mean?" I fancy I hear a youthful voice exclaim. Well, now, I will show you. If I could take you all at once to a deep valley between two high hills, or put you in some little nook between lofty mountains, or if I could place you in a boat on the lovely waters of our quiet lake, and then bid you shout your name with all your might, you might hear it repeated once, twice, ay, and several times, growing fainter and fainter each time, till it died quite away upon your ear. You might think that only you had spoken, and yet several seem calling. Surely it is some one mocking; but no! it is only you yourself, with your own little voice, doing it all; so there is no need to be offended. You see what a wonderful power you have of making yourself heard. This, then, is the echo. If you were not to speak, you would hear no echo. God has kindly made all these wonders, and they ought to teach us a useful lesson, if we would only *think* about everything we see and hear. Kindness is like a sweet soft echo; if little children speak loving words to each other, loving words come back again to them; and if they do kind actions, kind actions come back again.

I suppose I must add a little tale by way of illustration; so here it is: There was once a little girl at school in France, a great many years ago, and she was walking out one day with her companions in some beautiful, large public gardens. It happened that a poor soldier was there on duty, and not being able to leave his post, he begged the young ladies to be so kind as to bring him a little water. The companions, however, heeded him not, except to say how exceedingly impertinent it was of a common soldier to speak to them. The little girl, however, had a kind and tender heart, and could not think of leaving a fellow-creature to want, when she might assist him. She therefore ran and procured some water, her companions meantime deriding her for doing so. When she brought it to the poor soldier, he could not utter half his gratitude, he was so surprised and thankful; but he asked her for her name and address, and then she went away.

Not many days after, a dreadful massacre took place in that city of all the Protestants, and among the others the school-fellows of that little girl were all cruelly killed, for they were Protestants, but the little girl was saved; and how do you think? The poor old soldier had not forgotten his little benefactress; the kind action had gone down deep, even into the heart of one accustomed to scenes of cruelty or bloodshed, and the little girl felt the glad echo amidst the sad desolation and gloom of that very eventful day.

Now go and practice my story, dear children; let your little lips breathe forth only gentle tones and words, and be ready at all times to do any act of love and kindness toward any human being.

Speak gently! 'tis a little word,
Dropt in the heart's deep well;
The love, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity will tell.

ANNETTE.

TO-MORROW.

TWO children were playing upon the mossy banks of a little streamlet, that went leaping and rattling in merry madness over its pebbly bottom. All the long bright afternoon their innocent mirth awoke the answering echoes of the grand old forest, and the little brook caught broken gleams of sunshine through the waving tree tops, then danced on in wilder glee. The sun sank low, bridging the waters with bars of black shadows; lower still, till his broad face was hidden by distant mountain tops, and from his crimson-curtained couch threw broad bands of silver light far up the western sky. Reluctantly they left a half-finished miniature grotto of moss and stones, and homeward turned their unwilling footsteps.

"To-morrow," said they, "as soon as the thirsty sun drinks the dew from the leaves, we will come and finish our fairy cave."

A little way, and they paused on the borders of a placid mountain-bound lake. The willows that fringed its banks, and the great mountains lying against the deep blue sky, were mirrored in the still waters, and broad shining lily leaves rode upon the tiny waves that broke in soft ripples on the shore. High in the heavens shone one dim star, pale harbinger of coming myriads; deep in the blue waters shone another. A gayly painted boat lay rocking gently on the waves; in it they seated themselves, and floated away—speaking low, and wonderingly of the beautiful world beyond the sky, and the bright-winged, golden-crowned angels that dwelt there.

Morning dawned upon little forms lying still, and cold, and white; wet garments clinging around the stiffened limbs; wet curls clustering around the pale faces. Death has not yet dashed all beauty from their cherub brows—it lingered still in the dimpled chin and around the smiling mouth.

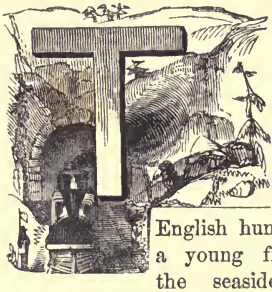
Falling asleep on earth, awaking in heaven—theirs was a glorious to-morrow.

There are to-morrows that will come to us radiant, joy-laden, flushed with happiness; others scowling down drearily, days of woe for the weary heart to grope blindly through; but not many either clothed in sunshine or draped in gloom, before that dark that will usher in a day which never ends—the long morrow of eternity.

Are we so restraining our wayward hearts and wandering footsteps, that our to-morrow will be happiness, immortality?

AT evening to myself I say,
"My soul, what hast thou gleaned to-day?
Thy labors, how bestowed?
What hast thou rightly said or done?
What grace attained, or knowledge won,
In following after God?"

THOMAS HOOD.



THE following letter from Thomas Hood, the great English humorist, to a young friend at the seaside, is a pleasant instance of the genial humor in which he could devote himself to the amusement of a child, and will be read with interest by all the young Merrys. I think Hood was one of the Merry family, and I move that we adopt him, as Uncle Tom, and give him a place in our grateful memories, with Uncle Frank and Uncle Peter:

"MY DEAR MAY:—How do you do, and how do you like the sea?—not so much, perhaps, its 'so big.' But shouldn't you like a nice little ocean, that you could put in a pan? Yet the sea, though it looks rather ugly at first, is very useful, and if I were near it this dry summer, I would carry it all home to water the garden with at Stratford, and it would be sure to drown all the blights, May-flies, and all! I remember that when I saw the sea, it used sometimes to be very fussy and fidgety, and did not always wash itself quite clean; but it was always very fond of fun. Have the waves never run after you yet, and turned your little shoes into pumps full of water? If you want a joke you might push Dannie into the sea, and then fish for him as they do for a Jack. But don't go in yourself, and don't let the baby go in and swim away, although he is the shrimp of the family. Did you ever taste the sea-water? The fishes are so fond of it they keep drinking it all day long. Dip your little finger in, and then suck it to see how it tastes. A glass of it warm, with sugar, and a grate of nutmeg, would quite astonish you! The water of the sea is so saline, I wonder nobody catches salt fish in it. I should think a good way would be to go out in a butter-boat, with a little melted for sauce. Have you been bathed yet in the sea—and were you afraid? I was the first time, and *the time before that*, and dear me how I kicked and screamed—or at least meant to scream, but the sea, ships and all, began to run into my mouth—so I shut it up. I think I see you being dipped in the sea, screwing your eyes up, and putting your nose, like a button, into your mouth, like a button-hole, for fear of getting another smell and taste! By-the-by, did you ever dive your head under water with your legs up in the air like a duck, and try whether you could cry "Quack!" Some animals can! I would try, but there is no sea here, so I am forced to dip into books.

"I wish there were such nice green hills here as there are at Sandgate. They must be very nice, especially if there are no furze-bushes to prick one. Do you remember how the thorns stuck in me, like a pennyworth of mixed pins, at Wanstead? I have been very ill, and am so thin now I could stick myself into a prickle. My legs in particular are so wasted away, that somebody says my 'pins' are no better than needles—and I am so weak, I dare say you could push me down on the floor, and right through the carpet, unless it was a strong pattern.

I am sure if I were at Sandgate you could carry me to the post-office and fetch my letters.

"Talking of carrying, I suppose you have donkeys at Sandgate, and ride about on them. Mind and always call them 'donkeys,' for if you call them 'asses' it might reach some long ears! I knew a donkey once that kicked a man for calling him Jack, instead of John. There are no flowers, I suppose, on the beach, or I would ask you to bring me a bouquet, as you used, at Stratford. But there are little crabs! If you would catch one for me, and teach it to dance the polka, it would make me quite happy; for I have not had any toys or playthings for a long time. Did you ever try, like a little crab, to run two ways at once? See if you can do it, for it is great fun; never mind tumbling yourself a little at first. It would be a good plan to hire a little crab for an hour a day, to teach baby to crawl if he can't walk, and, if I was his mamma, I would, too! Bless him! But I must not write on him any more—he is so soft—and I have nothing but steel pens. And now, good-bye; Annie has my tea, and I must drink it before it gets too hot, as we were last Sunday week. They say the glass was 88 degrees in the shade, which is a great age. The last fair breeze I blew dozens of kisses for you, but the wind changed, and I am afraid took them all to Miss H——, or somebody that it should not. Give my love to everybody, and my compliments to all the rest; and remember I am, dear May, your loving friend,

THOMAS HOOD.

"P.S.—Don't forget my little crab to dance the polka. Pussy, write to me as soon as you can, if it's only a line."

HOLD ON.

HOLD on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use any improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are ready to strike, pinch, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, and crime.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price for you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

USES OF ADVERSITY.—Stars shine brightest in the darkest night; torches are better for the heating; grapes come not to the proof till they come to the press; spices smell sweetest when pounded; young trees root the faster for shaking; vines are the better for bleeding; gold looks the brighter for scouring; glow-worms glisten best in the dark; juniper smells sweetest in the tire; pomander becomes most fragrant from chafing; the palm tree proves the better for pressing; camomile, the more you tread it, the more you spread it. Such is the condition of all God's children; they are most triumphant when they are most tempted; most glorious when most afflicted; most in the favor of God when least in man's esteem. As their conflicts, so their conquests; as their tribulations, so their triumphs. True salamanders, they live best in the furnace of persecution; so that heavy afflictions are the best benefactors to heavenly affections. While afflictions hang heaviest, corruptions hang loosest; and grace that is hid in nature, as sweet water in rose leaves, is most fragrant when the fire of affliction is put under to distill it out.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

I HAVE waited with some anxiety to know the result of last month's clipping, and am glad to find that nearly all who were so "cut up" by the hatchet have returned again to be nursed up by Uncle Robert; and first comes our Fleta, always welcome.

NEW HAVEN, *October* 2, 1860.

UNCLE HIRAM:—*Cruel, cruel* Hatchet! could you?—*could you* have—? My feelings choke me. I think what *might have been;* and apply my ten digits to my two eyes and shudder. Well, it's all over now! and—but, no matter! only, I couldn't have believed it possible! indeed, I couldn't.

Aunt Sue, you were "right" of course. You *always* are. Will you forgive the "irony" and the spirit of skepticism which prompted it? I shall believe, after this, that you can guess *everything.*

Glad to see *you* again, Oliver. Was afraid you had become—obsolete! Sorry to hear, however, you have so far lost your *quondam* interest in the Chat, as to need a bewitching little head over your shoulder and an ecstatic promise on your lips to induce you to write.

We'll have that *romp*, Mar, I declare we will. When shall I come? FLETA.

Next comes Willie, fresh from the country. You know that last month he had been milking. This time, he seems to have turned his attention to experimenting with vegetables. Hear him:

HARTFORD, CONN., *October* 9, 1860.

O, for some bloodroot! The morning paper tells of a man who, losing his great toe by an unlucky cut, carried the member in his pocket until he found some bloodroot, which he mashed and applied to it and the stump, stuck them together, and now rejoices in a toe "as good as new." If this story be true, there will be a sudden rise in the bloodroot market, for here am I, *all* stump, "head chopped off, legs and arms ditto," as Uncle Hiram says; and Bess, Blue-Eyes, etc, in pretty much the same fix. What are the latest quotations?

Folks are laboring under a strange mistake in supposing that I am running as opposition Presidential candidate on the Bolter's ticket. By no means. My name is on the regular Union ticket for *Postmaster-General.*

Where shall I find Lola, Imogene, Merry-meeting Bay, Josie?

W. H. COLEMAN.

MOBILE, ALA., *September* 18, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Again, from the sunny regions of the Alabamian Paradise, I greet you. For a long time I—though I have a card of admittance—have not paid you either a formal call or a friendly visit. Now I mean to make amends.

Has Aunt Sue had anything to do with the burnishing up of the Puzzle Drawer? For it looks as though a woman's hand had touched it. At all events, its contents are much more interesting. I wish I was a hand at working out puzzles, enigmas, etc.; but as I am not, I leave the getting of the prizes to some who are "smarter men than I am."

Uncle Hiram, do tell me where Aunt Sue found that "valuable boy?" I would like just such another one to have when I leave Paradise, to take to the world and a *farm.* But my paper has "clean gin eout," and I have not said half I wished to. With much love, I am yours, F. A. JAMES.

Certainly; Aunt Sue has the entire charge of the Puzzle Drawer. No one but her could make it so interesting. So you must try your hand at solving the puzzles. She would like to receive letters and answers from all the MERRY family.

SOCIAL CIRCLE, GA., *September.*

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Here I am again, "knocking at the door," "with sunny smiles from the sunny South," and, in addition, "a thousand thanks" for those back numbers of the MUSEUM. But a thousand thanks "can ne'er repay" my obligations; so I promise you more new subscribers with my next. When you are elected to the Presidency, I propose a kind of annual "Merry Meeting," to be held at some appointed place large enough to accommodate the whole

family of Museumites, each coz to have his "say," Uncle Hi being *hatchlet*-less, meanwhile, lest he should *accidentally*, or from habit, give some unfortunate *Chatterer* a whack that would send him to the land o' shades.

"*Forget-me-not*," I am a Southerner, so I suppose you will have no objections to shake hands with me; and then, as I have not yet become acquainted with Lizzie G., suppose we go up together, and have an introduction to her.

And, Uncle Hi raises the hatchet menacingly, saying "look out," so I will retire. *Au revoir*.

CORNELIUS M. GIBBS.

That's right, Cornelius, send along the new subscribers. We hope to make the MUSEUM more interesting than ever the coming year, and have already engaged some of the best writers in the land to write for us. Now, we wish all the Merrys who love the MUSEUM to send us along all the new subscribers they can, and also send the money for the new year for yourselves as soon as you can; it will help to complete our arrangments for improving our MUSEUM. Let all the Merrys be looking around for new members for our family. Read the prospectus on the second page of the cover.

GOUVERNEUR, *September* 12, 1860.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE CHAT:—I hope "there still is room," as they say in an omnibus, so I introduce myself to the twenty thousand, and as this is my first letter, shall beg of the proprietor of that "awful hatchet"—spare! O! spare me once!

I have taken the MUSEUM ever since I can remember; and as I am now but ten years old, you may guess how long that is. My father took it for his younger brothers and sisters; then he married, and went to house-keeping, but still took the MUSEUM for mamma's favorite cat—a wonderful specimen of the feline race—of which I shall some time tell you.

I have a brother younger, but larger than I, and a little two-year-old sister, of which we are very fond, although she smashes up our books and playthings without mercy, and then calls out—"Nennie took at tare."

I enjoy the Chat very much, and send some answers to the puzzles.

Why are the cousins so jealous of Willie Coleman? I like him; and if he aint out of market when I get in, and "Sybil" don't accept, he may entertain some hopes in this direction.

Help! there comes that instrument of destruction!

Yours with love and much haste,

JEANNIE PARKER.

Come again, Jeannie, now you have found the way. Uncle Merry has a little puss at home that always has to have a copy of the MUSEUM.

September 12, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—Will you let me come in again? So Bess is back again. Do you include me in your list of new cousins to whom you give your kisses, Bess? If so, I thank you, and send one in return. Annie Drummond, you are very frank in telling your age. Edward Cahill, we are not far from each other. I go the Union ticket, and nominate Fleta Forrester for poet*ess* laureate. Love to Uncles, Aunt, and cousins.

HOMELY FACE.

September 21, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—Having been for a long time a silent admirer of the Chat, or its contributors, functionaries included, of course—I can't resist the impulse to make myself, with your permission, one of the number. I think you may truly be said to have the largest correspondence in the land. Aren't you very much attached to some of them? Please tell Annie E. Drummond that I gave all the back numbers of this year's MUSEUM a most careful scrutiny, in order to ascertain "Busy Bee's" age, but without success. I was anxious to know if hers (Annie's) exceeded mine. By the way, was "B. B." nine?

I wish you could have the portraits of the principal Chatterers hung up in your sanctum; how I would hasten to go to see them. I have learned to love them all, as old acquaintances. I see that another star has been added to your number, lately; I refer to "V.-E. Josie." Her letter was very entertaining; don't you think so? Tell Hawthorne I am very sorry he dislikes Northern girls, I myself being one of that species. I am sure I like the South. I

have relatives there, *and would like to settle there myself*, but I am sure I see no prospect of it, if they are all like "H."

I think "Sybil Grey" ought to feel highly honored by the proposal made her, by our "bright particular star." I would "try it, and see," if I were she. I admire his style of *popping the question.*

While I am writing, my baby brother, of sixteen months, is sitting in the cradle, coaxing me to play with him. He is the sweetest, prettiest, *cunningest* little fellow in the world. Indeed, he is said to resemble *me*, and, of course, such lovable qualities would *naturally* be his. There! he has bumped his head, playing bo-peep with me. Won't somebody send him a kiss?

Well, I hear you exclaim, that *was* a fortunate bump, and no mistake—it has freed me from *such* a customer; but I'll forgive you. With love to Aunt Sue, and all the cousins, I remain, yours with respect, NELL OF B.

Yes, Nell, we find ourselves very much attached to our numerous and widely-scattered correspondents; in fact, Uncle Robert would not know what to do if his little Chatterers should put him on a short allowance of letters; and Uncle Hiram's occupation would be gone, sure. Come often, now you have found the way. We shall always reserve a seat for you.

Here comes another new niece from the Prairie Land. Welcome, Golden-Haired Effie.

OUT WEST, *Sept.* 15, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Here I come, seeking for admission. Have you any objections to a new niece? Have you any objections to my admittance, cousins mine? Now, please, dear Uncle Merry, don't say "No." I do believe you are smattering something about "hatchets." Yes, Uncle, but I promise to be "short and sweet." I am dreadful afraid of that terrible "hatchet;" but I will place myself under your protection, Fleta Forrester, as you have been so long a niece of Uncle Merry.

Dear Blue-Bell, Black-Eyes, Rosalie, and all my host of cousins, how do you do? How do you, "Variable-Eyed Josie?" I'm glad Uncle Hiram did not use his "hatchet," for I want you to call again soon. Has Blue-Eyed Lora left our band? I suppose I may say *our* band, dear Uncle, if you will own me as your niece. Ellian, dear! come, sit by me, and let us have a good chat. You seem so near me, as we are both "out West." Shall we not be good friends "cousin *chère?*" Do write again soon.

Now, I guess I will steal a look at the boys. Is that Hawthorne? Yes, it is! and I've been wanting to see him so long. And there is Cornelius M. Gibbs. My goodness!—how tall he is! I had no idea how large my cousins were. I am quite afraid of you all. But, Hawthorne, I don't believe you are so very terrible. Which do you like best—Ellian's description? The first, second, or third. Not the third, I know. Now do, like a good cousin, say "the golden-haired, blue-eyed darling." Uncle Hiram, are you not afraid of evil effects from this corresponding of cousins through your Chat? I do believe I've fallen in—the water, of course; cousins never fall in love with each other. But I don't intend to be formal at all.

Now, I'm going to send my love and a half-dozen kisses to you all. Hark! I must run. "What sound is this that greets my ear?" Can it be—? I am not familiar with the sound, but it must be the grinding of Uncle Hiram's "hatchet!" *Au revoir.* May I come again?

GOLDEN-HAIRED EFFIE.

MUSTANG GROVE, TEXAS, *July*, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have taken the MUSEUM for over a year, and I like it better every month. I have long wished to become one of the cousins, but was too timid to knock for admittance. May I come in? Please introduce me to some of the bright particular stars? Give me a seat by the side of Lizzie G. What do you say, Lizzie? Are you willing? What has become of Black-Eyes?

You will please excuse my boldness in writing to you; but I saw so many new cousins writing to you, I was determined not to delay any longer.

Your cousin,

ROSALIE THE PRAIRIE FLOWER.

ELM COTTAGE, *Sept.* 12, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—It has been such a beautiful September day, and as I am all alone this evening, I thought I would like to take a peep at you and the cousins.

Hawthorne, wasn't it great about Willie H. Coleman? I should think he would wish to hide himself, as the saying is, in a "knot-hole."

Sybil Grey, you're splendid; and I should like to give you a hug. Black-Eyes, do you know how to make bread, "the staff of life?" or do you live on *love?*

Pertine, you and I can agree on one point—boys and kisses. But, good-bye, all. "SNOWFLAKE."

MEMPHIS, TENN., *Aug.*, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Having *read* so much about you in the MUSEUM, I feel a strong desire of becoming a little more acquainted with you, and through you, with the dear chatter-boxes who contribute so much to our entertainment.

I have been a reader of the MUSEUM for several years, and have derived considerable pleasure I *know*, and *some profit* I hope, from its pages. When I read of the death of Uncle Frank, I thought how sad many a fireside would be rendered at its announcement, and how his cheerful presence would be missed, as the MUSEUM made its accustomed appearance without *him*. And when, a short time after, we were called upon to mourn the departure from our midst of Peter Parley—Peter Parley!—whose name was synonymous with goodness and usefulness—I thought that his place would remain a blank forever. He had become endeared to me through so many of his works, that I felt as though I had lost a dear friend and a kind counselor. But though he is dead, he still liveth in his works, and can look down from above upon the good results of his labors below.

The MUSEUM has undergone many changes since its birth, and the older it grows, the more instructive and entertaining it becomes. May its star never cease to twinkle in the literary skies!

Your hatchet, dear Uncle Hiram, reminds me somewhat of the guillotine; with this difference, that instead of depriving folks of their *heads*, it cuts short the *labors* of those ornamental top-knots; and having, as I must confess, a decided aversion to being operated upon by such *sharp-cutting* instruments, I think I had better cry whoa! and dismount from my epistolary steed—remaining as ever,

Yours and the MUSEUM'S
PINCK.

Now, isn't that a *pink* of a letter? Come again, Pinck, but *shorter!!!*

CLINTON, *Sept.* 11, 1860.

MY DEAR UNCLE HI:—I hear your whisper in tones sweet and low like the sighing

"Of the breezes
When it floats amid the treezes,"

"Plague take that Yankee girl, Pertine, why can't she stay away one week?" Now, don't let your temper rise, Uncle dear—keep still one moment. It is beautiful here now; the old hills rise one above the other crowned with trees, and the feet of hills are washed by the little stream. Fleta, I live but twenty-five miles from you, on the "Shore Line." Black-Eyes, a kiss. Oliver, a shake of the hand, and a *kiss* if you *want it*. Both of you must consider it a *rare favor*. But Uncle is getting uneasy and naughty again. Good-bye. From "impertinent" PERTINE.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

THE long evenings are upon us, so now is the time to draw round the fire and chat over the puzzles, etc. Some time ago I found in *Forrester's Playmate* something concerning spelling that has afforded me a great deal of amusement; it was to ask persons who considered themselves good spellers, to write this sentence—"A cobbler's pony ate an apple from a peddler's wagon"—and many a time I have tried the experiment, nine out of ten spelling one or two words incorrectly. Just try it on some of the unsophisticated ones, and let me know the result.

H. A. Danker wins the prize for September, although several of our best puzzlers are yet to be heard from, and I expect to have to distribute more than one prize.

I offer the same again for the October pazzles.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

158. *Why* does B come before C?
Lizzie G.

159. Take a letter from a surname, and leave a garment. *Fred Judson.*

160. A mercantile abbreviation, the father of a Jewish leader, and a musical instrument, make a low jest. *Uncle Joe.*

161. The red man tracked the white man home,
To seize his honest gains,
And trailed my first around the house,
Wrapping it up in flames.

A very simple thing my next,
Pray tell what it can be—
Although 'tis always in your eye,
It may be hard to see.

My whole when used as medicine
Is either good or bad,
But when 'tis used as beverage,
It drives a strong man mad.
Jean Quilp.

162. My first is a nickname, my second (in sound) is a pronoun, my third (in sound) is a letter of the alphabet, my fourth (in sound) is what we should do to evil. My whole is desirable for all. *Eddie.*

163. Take away my first letter, I remain the same; take away my second letter, I am the same; take away all my letters, I am still the same.
Blondin.

164. What flight can be accomplished without wings? (No "flight of fancy.") *Nobody.*

165. What letter will make liquor laugh? *Ellian and Blue-Bell.*

166. How can "know nothing" be spelled without any letters? *Bess.*

167. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 6, 15 is a request or command.
My 13, 7, 3 is an exclamation.
My 11, 10, 7, 4, 5 children dearly love.
My 1, 2, 9, 4, 8, 3 is generally found in a kitchen.
My 14, 12, 16 belongs to the animal (bird and beast), mineral, and vegetable kingdoms.
My whole is found on the Eastern Hemisphere. *E. W. Davison.*

168. Entire, I am generally beneficial to poor people; I am composed of six letters, and in me may be found—1, a geological formation; 2, dilatory habit; 3, a poem; 4, a stiff breeze; 5, a kind of bail; 6, a belle's characteristic; 7, an Englishman's delight; 8, a well-known institution; 9, a period of time; 10, a delicate article; 11, a boy's nickname; 12, an interjection. *Henry A. Danker.*

169. I am composed of 20 letters:
My 10, 6, 13, 20, 9, 18, 16, 11, 14 means the same.
My 8, 19, 5, 4, 15 is often very disagreeable, sometimes the reverse.
My 2, 3, 7, 12 is a dance.
My 1, 11, 17 is a nickname.
My whole is an important event.
Blondin.

170. Decipher this sentence.

P
U M
U S E
O U R M
O R Y
Y F
A

Young Joe.

171. I am composed of 20 letters:
My 20, 5, 17, 6 is a public treasury.
My 14, 3, 9, 16 is very small.
My 15, 12, 4, 10 is to cut.
My 13, 18, 8, 1 is a quick motion; or let my 1 and 13 change places, and it becomes what has never been seen.
My 2, 11, 19, 7 is a man's name, mentioned in Scripture; or let my 2 and 19 change places, and it is the name of a place.
My whole, if rightly understood, is a contemptuous retort.
J. W. S.

172. Entire, I am an unloved member of creation; behead me, and I am an interjection; behead again, and see where all the world once resided; change my second for a p, and you will see the subject of a pretty poem in the MUSUEM.
Henry Bowles.

173. My first is to linger or desire,
My second bounds the sea,
My third a husband, son, or sire,
Or master stern may be:
My whole each day in South Street flock,
And earn their living on the dock.
X. T. C.

174. ENIGMATICAL WORDS.

(*In sound.*)

1. Country peer.
2. Morsel change.
3. Garrison garment.
4. Champion robe.
5. Color tardy.
6. A seat medicine.

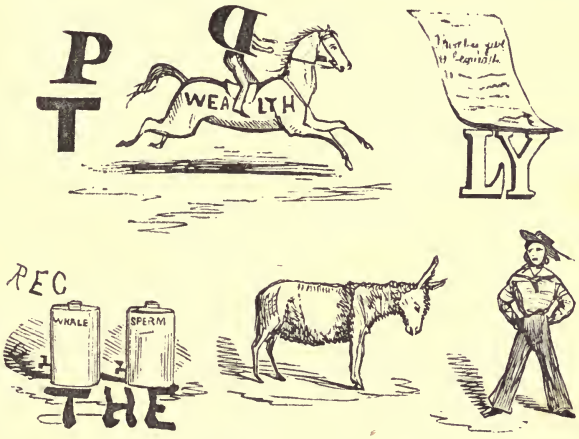
Henry A. Danker.

The following enigma is specially dedicated to Black-Eyes, Daisy W., and all others who ask for simple enigmas, by Aunt Sue.

175. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 5, 7, 13 is what tin pans are made of.
My 9, 11, 12 is what people shoot with.
My 5, 6, 4 is a definite article.
My 10, 11, 8 makes people laugh.
My 3, 2, 1, 4, 1 was Aaron's brother.
My 14 is a letter that is sometimes a vowel.
My whole is something funny.

176. 10005001100150. *Fleta Forresrer.*

177. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.



Answers to Questions in Sept. No.

116. Injustice.

117. Spark, park, spar, asp, par.

118. Fortune favors the bold, honor favors the arts.

119. Semispheroidal.

120. Misanthrope.

121. Matrimony.

122. Milwaukee.

123. 1. Barnwell. 2. Edgefield. 3. Beaufort. 4. Darlington. 5. Marion. 6. Newberry. 7. Greenville. 8. Richland.

124. Gilbert Go-ahead.

125. Mild mid ill. ("1001" MI, "50" L, "500" D, etc.)

126. Otto.

127. 1. Canterburybell. 2. Pink. 3. Stockjelly. 4. Four-o'clock.

128. 1. Because it is often hidden in the breast. (*H. A. Danker* says, "Because it is tasteless when cold.") 2. Whisky. 3. Infancy. (*Lilla Harrison* says, "Yellow—yell oh! —sea." "Go up head," Lilla.—A. S.)

129. Baton Rouge.

130. Both cast a shadow *as long as the sun shines.*

131. 1. Teak-Kate. 2. Car-arc. 3. Gnu-gun. 4. Tale-teal. 5. Lake-leak.

132. Louise (Lo! you I see). (*Jeannie Parker* says, "Mercy!")

133. Aunt Sue's Scrap-bag.

134. Mid.

135. Because he is candid. (*W. P. L.* says, "Because he is refined.")

136. John Chrysostomus Wolfang Amadeus Mozart.

137. Diet cures more than physic. (Die T cur E S m oar thand [less D] phiz ic.)

H. A. Danker answers 116, 117, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 126, 127, 129, 130,

132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, and part of 128 and 131.

Anna W. N.—116, 117, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 126, 127, 129, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, and part of 128 and 131.

Ned W.—116, 117, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 126, 127, 129, 131, 132, 136, 137, part of 128 and 131.

Lilla Harrison.—116, 117, 120, 121, 122, 123, 129, 132, 133, 136, 137, part of 127, 128, 131.

Fleta Forrester.—116, 117, 120, 121, 122, 123, 126, part of 128 and 131.

Sam.—117, 121, 123, 126, 131, 134, part of 128.

Jeannie Parker answers correctly—4.

C. M. Gibbs.—4.

Mattie M. Caswell.—4 (and is the only one who answers 125)

Blue-Eyes.—3.

Bess.—3.

W. P. L.—121, 123, 134, and part 127, 128, 131.

Ida E. Lane.—117, 123, 134.

M. M. M.—121, 122, 123.

Fred Judson.—123, 128—1.

Anna Hazel-Eyes.—123

Frank, Alpha, and Bertha each answer 13.

Rosa Redwood.—117, 121, 122, 123, 129, 130, 137, part of 127, 128, 131.

Adrian.—117, 120, 121, 123, 126, 129, 134, 136, 137, part of 127, 128, 131.

D. P. and W. W. W.—123, 124, 127, 134, part of 128.

Homely Face.—117, 122, 126, 135.

Sam Slick (alias Orange Street.—116, 117, 118, 119, 121, 122, 123, 124, 131, 134, 136, part of 127, 128.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W. Hall.—If you notice the remarks made in the October number concerning No. 100, I think you will be satisfied about the *fairness* of the question.

Orange Street.—Don't speak of "trouble," I *like* to receive your letters, not only because they are so nicely written, but because they are *hearty*.

Ida E. Lane.—Of course I am that same individual. I don't know about the "good." I was afraid you were all getting tired of the "definitions." "Come in" very often.

Sam.—All right!

C. M. Gibbs.—I quite agree with you that "the cousins ought to send me original puzzles, or none." We never need borrow any while your kind interest lasts. With regard to "definitions," see remarks to Ida E. Lane. Your "scrap" contains a libel on the *un-fair* sex—I really can not indorse it. It is rather funny that you should have forgotten your own child in the September number.

Willie H. C.—I'll *never* do it again. "I shames wiz my face!"

Eddie.—Don't despair; you get along bravely.

Blue-Eyes.—Why *didn't* you "send the July answers?"

Lilla Harrison.—Maunder's Biography, instead of "Gotleib," gives "Amadeus;" Parley's Biography, "Theophilus." "When doctors disagree" *I* wouldn't undertake to decide.

Homely Face.—I am sorry you "don't know how to solve anagrams;" perhaps I can help you. In your letter now before me is a word which I transpose thus—NICE DAD. Now write, or rather *print*, those letters on paper, then cut all the letters separate, and move them about until you get the original word. I don't know whether to tell you that "nice dad" has reference to the "deacon" or not; on reflection, I think I won't mention it. Will you send me your address?

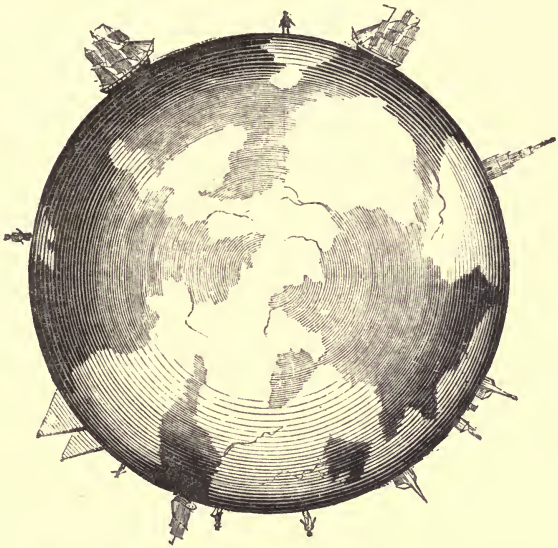
Rosa Redwood.—You forgot to send the answers with your bouquet of flowers. Of course we will have the "definitions" again; I am quite glad to find they are so generally liked. I will attend to the anagram.

Sam Slick.—I accept the amendment; but not any of the Spielkopanhagandunderblitzendeschensprekenboop thank you!

Thanks for puzzles, etc., to *Alpha, W. P. L., C. M. Gibbs, Bertha, Frank, Orange Street, H. A. Danker, Ned W., Fleta Forrester, Golden-Haired Effie, D. P.*, and *W. W. W., Sam Slick, Rosa Redwood, Thomas Hood.*

Love to *Dew-Drop, Marien, Daisy W., Imogen Latham, Aunt Mattie*, and *Variable-Eyed Josie.*

Answers too late for credit last month, from *E. W. Hall* (15); *Orange Street* (10); *M. M. M., Nell C. B., A. N. C. Arr*, and *Eddie.*



SOMETHING ABOUT GEOGRAPHERS.

UNTIL about the sixteenth century after Christ, the unlearned, and even the wise men of the world did not know much about Geography. They had many very strange and fanciful ideas, which they believed as firmly as if they were true.

The ancient Greeks supposed the earth to be a vast plain, surrounded by the ocean; underneath were the regions of Elysium, or Paradise, and Tartarus, the place of punishment. The great arch of the heavens rested on the highest mountains. They thought, too, that the sun, moon, and stars rose from the waves of the sea, and set in them, so that those people who lived far on the western edge of the earth could hear the hissing sound which the sun made when it dipped into the ocean!

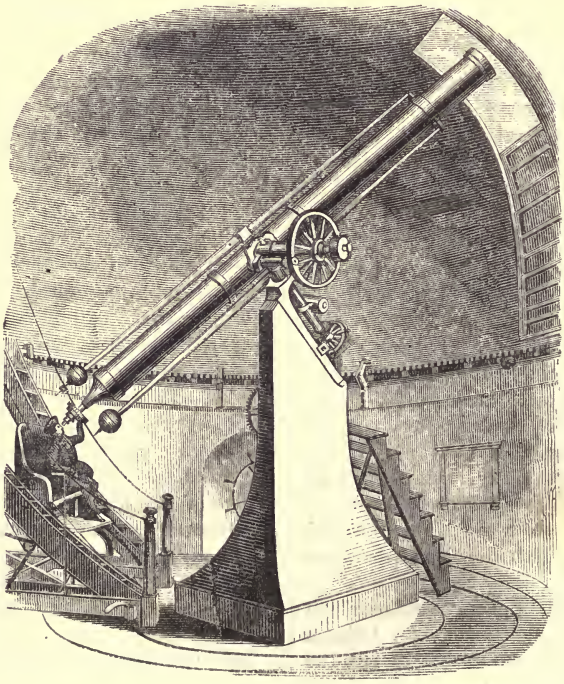
Other philosophers hearing about the tides of the ocean, how twice a day it rises up and dashes far into the shore, and then gradually flows back, leaving the beach bare and dry, imagined that the earth was a great living monster, and the tides were caused by his breathing! Others thought it was shaped like a boat, and others that it was a cylinder.

The great poet Homer had very strange ideas, to us who know so much about the world. To him Colchos was the very eastern edge of the earth, and there he imagined the palace stood where the sun rested his fiery steeds, and whence he drove them every morning, when starting on his daily course through the sky. Far up to the north, at the mouth of the sea of Azoff, the Cimmerians lived in perpetual darkness, never cheered by one ray of the sun's light. Homer's knowledge of what was south and west of Greece was just as vague and limited.

But you must not imagine that none

of the wise philosophers of antiquity had learned more than this of the world they lived in. There were a great many men who devoted their lives to such studies, and of course they often discovered some great truth, but the difficulty was to make others believe what they had discovered. It is very hard to make men give up their old opinions and receive new ones, as you will see from the little sketch of the early geographers which I will write for you. First there came Pythagoras, who lived about 590 years before Christ. He taught his pupils that the earth was round, and that the sun was the center round which the earth moved. But Pythagoras was compelled to teach these things secretly, for the pagan priests persecuted his followers, who were imprisoned, banished, and some even killed, because they believed what he taught! So it was not long before all Pythagoras' hard-earned knowledge was forgotten, and men went on believing the foolish fables they had first been taught.

Another great man, who could study out things that no one was able to tell him, and who was not afraid to think for himself, was Ptolemy, an Egyptian, who lived A.D. 130. He did not get so near the truth as Pythagoras, however, for he thought the *earth* was at rest in the center, while the sun, moon, and planets moved round her. After his time the matter was not much studied till, in the sixteenth century, Nicholas Copernicus, of Poland, became convinced that old Pythagoras was right, and published a



book explaining his system. But Europe was still ignorant, and the book of Copernicus did not receive much encouragement.

In the same century, a few years later, Galileo, the great Italian astronomer, made his telescope and examined the heavens with it, learning many things of which all the wise men before him were ignorant. But the world was still too ignorant for Galileo, and he was persecuted for his knowledge. When an old man of more than three-score years and ten, he was compelled, on his knees, to deny the truths which he had spent his life in learning; and afterward, because he insisted that the earth turned on its axis, he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and died soon after, aged eighty-four.

You all know how this assurance, that the earth was round, influenced Christopher Columbus, and determined him to seek India by sailing west. It is singular, too, that he planned his voyage by relying on two errors—one was that the earth was much smaller than it really is, and the other, that Asia stretched much farther to the east than it does. Nevertheless, through these mistakes, he gained courage to sail west, and thus discovered our grand and beautiful New World, and won for himself a never-dying fame.

There were many other celebrated geographers besides those I have mentioned. After Columbus made his discoveries, many of the old ideas of the world's surface were changed. A new and unknown continent was open to travelers, and it took a long time to explore it and learn its exact position. Then the Pacific Ocean had to be crossed, and all its wonderful islands discovered one by one. Oh! those were grand times for venturous young men to seek new lands, and bring home strange woods, and spices, and flowers, to walk through groves that no white man had ever before seen, and sail in blue waters that no ship had ever before floated in. But it required courage to seek those wild, strange places, and it was many, many years, before the knowledge, which every little child in our schools has now, was gained by the world; and even now there is much to learn. There are wonders hidden in the earth beneath us, and in the heavens above us, that perhaps some of the Merry family may yet grow wise enough to discover. For all knowledge has a small beginning, and every philosopher was once a little child learning simple truths from those who were older and wiser than he.

Even now, some very remarkable discoveries are being made, which have given to the world an entirely new idea of Africa. A few years ago, this great continent was considered as one vast desert, except a narrow strip running along the shores, and of this very little was known. Within the last twenty years great discoveries have been made by adventurous travelers, who have penetrated deep into the heart of the continent, and found extensive regions of rich, beautiful country, abounding in rivers and lakes, mountains, forests, and plains, and inhabited by multitudes of people, all of them black, but many of them far superior to the races we have been accustomed to. They cultivate the ground, live quietly among themselves, and entertain hospitably the strangers that come to them; and they earnestly desire missionaries to come and teach them and their children.

PAUL GOLDSCHMEID, THE BOY FIDDLER.

BY FRITZ.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE death of his mother left a blank in the heart of poor little Paul that naught could fill so well as music; and after the mournful funeral, he bade adieu to the good people of his native town, and started on his way to that haven and hope of all young artists—Dresden—far-famed Dresden—where the inhabitants are so fond of music that they must each and every one have a nightingale to hang in the window, so as to sing them to sleep with its unsurpassed melody.

As he trudged along the dusty way, from one town to another, his little mind was busy thinking of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, the master spirits of music. "Oh!" said he often to himself, "I can now hear sometimes the sublime melodies of those great men."

Paul always could gain a lodging or a meal by simply playing a lively tune on his Cremona, and, better still, all the kind people would bless him on his way, and wish the boy-fiddler success. So by the time he reached the great city of Dresden, the German

Florence, he was in the happiest of moods. The first day he wandered through the city quite bewildered. The splendid palaces, the grand private residences, and magnificent art galleries sent the little boy, without the heart to play a tune, for very weariness with wonders, to a welcome bed in a little inn. But the next day Paul took his box containing his little prize, the precious fiddle, and started forth in search of that for which he had come all the way to Dresden, namely, that he might obtain some humble place in one of the many orchestras in the city. But, ah! now the little fellow was to find that city hearts are not as open and free as country hearts. Those who have lived long shut up in brick, stone, and mortar seem to have imbibed a little of the stony dust, and thus always present a hard surface to the stranger. At least Paul found it so; for that night, when he paid his last grotschen for lodging, he remembered that everywhere he had been spurned and driven away, and that when he asked leave to play even one tune, to show his ability, he had ever been told that he was too young to play well, and had better go home. Paul went to sleep that night with tears on his cheeks, and he dreamed of his mother.

The third morning of his stay in the city had now come, and Paul went out this day to earn his bread, for he had had no breakfast. It was about nine o'clock, when all men were going to their factories, shops, and stores. "Now," thought Paul, as he rose up under the great statue of Mozart, on the Library step—"now," thought he, "Mozart, the soul of music, will accompany me." He opened his box, and as he took out his fiddle a few of the passers-by stopped out of curiosity. Paul was thinking still of Mozart. He raised his instrument, and at the first soft note the crowding throng stopped, and all eyes were turned on the little figure beneath the statue. Paul played on; the crowd grew. He thought still of Mozart, and saw not the breathless throng before him; his bow moved up and down unconsciously; his fingers danced along the strings untold. Paul was dreaming of Mozart as he drew the last strain low and tremulous. Now, he saw the crowd before him. He was frightened; but the people showered down upon him little copper and silver coins until he was tired of stooping for them. Just as he was picking up the last penny, and the crowd had left him to think of other matters, he felt some one touch his arm. He glanced around. It was an old gray-headed man; yet there was fire in his eye, and he seemed highly excited. "My boy," said he, "come with me! Where did you learn such music?" Paul trembled, for he never had spoken with so grand a looking man before. "Oh," said Paul, "I learned this little simple way by myself, and I have come to Dresden to learn more, but no one is willing to give me employment or instruction, so I have to make a beggar of my fiddle." The old man was pleased with Paul's modesty almost as much as with his talent, and took him home with him to dinner. After Paul had dined he played another tune, and then the old gentleman told Paul that he was Leader of the Grand Orchestra of Dresden, and would establish him in that as soon as he had mastered the musical exercises which were necessary to prepare him for so high a place. Paul was overjoyed. He labored diligently; and six months

found him the youngest, most ardent, and one of the most promising members of the Royal Orchestra. * * *

We will now pass over five short years of Paul's now uneventful life. We find him the same intelligent, cheerful, and earnest musician that we have known earlier. He has made vast advance in art; but time and space forbid that we should more than describe Paul's greatest triumph—the reward of his labor and perseverance. The reader must imagine a large hall, with three tiers or galleries, and of these the lower gallery filled entirely by musical critics, artists, and amateurs. The other galleries are crowded with the richly dressed and intelligent audience which always attend a musical entertainment at Dresden. The occasion which has called out so great a number is one long to be remembered. Paul's friend, the Leader of the Orchestra, has died, mourned by all; but the citizens have a duty to perform in placing another in his position, and to-night six of the best musicians of Dresden are to compete for that honor, by playing before the audience each a composition of his own—the instrument to be used being the violin. You can imagine the stillness of the vast company as each plays his most finished production, and also the bursts of applause which each in return receives.

Our friend Paul is the last one to play. The whole audience can see him tremble as he rises. He is highly excited, but with lips firmly closed, and eyes fixed on the portrait of his loved and revered Mozart, he begins his piece. His mind goes back to his younger days, as he plays, and he forgets the occasion, the audience, and the prepared composition which he had labored on for months. For the first time since he played to the busy throng in the streets of Dresden is he found to improvise. His thoughts are of the sad death of old Ernest, his father, who was drowned in the Rhine.

But the audience know not the story. At first, they are astonished at what seems a careless way of playing, but soon they are more astonished. As they listen, they can hear plainly from within the violin the sound as of waves gurgling and splashing against a boat-side, and then rippling away. Soon the waves grow louder in their dashing, and the sound of a roaring wind is heard; fiercer and fiercer it seems to blow. A plunging sound comes next; and then a low sorrowful wail, like the moan of a despairing woman. A shudder ran through the audience. Paul's violin seemed imbued with life, for now it sobbed forth lower and more tremulous; and as he sank into his seat, exhausted with excitement, his own burning eyes were the only dry ones in the house. When the audience had recovered their equanimity, they with loud acclaim declared Paul worthy the highest musical position in Germany. And if you go to Dresden to-day, you may find the renowned Paul Goldschmeid leading the Royal Orchestra as they perform his sublime compositions.

THERE are our loved ones in their rest!
They've crossed Time's river; now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore;
But *there* pure love can live—can last.
They look for *us* their home to share,
When we in turn away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river!

A LITTLE BOY TO HIS ONLY SISTER.

WHAT a precious little pearl
Is our laughing baby girl!
Fairies, playing hide-and-seek,
Find within her dinted cheek—
Find beneath her double chin,
Sweetest spots to nestle in.

See her liquid loving eyes,
Bright as bits of bluest skies;
Clear as little silver lakes
Where no dimpling ripple breaks,
Drooping fringes guarding well—
Hiding half they have to tell.

Rosy lips, whose curvings show
Just a tiny coral bow—
Ruby gates, that part to free
Lute-like tripping tones of glee;
Not to speak, and not to crow,
Not a pearly tooth to show;
Only now to trill "ha, ha,"
Trying vainly for "pa-pa."

Now her folded palms she clasps—
Now she stoops and quickly grasps
Soft pink cushions, fringed with rows
Of tiny curling taper toes.
Now she pulls the flowing lace,
Twirls a collar out of place,
Crumples in her doubled fist
Ribbon bows before they're missed;
Throws the pin her fingers free,
On the floor with laughing glee,
Straightens out the glossy curl
With a sudden jerking whirl,
And with curious look meanwhile,
Wonders why you do not smile.

See her spring with joyous bound
To the home her heart has found!
Cheek against her mother's pressed,
Or nestling in a silken vest;
Turning up her winsome face
To enforce the close embrace.
Smacking with a hearty kiss
That whispers, "Won't you love for this?"
While the little asking eye
Waits for shaking in reply—
Waits, again to hear us say,
Though she hears it every day—
"What a precious little pearl
Is our WINNIE, winsome girl!"

Frailest "earthen vessels" hold
Gems more precious far than gold.
He who gave the jewel rare,
Long in love the casket spare!
Thus we leave her to His care.

KRUNA.

A BOY WITH TOO MUCH CURIOSITY.

I WILL tell you the story at once. The boy's father had gone off somewhere, and, contrary to custom, had left his tool-chest unlocked. "Now," thought Alberto, as he raised the lid of the chest, "I'll improve my chance, and see what the old man keeps here;" and with a gleam of delight in his eye, he began to overhaul saws, planes, chisels, and other like things—pausing, at times, to examine some of the more curious tools a little more closely, or to select a few nails and screws to put into his pocket. His eye finally rested

on a paper carefully laid away in the bottom of the chest. "What can be in it?" thought he. "I will soon find out. Hurrah! Just the stuff I want."

So he poured out a quantity for his own use, under the impression common among boys, that a great deal of fun may be flashed out of powder. He then bored a hole in some suitable place, rammed into it a liberal charge, and gave the touch necessary for an explosion. But no explosion followed, and the boy had great curiosity to see how the thing was working, and to ascertain the cause of the delay. So he put his face close to the hole, looked searchingly in, and—BANG!! The contrivance blew up rather sooner than was expected, and there was a loud scream at the same instant. The result, in fact, was pretty serious. Alberto's face, all one side of it, was dreadfully scorched and blackened, and his left eye was so much injured that, for several days, it was thought to be entirely destroyed.

That boy, you see, had a little too much curiosity. Curiosity is a good thing, if rightly directed. I don't care how earnestly anybody tries to pry into the secrets of science and wisdom. But there are some things about which you had better not be curious. You will get damaged, less or more, if you attempt to pry into them. It won't do, for instance, to look curiously into an auger-hole, especially if it has been charged with powder and touched with a match. THE OLD MAJOR.

A CARELESS HEN.—"John, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest, this morning?" "No, sir. If the old hen laid any, she mislaid them."

SHADOWS.

How one dreads to feel the shadows
  Creeping slowly o'er the heart,
Shutting out the golden sunshine,
  Bidding hope and love depart;
Blighting all in earth that's lovely,
  Shutting out the summer skies,
Making life so sad and dreary,
  That tears have oft bedewed the eyes.

Sunshine and storm how very sadly
  Chase each other o'er this world,
Casting shadows o'er the future,
  And a mist before us hurled.
But we have a Friend in heaven,
  When the misty shadows rise
O'er the heart's fair lovely garden,
  That will hear the fainting sighs,

And will draw the misty curtain
  From the heart's sequestered cell,
Planting love's dew-spangled flowers,
  Where the sunshine loves to dwell.
And by His own omnipresence
  Fill our hearts with love and peace,
Shutting out the lone dark shadows,
  Bidding darkness ever cease.

O! then, when the storms and shadows
  Freeze our hearts so cold and chill,
May His love steal in our bosoms,
  Like a sunbeam o'er the rill.
Yes, let us learn, so like the daisies,
  To look up where God doth dwell,
Where the shadows never enter
  With their chilling, blighting spell.

FEZZA.

DO DAILY AND HOURLY YOUR DUTY; do it patiently, thoroughly. Do it as it presents itself; do it at the moment, and let it be its own reward. Never mind whether it is known or acknowledged or not, but do not fail to do it. Do not think of yourself as a mortal, but as an immortal. Fear nothing but sin. Fear nothing but a mean action.

GEORGE AND MINNIE.

WHO does not love the little lambs? Everything about them suggests the idea of innocence; and they are ever its acknowledged emblem, from the days of the Hebrews down to ours. The form of the little creatures, the rounded outline, the color, the softness, the easy light motions, are so pretty. Who can pass them unheedingly? How they climb one after another upon a knoll, till they are almost as thick as its buttercups and daisies, and jump about and play. No animals are as much like healthy, happy children, as lambs at play. Children call it fun, to watch them while they skip and play; every movement is light and graceful, and then when they are tired, away they run with a "ba," to their mothers. Sometimes the mother dies, and the lamb is obliged to be reared by hand, as a pet, or cosset, and is so gentle and loving that it even gets into the house, as if it were a great kitten, and makes every one love it. George and Minnie had each such a lamb, given them by their father. This was a good thing for the motherless lambs, and also a good thing for the children, as they took all the care of feeding them, and it seemed to make their dispositions more kindly every day. Doing good actions always has this effect on the *doer*, and that in itself is a rich reward, besides the approving conscience and the praises of friends, which it is perfectly right for any child to love, and which friends ought to give to the deserving, "full measure heaped up and running over."

Loving thus tenderly the little cosset lambs, George and Minnie grew daily gentle and loving, on all occasions. Minnie called hers "Softie," and George named his "Frisky." George's lamb was older than his sister's. At night, after having their supper, the little woolly things would cuddle close together, and after one or two "baas" would fall asleep. The children loved these pets better than any toys, and they were in some danger of loving them to the neglect of their books, for every spare minute out they would go, and scamper and tumble about with them in the green yard, and feed them with something very nice from the garden—some young sprouts, a carrot top, or a bit of celery, or parsley—they were always offering something, to see if they'd like it. Often they were decked with flowers, sometimes larkspurs and syringas, and again with bright red clover blossoms. Minnie would often sit with her arms around Softie's neck

and talk and sing, till they were all as joyous and happy as little birds.

I have thought that a shepherd's life must be one of the most delightful to be imagined. The whole flock must so love their kind shepherd, for you know they are very quiet little creatures and follow readily wherever he chooses to lead them.

Up the mountains of Switzerland, you will see not only the cows grazing, but the sheep and lambs are quite at home there during the summer months. I have thought that the Alpine shepherds must have their hearts full of great and holy thoughts. As they are roaming by day they are surrounded by the most charming scenery, and in the stillness of night what wonders they do behold! Truly their lives should be like a sweet and holy psalm of praise.

You have all read the hymn of good Dr. Watts:

"While shepherds watched their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around," etc.

Think of those favored shepherds in Syria, under that sky which is always a wonder of beauty, but at this particular time how they lift their heads one after another, and then, as a strange light tinges the tips of their crooks, "what is it?" they say, trembling. The marvelous light increases, till the multitudes of the fleecy sleepers, which lie like soft balls thickly dotted over the plain and hillsides, are illuminated, as it were. The stars are outshone by the brightness. The shepherds spring to their feet, gazing eagerly. "Is it the Aurora Borealis?" "No! no!" They fall to their faces in adoration, as they perceive that it is a heavenly vision. "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host." Who can imagine the strains, when they sang the anthem of the birth of the Saviour, and peace on earth—good-will to men?

Christ is called the "Good Shepherd." He loves his sheep and lambs. He will gather them in His arms and carry them in His bosom. He will lead them into green pastures and beside the still waters.

Dear little lambs do not wander off upon the mountains. Listen to the voice of the Good Shepherd. Love Him and He will love you.

COUSIN LOTTIE.

THE ECHO.

A LITTLE boy, whose name was George, as yet knew nothing of the echo. On one occasion, when left alone in the meadow, he cried loudly, O! O! when he was directly answered from the hill close by, O! O! Surprised to hear a voice without seeing any person, he cried out loudly, "Who are you?" The voice replied, "Who are you?" He then screamed out, "You are a silly fellow," and "silly fellow" was answered from the hill.

This only made George more angry, and he went on calling the person, whom he thought he heard, nicknames, which were all repeated exactly as he uttered them. He then went to look for the boy, in order to strike him, but he could find no one.

So he ran home and told his mother an impudent fellow had hid himself behind the trees on the hill, and called him nicknames. Having explained to his mother what had taken place, she said to him:

"George, my boy, you have deceived yourself. You have heard nothing but the echo of your own words; if you had called out a civil word toward the hill, a civil word would have been given back in return.

"So it is," said the mother, "in life, with boys and girls, men and women. A good word generally produces a good word, or as the wise man said, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' If we smile on the world, the world will smile on us; if we give frowns, we shall have frowns in return. If we are uncivil and unkind toward others, we can not expect anything better from then in payment."

THE ELEPHANT.

Calm amid scenes of havoc, in his own
Huge strength impregnable, the elephant
Offendeth none, but leads a quiet life
Among his own cotemporary trees,
Till nature lays him gently down to rest
Beneath the palm, which he was wont to make
His prop in slumber; there his relics lay
Longer than life itself had dwelt within them.
Bees, in the ample hollow of his skull,
Pile their wax citadels, and store their honey;
Thence sally forth to forage through the fields,
And swarm in emigrating legions thence;
There little burrowing animals throw up
Hillocks beneath the over-arching ribs;
While birds, within the spinal labyrinth
Contrive their nests;—so wandering Arabs pitch
Their tents amid Palmyra's palaces;
So Greek and Roman peasants build their huts
Beneath the shadows of the Parthenon,
Or on the ruins of the Capitol.

Montgomery.

THE CHRISTMAS DOLLAR.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE town-clock struck four, as Mr. Laurentius, the proprietor of a large manufactory, was paying the wages of his workmen. It was full two hours before the ordinary closing time, yet each one received the same as usual. It was the evening before the Christmas festival, when every one bought something for his loved ones. In the city in which the rich and honest Mr. Laurentius lived, it had been the custom, time out of mind, to hold a market, the six days before Christmas, called Christmas market, where a great many things were offered for sale, suitable for presents. Parents came here to buy presents for their children; masters and mistresses for their servants; brothers and sisters bought various things, according to their means, for each other and their friends, which were distributed Christmas evening or early Christmas morning. Mr. Laurentius had neither wife nor children, brothers nor sisters, for whom he could buy presents. His wife and two promising children God had taken to himself years before, and he was an only child of the former owner of the extensive manufactory. Nevertheless, it had always been his custom at Christmas to go about in a quiet way giving pleasure to others. Always on the evening before he would put a new bright dollar in his pocket, which he christened the "Christmas dollar," and go out to the market or some other public place of the city where he could meet a poor man or child, or a needy person, with whom he would enter into conversation, and procure for them, through the "Christmas dollar," a merry Christmas.

This time Mr. Laurentius walked down the street that passed the church of St. Mary. There was but little

snow on the ground, and it was pretty cold. The moon's clear, bright rays nestled lovingly upon the earth. As he came near the church he discovered before the image of the holy Mary, which was carved from marble and stood in a prominent position, a boy upon his knees. His cap lay near him on the ground, and his hands were firmly clasped. From his loud sobs and broken words, Mr. Laurentius distinctly perceived that he was in earnest prayer. He remained at a little distance awaiting the closing of his devotions. "For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever, Amen." So said the boy as he arose from the ground. "Oh, our Father, Thou wilt certainly help us."

"Yes, my son, the good Father in heaven will help you," said Mr. Laurentius, as he came up to the boy and grasped his hand. "Believe me, He has already answered your prayer, by sending me to help you. For whom were you praying so devoutly?"

"For my father," the boy answered, with tears in his eyes.

"Who is your father?"

"He is the day laborer Staris, and we live in No. 16, third story, Market Street. My father is very sick with nervous fever, and mother says he will soon die. We could not have a physician, for we have no money with which to pay him and buy medicine. Oh, how much my good father has suffered! He does not know us any longer. Sometimes he talks about hunting, sometimes of a long journey, and then of his work. What will become of our mother and of us children, if father should die!"

"How old are you?" inquired Mr. Laurentius, sympathetically; "and what is your name?"

"I am not quite twelve years old; my name is George, and I have four brothers and sisters."

"I see that you are a good and pious boy," said Mr. Laurentius, "and that you are very kind to your parents, so I will make you a little present. Go home now and give this money to your mother to buy necessaries for your sick father and for the rest of you. To-morrow I will come and see you, and give you further assistance."

With these words this kind-hearted man gave the boy the "Christmas dollar." Politely bowing to his unknown benefactor, thanking him with tears in his eyes, his cap pressed tightly under his left arm, George ran home to use the money as he had been directed.

Happy in the thought that his Christmas dollar would do so much good, Mr. Laurentius kept on to the market. Large, brilliantly illuminated stalls full of all kinds of beautiful toys drew the attention of a swelling crowd of people. There were stalls full of bright little tin dishes, plates, candlesticks, pails, and many other things that looked as pretty in the brilliant light as the most beautiful silverware. There were a great many gingerbread stalls, with a great number of people waiting for their turn to buy some; for, as you know, gingerbread plays an important *rôle* with boys and girls. Is it not so, my young friends? And oh, there were a great many other things to see, and all of you who have ever seen a Christmas market in all its magnificence will know what I mean. Mr. Laurentius looked with pleasure upon all of these things, and thought of his own childhood; but wanting nothing, he turned his steps homeward. All at once there was a great disturbance in a row of stalls where dolls were kept for sale by

women. All the people about ran thither. Mr. Laurentius also went to see what was the trouble. One of the doll-dealers was abusing a poor little girl. "You simpleton, you little cheat," cried she to the child; "how can you ask such a thing of me? Are you not ashamed to bring such a doll here and ask me to buy it? Take yourself off or I will call the police. Who would believe there could be so much cunning and deceit in a child!"

Of all those standing around no one took the part of the child. Mr. Laurentius pressed through the gazing crowd to the child. She was crying, and had her face covered with her apron.

"What is the matter?" inquired he in a pleasant tone of voice. "What have they done to you, my little daughter? What did you do?"

The doll-dealer commenced to tell the stranger her story, but Mr. Laurentius bade her be silent, for he wished to know from the child the cause of the disturbance.

"Oh, my dear sir!" stammered the child, while she hastened to the side, and put her hand in that of the stranger, thus seeking his protection, "will you help me? I did not do anything. I will tell you all about it. If you will come to my mother, you will see why that woman treated me so."

"You see, kind sir," she continued more quietly, but still crying, "my father is very sick. He has a nervous fever, and mother says that he can not live long. We can not have a doctor for him, for we have no money to pay him and to buy medicine. Oh, my dear father, he suffers so much! About an hour ago, my mother said to me: 'Henrietta, we have sold everything that we have that is valuable, to purchase something refreshing for your sick father. You have still, my dear child, a beautiful doll. There will be a thousand such things sold to-day at the market. I know that you love it very much, as a sweet keepsake from that lovely lady at Marley. But, my good child, take it to the market and see if you can not sell it for a good price. Only think, it may bring money with which you can buy something to soothe the pain of your father.' I quickly obeyed. To be sure, I felt very sorry to sell my doll, for it was my only plaything, my greatest delight. I went with it to that woman where you found me, and was already rejoicing over the money it would bring me. I asked the woman very civilly to buy my doll. She looked it all over and found it was not quite new. Then she began to call me names and scold, because I had dared to ask her something for it. It was fortunate for me that you hurried up at the right time, and saved me from further ill-treatment. I thank you for it with all my heart."

They had passed the row of stalls and now stood before a large house. "Perhaps I can sell my doll here in this house; it belongs to a rich family, and I know they have a little girl."

Henrietta was hastening into the house with her doll, when Mr. Laurentius caught her by the hand and asked her who her father was and where he lived.

"My father is the day laborer Staris," she replied, "and we live in the third story of No. 16 Market Street."

This answer pleased Mr. Laurentius, for he now knew that Henrietta was the sister of the boy to whom he had given the "Christmas dollar." "There must be great destitution in the home

of these children," thought he to himself, "but also much affection, goodness, and piety. They are really very good children. Christ once said, 'I have not found such *faith* in Israel.' I have never in my whole life seen such *affection to parents.* What will you take for your doll, my dear little daughter?" asked he very kindly of Henrietta. "I will buy it of you."

"Oh, do! good sir. You have probably a little girl at home, and perhaps it would be all the same to her, if she have a doll quite new to play with, or one a couple of months old. It is not much hurt, and you may give me what you please for it."

Mr. Laurentius had still a whole dollar in his pocket, and feeling assured that he could dispose of it here to good purpose, gave it to the little girl, telling her to hurry home to her mother, and that he would come the next day and see her parents. He kept the doll, that Henrietta might truly say she had sacrificed her dearest treasure to her parents. Both went home with cheerful hearts—Mr. Laurentius because the second dollar had become so quickly a "Christmas dollar," and Henrietta because she was carrying gladness to her dear ones.

With a cheerful manner she saluted her mother, who was busy in the kitchen. The good child commenced to relate how fortunate she had been in selling her doll, but keeping secret the whole scene with the doll-dealer, for fear of grieving her mother. But she was terrified when she observed her mother weeping, and learned from her that during her absence her father had become much worse. Strengthening drink had been procured with the money that her brother George had brought home, but the poor sick man had been able to taste but a little of it. In deepest sorrow they all stood around the couch of their protector. Everything had been quickly done for the relief of the sufferer, but it was of no avail. No prayers, no tears, no lamentations could save the loved one. The power of speech was lost, the breath became shorter and shorter, and in the night in which the Saviour of the world, *Jesus Christ*, was born, the laborer Staris died.

His end was calm and peaceful, but deep was the sorrow of those he left behind him.

On this evening, in all the houses round about, were stately Christmas trees glistening beautifully in the brilliant rays of light, and covered with gifts of love, which made happy both old and young; but the fatherless Staris children did not notice them. To them the holy eve had brought only grief and anxiety, and taken from them the greatest good of earth. They and their mother passed this first and holy night in weeping and lamentation. Christmas morning dawned, and with it the painful anxiety of the interment in their destitution.

The old grandmother, who always cast her burdens upon the Lord, firmly persisted in the assurance that God would not leave them without help in their time of need. "He will come at the right time," said she continually.

Mrs. Staris stood with clasped hands and red weeping eyes before the body of her beloved companion. Her two oldest children, George and Henrietta, stood sorrowfully near her. The grandmother was reading in her prayer-book, and the younger children were still asleep in their bed. It was just seven o'clock as there was a low knock at the door.

"Who can it be coming here so

early in the morning?" said the excited grandmother. She opened the door and invited the stranger to come in. It was Mr. Laurentius. "I see I am right," said he, as he entered and cast a glance around the room. "There is the little pious boy whom I met at the church of St. Mary, and the little doll-dealer at the Christmas market. You have not deceived me, but I find your situation more wretched than you told me or I had myself anticipated. Do you not know me?" inquired he of George, who was whispering in his mother's ear that this was the gentleman who presented him with the dollar the evening before. "Poor boy! poor girl! Is this your father?" The children, amid sobs and tears, could scarcely articulate "yes," and then burst out in violent grief.

"I will assist you," said Mr. Laurentius, after a moment's pause; for he had heard a good report of this family. "I know you are worthy, good woman; be comforted, all things shall work together for your good."

He withdrew to make the necessary preparations for the interment of the deceased. Then he sent to the poor family money, clothing, and provisions, that they might be supplied till after the funeral of the husband and father.

It was the second day after Christmas, and Mr. Laurentius was not ashamed to be present. There were many tears shed on this day, at the house, on the way to the church-yard, and at the grave of the father. But their tears were all numbered by our heavenly Father.

All this time the widow Staris and her children did not know who was their benefactor. "Pardon us," said she, modestly, "that we have not been able to express our thanks more fully for all your kindness to us."

"There is no necessity for that," answered Mr. Laurentius. "If there is still any need, you must have further assistance. The Lord has taken your husband from you; what will you say, my good woman, if I should take your eldest son George? I can make him useful in my factory."

"Oh, with the greatest pleasure would I let him go with you; I am convinced that he could find no better friend in the wide world than in you, whom God has sent as our preserving angel."

"Well, then, he may come to me at New Year's; but will he be willing to leave his mother?"

The boy was called and consulted about the matter. He was much pleased when he saw that he could relieve his mother of much domestic anxiety, and only asked permission to visit frequently his mother and sister. This would be granted, if he were a good, diligent, and honest boy. This he readily promised.

At New Year's he went to Mr. Laurentius', accompanied by his mother and Henrietta. The first thing, upon their entering his house, Mr. Laurentius returned to Henrietta her doll, and gave her material for a new dress. He also presented the mother with many things for herself and children. George was sad at parting, for he realized that he was no longer to eat at the same table or sleep under the same roof. This thought very naturally occasioned him much grief; still he remembered that he could frequently visit them, when he could see and talk with them.

The mother returned to her usual occupation, while Henrietta went to

school, and took care of her little sisters at home.

George kept his promise faithfully. He was a good and industrious boy, and was very useful to Mr. Laurentius out of school-hours. When he was fourteen, and his school-days over, he spent his whole time with Mr. Laurentius, who trusted him with everything, and on his twentieth birthday appointed him overseer of the whole manufactory. George had already been of great assistance to his mother, and now he was able, with his increased salary, to do still more for her.

Mr. Laurentius had no near relations, and his distant connections were all wealthy. During his lifetime he made George a partner, and then sole proprietor of the factory. He died when George was thirty-two years old. George immediately took his aged mother to his home, and treated her as only an affectionate and grateful child can. His sister Henrietta was well settled; and both of his brothers he assisted during their apprenticeship and travels.

And whenever he could help the unfortunate and suffering, wherever he could send joy, he did it. He never forgot the "Christmas dollar;" and he distributed it on Christmas evening, as Mr. Laurentius had once done, three, four, and five fold among the suffering poor, and particularly poor children. M. K. H.

WHY can not a deaf man be legally convicted? Because it is not lawful to condemn a man without a hearing.

THE PRIZE.

AH, my little fellow, you and your sister may think it all very pleasant and amusing to have a bird in your hand; but what would you think if some giant, whose hand your whole body would scarcely fill, should suddenly seize you, and take you about and show you? Pray be gentle toward the timid little creature, and if you took it from its home, return it quickly and relieve the distress of its parents.

Nothing can excuse cruelty to birds or other creatures. Their lives and the enjoyment of all the good gifts which a kind Providence has bestowed on them are their portion. They have nothing to expect beyond their present existence, and to put them to death or to pain merely for our amusement or curiosity, is a sin against God, and a violation of the rules of common humanity.

A PERSON asked a Grecian philosopher what he thought was the proper time to dine. "Sir," said the ancient, "the proper time to dine with the opulent is, when they choose; with the poor man, when he can."

CHRISTMAS.

A MERRY, merry Christmas!
  To crown the closing year;
Peace and good-will to mortals,
  And words of holy cheer!

What though the dreary landscape
  Be robed in drifting snow,
If on the social hearthstone
  The Christmas fire may glow?

What though the wind at evening
  Blow harsh o'er land and sea,
If eager hands and joyful
  Light up the Christmas Tree?

Soft falls its pleasing luster
  Upon the group around—
On merry laughing childhood,
  And age with glory crowned.

With eyes of rapture beaming,
  Each little guest receives
Affection's token gleaming
  From out the shining leaves.

The grand-dame greets her children,
  And smiles their joy to see,
On Christmas eves of olden
  So eager once was she.

With peace serene and beautiful
  Her waning life shall shine,
As Christmas crowns the twelvemonths
  With light and joy divine.

A. M. E.

GREAT things are not always good, but all good things are great.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

HISTORY.—When, after the battle of Aumale, in which Henry IV. of France was wounded, he inquired, from the officers collected round his bed, what had passed subsequent to his having left the field, and found that no two agreed in their narratives, he exclaimed, "And yet thus it is that history must be written!"

AMONG the many strange customs of the past, still preserved in England, is one which requires the sheriff of the city of London, or one of the under sheriffs, on any day between the feast of St. Michael the Archangel and the Morrow of St. Martin, to perform before the Queen's Remembrancer the ceremony of chopping fagots with a bill-hook and adze, as suit and service for a piece of land called the Moor, in Shropshire; and the counting of six horse-shoes and sixty-one nails, as suit and service for a piece of land called the Forge, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes. The service was performed last year on the 31st of October.

MATRIMONY.—When a young tradesman in Holland or Germany goes a courting, the first question the young woman asks of him is, "Are you able to pay the charges?" That is to say, in English, are you able to keep a wife when you have got her? What a world of misery it would prevent if the young women in all countries would stick to the wisdom of that question! "Marriage is not made of mushrooms, but of good round cakes," is one of the pithy sayings by which our ancestors conveyed the same rule of prudence.

DEATH-BED OF HUMAN GREATNESS. Clement V., during his feeble and profligate reign, amassed enormous riches by the sale of ecclesiastical benefices and by other scandalous means. He had enriched his relations and his dependents, but had not secured their gratitude. The moment his death was announced in the papal palace, all its inmates rushed upon his treasures as if they had been their lawful booty. Among his numerous household, not a single servant remained to watch the dead body of his master. The wax candles that lighted his bed of state fell upon the bed-clothes and set them on fire. The flames spread over the whole apartment; but the palace and wardrobe were so plundered, that only a miserable cloth could be found to cover the half-burnt remains of one of the richest Popes who ever governed the Church.

AN exchange tells of a parson who prefaced his sermon with, "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the chap who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

THE DIFFERENCE.—"Did you ever go to a military ball?" inquired a lively girl of an old soldier. "No, my dear," replied the old warrior, "in my days, the military balls always came to us."

IN THE WRONG BOX.—An Irish girl, on hearing her mistress read of a large number of cases of cholera occurring in a town of Austria, very innocently asked: "How many d'ye think was put in a case, mum?"

AUNT E— was trying to persuade little Eddie to retire at sundown, using, as an argument, that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddie, "but the old hen always goes with them."

THE CHICKADEE.

MOST of the members of the Merry family are acquainted with the familiar and unpretending chickadee, especially those living north of the New York and Jersey line; for this lively little bird is seldom seen south of that boundary, preferring the colder regions to the warmer. It is known by the name of Chickadee, from the resemblance of those syllables to its note in winter, when it is exploring the trees in all directions to find its favorite food.

Naturalists name it the Black-capt Titmouse, and *Parus Atricapillus.* The latter name is the Latin one, *Parus* signifying titmouse (from *Parum*, little), and *Atricapillus*, black-headed. Besides these names, in common parlance with the country people, it is simply known as Snow-bird.

Our little friend is a gregarious and familiar bird, one of the most unsuspicious of the feathered race; and although so familiar, its very confidence seems to protect it, being common in nearly every grove, and often seen in the streets and gardens of the city. Its lively motions and pleasing appearance make it a favorite with all wherever it is seen, braving the severity of the weather with indifference, seeming to delight in hopping in the snow and fluttering in the chilly blasts.

When winter advances, and our autumn and summer birds have departed for the genial southern climes, then is the time when our black-capt tits are the most lively and abundant. Should we, in the dismal month of December, when the snow on the ground lies a foot deep, visit the evergreen woods, though the red-polls or snow buntings and cross-bills are far away, or hidden in the thick tops of the yellow pine trees, we should still be greeted by a cheerful *chick-a-dee-dee.* Ever on the wing on such days, they are comfortable and merry, hopping along nearly buried in the snow, hanging head downwards on a slender twig, picking at the seeds, fluttering to remain steady in the air while examining a certain doubtful seed-bearing cone of the alder, pecking at the bark in search of insects—they seem to be created to enliven a cheerless day.

They are often accompanied by the various creepers and the pine-linnets on these winter explorations, which birds appear to trust to our little friend to find the best feeding places. The food of the titmouse at this season consists of seeds of the pine, alder, etc., and also of nuts. Insects, as spiders and ants, constitute a delicacy in the cold season. In summer, these birds resort to the thick woods, where their plaintive note, resembling the words phe-be, with rising and falling

inflections, is one of the sweetest of sylvan sounds.

Last winter one individual in his warm dress of bluish-gray, with glossy crest and throat of black, ventured in

the house through the window, and fed eagerly on crumbs and pieces of fat thrown to him; then his appetite being satisfied,

"Away he went singing his chickadee-dee,
Chicka-dee-dee, chicka-dee-dee,
And merrily singing his chicka-dee-dee." H. A. D.

TROY UNIVERSITY, N. Y., 1860.

THE FIRE.

AS I gazed from my window on the peaceful beauty of a moonlight evening, suddenly upon my ear fell the dulcet and long-drawn notes of a gallinaceous utterance.

"What dire event dost thou portend, unthinking fowl?" I muttered. And in silence and sadness I awaited the results of that lugubrious message from the unseen land. But, hark! upon the calm repose broke a piercing cry, like the shrill lament of a little boy who has lost his first jack-knife—"Fi-er! fi-er! fier! fire! fire! fire! fi!!" And scarce had the words struck upon the affrighted air, ere they were caught prolonged by the deep and solemn bass of a street perambulator. And the sounds increased and mingled in inextricable confusion, in one mass of impossible and excruciating discord: "It's the seminary!" "No—it's below Dr. Y——'s!" "It's Major G——'s!" And like the wind, they all rushed by.

As I gazed from my window, a lurid column of fire seemed shooting up into the air, and snatching my hat, I rushed to the scene of action. On my passage I met more people than one would imagine our sober town ever contained—some running post haste, some with pail in lieu of an engine; and one earnest and energetic man, with hands in his pockets, "Wa'al, if that's Joe Rockwell's barn, his house 'll be mighty likely to catch."

Two other gentlemen passed me on a full dog-trot, who had come two or three miles. I heard one observing, between his breath, "If I'd a known it was only a barn, I wouldn't have come all this way, I know."

What a pity it had not happened to be that school of the prophets, commonly denominated the Seminary! Then it would have paid, I suppose, for coming so far to see that burn! And had that *person*—I will not call him gentleman—no compassion for the multitudes of unhappy beings who would in that case be deprived of their nocturnal shelter. I can not portray my emotions at the thought of such heartlessness. The barn was doomed to destruction, sure enough. How the angry flames surged and flashed in their mad triumph, lighting up the night with terrific beauty, casting their yellow splendor over the leafless trees, and crackling and crashing in bold defiance at the vain efforts to arrest them! How the black forms flitted about here and there, resisting their farther advance! And as if fascinated, that whole crowd watched the gorgeous and terrible sight. And the pumps went, and the wet blankets went, and the people went, back and forth, hurry-skurry. And the fire, exhausted, raged fainter and fainter, and the steady column of smoke thickened, and the people thinned, and Joe Rockwell's barn was burned down.

BLUE-EYED MINNIE.

HEAT FASTER THAN COLD.—"Which can travel the fastest—heat or cold?" "Why, heat, you dunce! Can't any body catch cold?"

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

HURRA! the election is over; and though our side is defeated, and neither Aunt Sue, nor Uncle Merry, nor W. H. C., nor any other of that worthy family of true patriots is invited to take charge of the White House, we intend to submit. We are peaceable, law-abiding folks. We mean to be just as merry and good-natured as ever, and to have a good time generally, just as if we had not received this ungracious hint to keep at home and mind our own business. We do think that there ought to have been good sense enough in all the United States to secure for us at least one vote. And we trust the time is coming when the sovereign people will understand their true interests better than they now do. We can assure them that if they *had* availed themselves of the privilege we offered them, and placed any one of us in the chair, there would be an end to disunion for ever. We should have cemented the old bonds with such a superabundance of love, good-will, and glue, that no power on earth could ever have broken them. But enough of that. Hurra!

How do you do, all of you? and what have you got to say?

Listen, all—here is a letter from Kossuth. Let Austria tremble while we read it:

KOSSUTH, IOWA, *Sept.* 13, 1860.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—Please allow me, if there is room, to unite with you in your confabulations. To you all I extend the right hand of friendship, and wish you greeting. I confess that I have been delinquent in not participating in your Chat sooner, for I have been a reader of the CABINET AND MUSEUM for fourteen years. Please excuse my timidity; and if it is worth your notice, grant my say a place in your Monthly Chat. I don't know that I shall say anything that shall be pleasing or profitable; but it is a principle of human nature to wish to have a hand in all the fun that is going on. W. P. L.

Not so revolutionary, after all, as the name seemed to indicate. Austria breathes freer, and W. P. L. takes his seat.

SAN FRANCISCO, *Sept.* 10, 1860.

DEAR UNCLES MERRY AND HATCHET:—I think by this time, as the seats around the Chat table are getting more numerous, there is place for one more of the 20,000. You made a statement in your magazine that some letters were written so badly that you could not read them; although I am a bad writer, I hope it's not the case with the few that I write. I have been trying as much as possible to get some new subscribers for you, and by my next month I expect to send the names of two of my companions. I have no news of any interest to you which I can write, and I am afraid the hatchet is coming. Give my love to Aunt Sue and all the Merry cousins. I remain your friend and nephew,

LAMEN BLUM.

CHICAGO, *Oct.* 11, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—With your permission I should like to be introduced to your nephews and nieces, particularly Miss Drummond and Blue-Eyes; among the gentlemen, Coleman, Onley, and Creole. I am in hopes of being well acquainted with them after a while. Please give a stranger's love to them all, reserving a large share for yourself, and Uncles, and Aunt Sue.

LOUI T. BURNHAM.

FAIRWATER, *Oct.* 10, 1860.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—When we received the MUSEUM for October, I felt as though I must write and beg your acceptance of my thanks and love in return for your kind remembrance of me. Strangers we are in one sense, but you greet us all so pleasantly through the columns of the MUSEUM, and make the cousins feel so much at home, that we (I speak now for our family) already cherish the warmest feelings of affection and love for you, our dear Aunt Sue.

I have many cares, and time does not drag heavily with me, but flies swiftly on wings, and I must improve its pre-

cious moments, in commencing and finishing what my hands find to do. Perhaps you have already surmised that I am not one of the single cousins. To be frank with you, I am not, and I have gathered some little "olive branches" which I must trim and prune, as well as I have the gift for so doing. If I do not send the answers to puzzles every month, do not think that we are losing our interest in the MUSEUM, for that could scarcely be possible.

I succeeded in solving many of the puzzles in the August and September numbers, and now in the October number I "reckon Aunt Sue to be *smart*," and am sure we all "possess a *name*." I can repeat, "Oh, death, the poor man's dearest friend," and know that "Carlow is a town," and so forth. I have written this in haste, and intended to be brief, though perhaps I have now trespassed too much upon your time. Your affectionate niece, BELLA B.

Name, most maternal Bella! "B." must be a happy fellow.

MOUNT PROSPECT, *Oct.* 17, 1860.

Rap, rap, rap, very timidly indeed, gently, cousins, for fear of the consequences. For who likes an unwelcome reception anywhere? In truth, I am afraid Aunt Sue won't "let me in," and will order me to "stop that knocking at the door." Do you wonder when my sisters, Anna J. and Fidgetty Flirt, have not been admitted to this charmed circle of cousins, notwithstanding frequent attempts. Now, I, their elder, Anna's sister M., applies, cousins; Uncle Hiram, *may* I come in? Put it to vote, I pray. I have been watching you all "for long," and have grown up with many of you.

Willie Coleman, Oliver Olney, Fleta Forrester, and Black-Eyes, I have been admiring *you* silently for years, and wishing I knew you; or at least for the pen of a ready writer, that I might feel entitled to a place among you, and a *cousinship*. But Aunt Sue will be indignant, and Uncle H. bring down his hatchet on my devoted head.

Dear Aunt Sue, how can I *see* you to "let me in?" I'll try to be very still, and not say much, though it will be a trial to my volubility.

Let me be your very loving niece,
ANNA'S SISTER M.

Of course you did not vote for *us*. Nevertheless, we are generous, and let you in, not doubting you will do better the next time.

TROY, N. Y., *Oct.* 22, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I want to have something to say in reference to the "bee" question, which I perceive is again brought up before the public.

My views in this remarkable case are entirely opposed to those of W. H. C., C. M. Gibbs, and partly, I am sorry to say, to those of Aunt Sue.

I entirely agree with Oliver Onley in considering a bee an animal, and will endeavor to prove it to the satisfaction of all.

In the first place, a bee is an insect, and what is an insect? An animal, certainly; for, referring to the definition of the word "animal," we find that it is "an organized body endowed with life, sensation, and the power of voluntary motion; a living, sensitive, locomotive body." (*Vide* Webster's Unabridged.)

Does not the bee correspond to all these qualifications? Certainly; therefore it is an animal.

Again, in zoology, we have the bee classed under "*animalia articulata*," or jointed animals.

Now, I trust this will suffice to convince W. H. C. and C. M. G.; and as Aunt Sue is partly on my side, it needs but little argument to "fetch her over."
Yours respectfully, HENRY A. D.

What say, all of you—does this settle that vexed question, or will you argue it further? Perhaps Bella B. can tell us just what a "B" is?

SHERAMOOR, FLA., *Oct.* 17, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—For "lo! these many months" I have been a "looker-on in Venice"—anon, taking a peep at a pair of *Blue-Eyes;* casting sheep's-eyes at the maid of Fairwater; looking daggers of jealousy at some of the characters of the sterner sex who figure in the Merry group; and then, as "conscience makes cowards of us all," keeping my distance from a certain hatchet, whose mission it is to deal rather harshly with all such offenders of the peace, by chopping off their heads! But is it not a shame that, amid all this assemblage of young folks, *not one*

representative appears from the "Land of Flowers!" I feel confident that you are not to blame for this, and acting on the principle that a *poor* representation is better than *none at all*—herewith present my petition for admission.

Character! Why, the land I hail from is sufficient guarantee for that; but I will here state that I have a *very* good one. Never indulge in any bad habits; attend punctually to my business; go to church regularly; and don't go to see the girls often. Please let me know if acceptable, forthwith.

ROLAND.

Accepted, *nemine contradicente.* However, we have our Oliver, and Onley one, for that Roland.

WEST BLOOMFIELD, *Oct.* 14, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Although long a subscriber to your valuable MUSEUM, I have never written a letter to you but once, and as you published that, it has encouraged me to write again. I think our Chat improves every month. Blue-Eyes, Oliver Onley, Willie H. Coleman, and Bess have all favored us this month; and a letter from Black-Eyes is all that is wanting to make the list complete. Black-Eyes, I wish you would take me under your care, for I feel afraid of so many inquisitive glances. But there comes the hatchet, so good-bye.

NELLIE S. WHITING.

EOLIAN GROVE, 1860.

"The evening sun now gently kisses
A silent, soft good-bye."

While here I sit upon the open veranda, luxuriating gloriously on the indescribable beauties of the scene, a gentle zephyr stirs softly the smooth, shining, verdant foliage of our noble oaks—while crimson verbenas, feathery mimosas, and pale, sweet jessamines nod gracefully to receive its offered caress—and, as if in return, droop their dewy eyes, showering beauties and fragrance on earth and air. Yet, busy, tireless thought roams elsewhere now, and rests (loth to leave) with the dear, new-found friends of a *still dearer friend—our* MUSEUM. And ere night's too somber curtain falls, let me return heartfelt thanks for sweet, kind words which have been spoken, and send epistolary tokens fraught with hope and love.

Bess, *I love you*, although we have never met; there must be some magnetic influence about you, for you have "stolen my spirit as I slept—for twice two nights—and mingled it with thine." Hand-in-hand we roamed o'er flowery meadows, through dim, silent forests and along peaceful meandering streams. What means this *connection* in dreams? Are our future lives to be associated?

Daisy R——, so you think my portraiture *incorrect?* Well, *perhaps* it is. At any rate, you will *soon* be enlightened on the subject, *i. e.*, if my *most earnest importunities* for an immediate visit to Eolian Grove should avail; so come, *ma cousine, aussi vite que possible.*

Imogene L., we are acquaintances, and perhaps schoolmates. Don't you remember our meeting this summer at "Grand Junction?"

Love to "Cousin Mollie." When did you hear from Anna H.?

Oliver, *I'm rejoiced* to read that you are exorable, for I am just going to bend *before*—not *over*—you, and am willing to "*look*" at you in "*such a way*," provided you are more explicit in regard to it, and entreat you never again to advocate so vehemently the enforcement of the *hatchet;* for if you had suffered *once*, as I have done, you could perhaps understand and appreciate my being *so solicitous.*

Will Willie H. C. remain silent, when so many await his decision?

Uncle Hi, you have *considerably* overrated my proclivities to *pugnacity, so great* as to affect even *my name.* For shame! And, yet, there is nothing approaching cowardice in STELLA FIGHTNER.

Please say to Oliver and Cornelius that Stella considers all their harangues about "bee," "animal," "insect," "*insect*," "*animal*," "*bee*"—"much ado about nothing."

And now, an earnest parting for all the Merry family. We have arrived at the close of another year, and the commencement of a new one. Of the success of our efforts to please and instruct, in the past, you are the judges. Of our plans for the future, we have a word to say. We intend to do more and better than we have ever done. We have new attractions to offer for the coming year, and attractions which will approve themselves to the parents as well as to children of the family. Everybody knows Jacob Abbott, the most popular

and practical writer of juvenile literature in the world, whose name is better known, and more appreciated, in all our nurseries and at all our firesides than any other. Well, we have engaged him for a story that will run through the whole year. This, of itself, will be worth more than the price of the magazine. Besides this, we shall continue to illustrate the MUSEUM with the best engravings, and fill it with the best articles from our large circle of able and interesting writers.

Aunt Sue will continue, with her unequaled skill and tact, to preside over the Puzzle Drawer, and to lend her most valuable aid in other departments from time to time.

These attractions we can not furnish without a great increase of expense; and, to sustain us in our endeavors, it will be absolutely necessary, not only to enlarge our list of subscribers, but to have all our subscribers meet with prompt and early payments.

We are already under great obligations to many of our young friends for their efforts to obtain new subscribers. We hope they will continue their exertions. We do not ask you to work for nothing. We offer liberal premiums, as will be seen on the second page of the cover.

Now, boys and girls, one and all, will you not send your dollars at once, and at least one new subscriber apiece? Who comes first?

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—We have on our table three nice little volumes, published by J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston, called "Winnie and Walter's Christmas Stories," "Talks About Old Times," and "Story-Telling at Thanksgiving." They are got up in neat style for Christmas and New Year's presents, and will be found exceedingly interesting and instructive. Tilton & Co. also present a choice selection of books for the family circle at all seasons of the year.

FRED LAWRENCE, OR THE WORLD COLLEGE, published by M. W. Dodd, is one of the most interesting and improving books of the season. We wish every boy and girl of the Merry family could read it, and there learn the lesson of self-reliance and close application, as the only sure way of attaining success and honorable distinction in life. We can recommend it as one of the best possible gifts for the holidays.

LIFE OF REV. RICHARD KNILL, just published by the American Tract Society, is a biography of one of the most useful and devoted ministers of the age, and contains selections from his reminiscences and correspondence, which will be read with profit by all.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

H. A. DANKER takes the prize again this month, having sent fifteen correct answers out of the twenty; but as we go to press early, I hope yet to hear from several more within the two months' limit.

I was afraid you were all getting tired of definitions; am happy to find I was mistaken. Scholars, critical in the English language, may wonder at the happiness expressed above, as it is *not* generally pleasant to be *mistaken;* to them I say that in the circumstances, it affords me satisfaction to think I *mistook.* I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, but I am not going to bid you good bye—no, indeed! In the words of the immortal poet, whoever he was, for I haven't the least idea (*that's so! Omnes*), let me say—

May many write *to* me
Who ne'er wrote before;
And those who *have* written,
May *they* write still more.

(Words italicized to show where the emphasis comes in.)

WORDS FOR DEFINITION. — *Retaliation, Will, Faith.*

Prizes as usual.

Text for New Year's—*Be lively !*

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

178. I am composed of 19 letters:
My 9, 18, 15, 17, 8, 12, is a government.
My 3, 4, 6, 5 is an animal.
My 16, 13, 14, 19 is a stratagem.
My 10, 2, 7, 6 is a useful wedge.
My 1, 11, 18 is a boy's nickname.
My whole is the name of an eminent divine of New York city.
Josiah Joker, Jr.

179. I am composed of 9 letters:
My 3, 4, 7, 9 many wish to tell.
My 1, 2 is an exclamation.
My 1, 5, 6 is water impregnated with salts.
My 8, 9, 2 is a beverage.
My whole is a distinguished person. *Fannie.*

180. What word of six letters is spelled with but two different ones?
Oliver Onley.

181. What size is best for a man?
Carboy.

182. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 7, 16, 9, 10, 5 is an island.
My 1, 16, 9, 17, 14, is the name of an American hero.
My 16, 2, 15 may be either good or bad.
My 6, 4, 13 is a measure.
My 11, 8, 3, 12, 17 is a mark of punctuation.
My whole is a name of one of the cousins. *Lucy.*

183. Entire, I am an insect; beheaded, a reptile; replace my head, and curtail me, and I am a verb.
Adelbert Older.

184. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 14, 13, 12, 6 is what we all possess.
My 4, 2, 11 I hope you never do.
My 12, 9, 1 farmers often do.
My 7, 2, 10, 3 is a resort for boys in winter.
My 5, 8, 11 is a luxury.
My whole is a favorite with the readers of the MUSUEM.
Annie J. Harley.

185. Rigid and helpless here I lie,
With my storm-worn face turned up to the sky.
Good puzzlers! pray pity my painful condition,
And give me relief by a quick transposition!
Once free, all bob-tailed and pine-trimmed I'll fly
Through pages on pages of music—oh, my!
In my dancing-boots "hemi,"
And crinoline "demi,"
And jaunty cap "semi,"
How gayly I'll flit through the "rests" and the "bars!"
And run through the "gamut" quite up to the stars!
And there by a sudden and strange transposition
Stay held a long time in this frightful position,
And acquit myself, too, with a great deal of honor,
In the throat of some sweet-voiced and gay "prima-donna."
Fleta Forrester.

186. ENIGMATICAL FLOWERS AND PLANTS.
1. Seize an insect.
2. Salt us.
3. An animal's garment.
4. Father's pasture.
5. Water-fowl flesh.
6. A cold entertainment.
Corrie M. Gibbs.

187. ANAGRAMATICAL ENIGMA.
(*The figures are adapted to the original words.*)
I am a proverb composed of 22 letters:
10, 2, 17, 20, 16, 6, 3, 4—OH! GAY MAN.
1, 2, 21, 22, 13, 18, 15, 7, 16—EAT, MR. KING.
19, 2, 9, 5, 15, 3, 16—ASH WING.
14, 11, 7, 8, 1, 6, 21, 12—LANK DRAM.
Transposed proverb—TOM THAGAN DRANK MILK-WHEY. *Anna W. N.*

188. My first is a nickname, my second a dog, my third a fissure, and my whole signifies meeting. *Sam Slick.*

189. What is the disease from which newspapers most frequently die?
Thomas Hood.

190. What disease should a singer have, to sing on a high note? *Sam Slick.*

191. ANAGRAMS.

(N.B.--These have I solved.--A. S.)

1. Mary lent music. *Anna W. N.*
2. Simrom is generous. *Sam Slick.*
3. You marched past. *Rosa Redwood.*
4. Lions bit a deer. *Ellian.*
5. Lane Lucian.
6. For lame cats. *O. T. Warner.*
7. In tattle at Troy. *H. A. Danker.*

192. My first is an animal,
My second a measure,
My third a pronoun,
My whole a carnivorous animal.
Sam.

193. In summer my first you will gladly receive,
In winter it lacks much attraction,
My second increases things wide, large, or high,
But added too small is subtraction.
My third was divide, but now means entire,
In usage most common--as, "only this fire"—
First, second, and third, united will be
A lake of fresh water across the blue sea. *Cousin Sue.*

194. What Cain did in his wickedness,
My first will surely name,
Although, perhaps, 'tis fair to state,
It is not spelled the same.
My next is what some people do,
For business, or for pleasure—
The first on any kind of day,
The latter in fine weather :
And when old Winter robes the earth,
Clothing each thing in white,
My whole to many a boy and girl
Gives pleasure and delight.
Harry.

195. Divide a bird and leave two animals. *Alpha.*

196. My first of every one's a part
That can not be supplied by art;
My next is oft the prize and joy
Of many a wandering truant boy;
My whole is what we all should be
When thinking of eternity.
Adelbert Older.

197. To part of the week masculine gender swims on dignity's high wave next day part of a tree his rights in place of a serious. *Sam Slick.*

198. NAMES OF UNITED STATES SENATORS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A part of the human body.
2. A grain.
3. Healthy.
4. A small road.
5. Glistening.
6. A kind of dirt. *E. W. Hall.*

199. My first is a boy's nickname,
My second—with one letter rejected—is a metal,
My third is a word of one letter,
My fourth, with a letter annexed, is a kind of grain;
My whole is where we may find pain, pleasure, profit, or perdition. *Will.*

200. Behead a title and leave a verb; behead the verb and leave another; behead the last and leave an adjective; behead the latter and leave a verb; curtail the verb and leave a proposition; curtail the latter and leave a small word of much importance. *Anna W. N.*

Answers to Questions in Oct. No.

138. 1. Monochlamydeous. 2. Ultramontane. 3. Metempsychosis. 4. Transmutableness. 5. Polytechnic. 6. Helispherical. 7. Dodecahedron.

139. "LOVE among the ROSES."

140. 1. Larkspur. 2. Marygold. 3 Primrose. 4. Rosemary.

141. Because there are two teasing it (two t's in it.)
(*H. A. D.* says, "It is a curd disturbed [cur disturbed].")

142. Arrow—row—or.

143. A match-box. (*Sam Slick* says, "A mill;" and as Webster indorses the definition, we must credit *Sam* with a correct answer; ditto *Clementina*, who suggests "Buffet." *Tattler* says "Mangle."

144. He has not only an apple, but a pear. (Pair.)

145. Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.

146. Sea-lion, seal-I on.

147. Be what you seem to be.

148. Oh! death, the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best,
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest.

149. Smart, mart, art.

150. From the initials of the four points of the compass.

151. A sad-iron. (*Ellian* says, "A looking-glass, because it often has disagreeable reflections; or a carpet, because it is so down-trodden." *H. A. D.* says, "The table, because it groans; pictures, because they are hung," and *Clementina* says, "The blind.")

152. A sitting-hen never gets fat.

153. Name, mane, mean, amen.

154. 1. Shadrach. 2. Napthali. 3. Abdon. 4. Samson. 5. Magdiel.

155. Prelate.

156. Rainbow.

157. Carlow.

H. A. Danker answers 138, 140, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 148, 149, 150, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157.

Sam Slick.—143, 147, 148, 153, 157 and 154—1.

Ellian.—140, 147, 148, 149, 153, 156, 157, 154—1, and 1 of 138.

C. M. Gibbs.—147, 149, and 1 of 140.

Clementina.—142, 143, 148, 149, 153, 154, 156, 157, and 2 of 140.

D. P. and *W. W. W.*—140, 142, 150, 154.

Tattler.—138, 140, 142, 143, 145, 148, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157.

Adrian.—140, 142, 148, 149, 150, 153, 154, 156, 157, and 138–2.

Rosa Redwood.—140, 142, 143, 148, 149, 150, 151, 154, 155, 156, 157, 138–1.

Bess would have answered every one of them (may be), but the "young 'uns made—" come to think of it, I'll leave the balance of the sentence unwritten, and ask the cousins what they suppose the "young 'uns" made with Bess's (if there are not too many s's for propriety), magazine?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. M. Gibbs.—I was afraid they were "played out;" am glad they are not.

Ellian.—It would not "do any hurt." I am "only a passenger" with regard to "the poem." Thanks for the *original* puzzles. *Deliberations* satisfactory.

C. T. Warner.—Only two short of the prize. How provoking to be foiled in 124!

Mary A. E.—I know of no better cure for ignorance than repeated doses of information. I dare say there are many as ignorant of the *origin* and meaning of "Mason and Dixon's line," as yourself. An English astronomer, Charles Mason, assisted by a Mr. Dixon, in 1767, determined the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland. You can drop me *another line* if you want any more information. If I kept school I'd give the children two half-hours a day wherein to ask any questions they liked, on any subject, and I would answer them to the best of my knowledge and belief, and get somebody who knows *a pile more than I do* to help me. Wouldn't it be a good idea? I know they would ask more in half an hour than I could answer in six months; but I'd do the best I could for them. But where are *your* "answers" this month, Miss Mary? Was the solution of "Mason and Dixon's line" all-absorbing?

Clementina.—You are a darling for your answer to 151. Why have you never written before?

Bess.—In *my* mind there isn't a question but what your poor brain's in "a state of congestion," for I've made of your case a complete diagnosis. I can not here tell you about the girl, Moses; but send, if you please, your post office address, and I'll write you the story in no time—or less.

Adelbert Older.—What's the matter? Have those anagrams been the death of you?

Oliver Onley.—Come back; we can't get along well without you. You shan't have a single prize if you don't want it.

Anna W. N.—Very glad you were pleased with it.

Sam Slick.—Guess *something* for 159. Don't I credit liberally?

Adrian.—That is just what it *did* mean.

Sam.—Glad to see you again.

Milton Goodenow.—Are the puzzles *you* sent, original?

Eddie D. B. desires to be "introduced to *Adrian, Black-Eyes*, and others."

Rosa Redwood.—Was any one hurt when you wrote your answer to 147? "Bub, who cut out my wee hat!" I never —!

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *C. M. Gibbs, A. C. Warner, Bess, G. B. H., D. P.* and *W. W. W., Tattler, Rosa Redwood.*

Answers too late to be credited last month, from *Lamen Blum, C. T. Warner, Ellian*, and *Annette.*

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